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Collier's

A NEW HERCULE POIROT MYSTERY By Agatha Christie

As Casey Stengel sees MICKEY MANTLE

JULY 20, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

How voters feel about

IKE'S HEALTH

July 20, 1956

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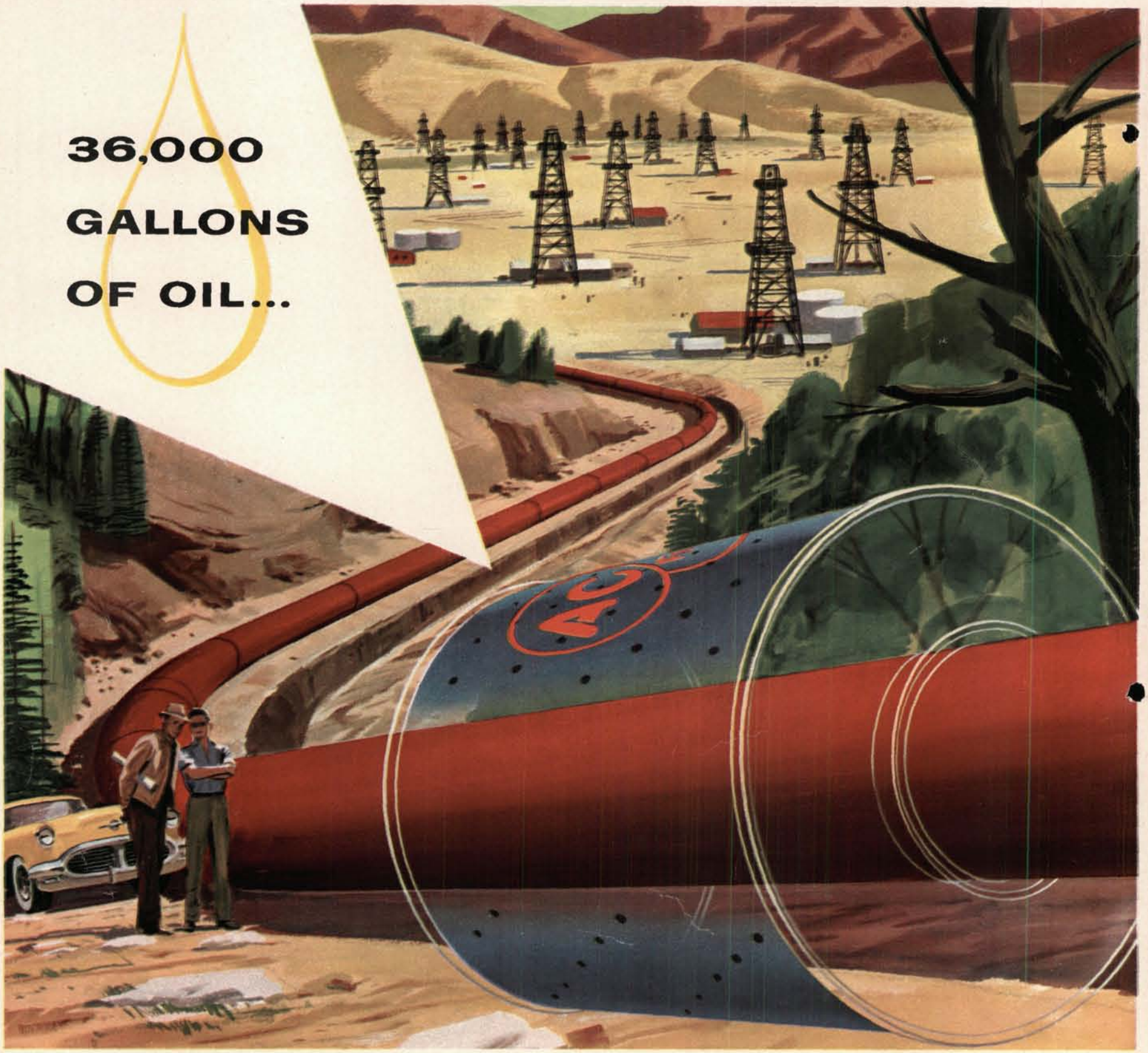
36,000 GALLONS OF OIL...



....are piped through your AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles!

Twice a minute when you're driving, all the oil in your car's crankcase will flow through a full-flow AC Oil Filter. That means a veritable pipe line of oil because, in 5,000 miles of driving, your filter is called upon to clean harmful dust, dirt, grit, carbon, metal bits out of the equivalent of 36,000 gallons of oil—a tremendous total. So finely do these AC Oil Filters work that they remove foreign matter even when it measures as little as 1/100,000 of an inch, yet they do not remove an ounce of the valuable detergents used in most fine motor oils today. Let this vast and thorough filtering job remind you of two things: the need for *changing* your filter every 5,000 miles, and the need for insisting on an AC Oil Filter—the best protection for your engine.

Watch BIG TOWN—NBC-TV

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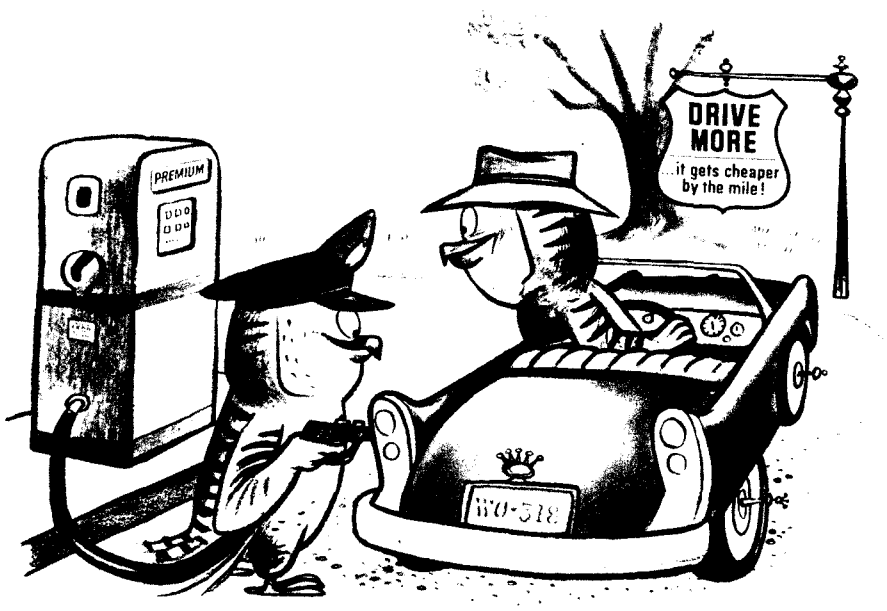
ROAD BIRDS

a series by Ethyl Corporation

The Uncouth Coot has no manners at all. Whether picnicking at the roadside—or having a snack while flying down the highway—he litters the landscape with all kinds of refuse.

The Smart Bird doesn't throw things from his car. He appreciates the beauty of the roadside. And, what's more, he leaves it beautiful by keeping a bag in his car for "travel trash."



The Smart Bird also appreciates full engine power. That's why he always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating . . . which means you can get *more power* out of it!

It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

"ETHYL" (TRADE-MARK) ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL CORPORATION

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Picture OF THE MONTH

If you are a sinner or a saint or both in some perplexing mixture... you're bound to like "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

Since this is M-G-M's frank filming of that amazing fellow Rocky Graziano's own best-selling story of his rocky road to love, the sheer *likability* of it strikes us as exciting news. No-punches-pulled stories, filmed honestly, are inevitably absorbing as M-G-M proved so notably with "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Love Me Or Leave Me."

Rocky's stormy career is lifted by a special warmth as brilliant new star young Paul Newman portrays his life, and lovely Pier Angeli plays his true love.

Every heartbeat of the book is here and it's all more charming and tender because Rocky himself managed to hang onto shreds of childhood innocence even as his emotions were being ripped this way and that across thirty years of tears, rage, and rewards in two underworlds — his "Blackboard Jungle" youth and the plush gangland of toughs, touts, skirts, muscle-men, and money-mad power lords of his maturity. So here's a rare and racing account of a poor but dishonest kid who fought the law, and then fought to make good in a "legit" world that was lots tougher.

Never underestimate the glower of a woman who frowns on violence. Nor the Sunday punch of her picnic lunch. Nor her way of walking in when everybody else is walking out. These are among the many, and amusing, moments that emerge from this inspiring story of the one girl who made love blossom where there was hate in the heart of the kid they called "The Rock."

Pier Angeli and Paul Newman might both be Oscar-bound, and equal subtleties of characterization are achieved by Everett Sloane as a man who went from selling ladies' underwear to less dainty things; Eileen Heckart as the mother who never lost faith; Sal Mineo as Rocky's partner in youthful crime; and many others who all suit to a T-shirt the moods and manners, good as well as bad, so faithfully reproduced by Ernest Lehman's taut script based on Rocky Graziano's autobiography written with Rowland Barber.

Robert Wise directed and Charles Schnee produced this flesh-and-blood masterpiece from the honest materials of life and love, fully aware of what makes some men tick and some women stick to them for better or for worse.

No wonder everybody out there, who has a heart, a head, and two hands to clutch at happiness, will like "Somebody Up There Likes Me"!

P.S. FUNNY SCENE: Big Rocky being led by his sweetheart to the marriage license bureau—in love but nervous.

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EVEN YOUR BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL **YOU!**

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath 4 times better than any tooth paste

Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . .
no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions.

The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. Germs in the mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces.

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

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Appointment with O'HARA

TWO GOOD AMERICAN MEN are going to be nominated as their parties' candidates for the Presidency of the United States this summer. There is nobody among the probable nominees that we have to be ashamed of, although that is not to say that everybody would be proud of every word and act that precedes the nomination.

The proceedings will be covered by the Press, which now includes the radio and television people, solely at the invitation of the radio and television people. There will be miles of cables, tons of equipment and dozens of brand-new gadgets, as well as hundreds of personnel to provide radio and television coverage of the conventions. Television coverage of a political convention consists of two operations: the first, and frequently valuable operation, is the taking of a sound motion picture of what is going on. A sixteen-year-old boy who can point his finger has all the necessary qualifications to take charge of that operation. He points the camera at the speechmaker, and if anything happens during the speech, he points the camera toward the action.

The second operation—for which the broadcasting companies spend their hundreds of thousands of dollars, tote their miles and tons of equipment, fight for hotel reservations, charter airplanes and maintain running cocktail parties—is for the purpose of having a former radio announcer poke a microphone under the successful nominee's nose and say: "How does it feel to win the nomination?"

I often feel that the whole business of electronical coverage of news events comes down to the asking of a stupid question that can only have an obvious answer. A man has just finished 15 bloody rounds to win a prizefight decision; another man has come to the climax of a lifetime's training by running a four-minute mile; another man has been acquitted of a crime through a legal technicality. What happens? A fellow with a microphone says, "How does it feel?"

The lucky man naturally says, "Wonderful."

The TV character says: "In other words, it feels pretty wonderful, doesn't it?"

So it will be this summer. Perhaps the winner of a nomination may not answer "Wonderful." He may be so taken by no surprise that he will be ready with: "I gladly but humbly accept this great trust the members of my party have placed in me. I shall endeavor . . . Mandate of the people . . . Good government . . . Polls in November." I give you his remarks as you will hear them. A special policeman will get between the candidate and the TV reporter. The TV reporter will be so nervously looking back at the camera to make sure *he* is being photographed that he will pull the mike away from the candidate. A page boy, who got his job because his father went to Texas Christian with a member of the National Committee, will be in there waving at Ma. A large, round delegate from a Border State will stand in front of the camera and just stare at it; not smiling, not frowning, not enjoying it, not speaking to it. Just staring at it. He will move slowly away, come back for another stare, and by that time the candidate will be impossible to find.

Throughout the convention you will be treated to an exchange of compliments among a network's political experts. "And now back to Harry Dismal on the convention floor. Hello, Harry."

"Harry Dismal for CBS," says Harry. "Hello, Don. Don Rembrandt? Don? Don Rembrandt?"

"Right with you. Harry Dismal."

"Thought I'd lost you, Don."

"No, we're all here, Harry, and mighty pleased with the magnificent job you're doing down there on the floor."

"Wud you say, Don? There's a lady ringing a cowbell in my ear and it's a little difficult. How does it look to you up there, Don?"

"How does what look, Harry?"

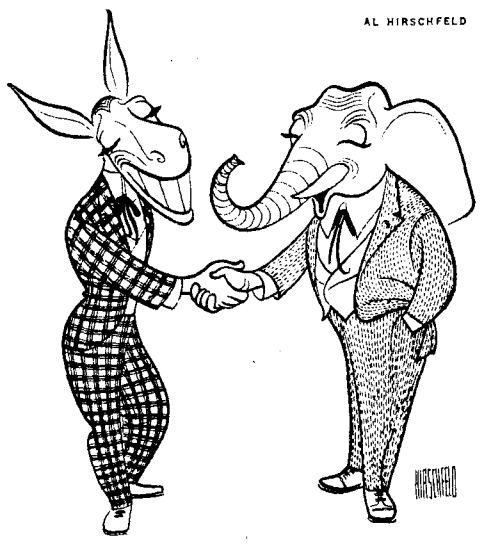
"Would you say that pandemonium has broken loose, Don?"

"I certainly would, Harry. I'd certainly describe it that way. Pandemonium has really broken loose. And now if you'll excuse us, Harry, we're going to switch over to Fred Stonebruise at the headquarters of the Illinois delegation."

"Say hello to Fred for me, will you, Don? He's really doing a magnificent job there at the Illinois delegation headquarters. This is Don Rembrandt now taking you to our CBS microphone at Illinois delegation headquarters in the Shilton Hotel. Come in, Fred Stonebruise."

The preceding speech will be made by two men, but you will not know the difference. It will confuse Mrs. Rembrandt and Mrs. Dismal, because Mr. Rembrandt will be on camera but the voice will be Mr. Dismal's.

The Women's Angle—a contradiction in terms, since we do not think of angles when we think of women—will be even more disastrous. Gossip, which is a form of news coverage, is the breath of life to most women, and yet there are practically no good women reporters. If I owned a great newspaper the only woman I'd have on my staff to cover serious news stories is Inez Robb. I'd have to have other women to cover cooking and trotting races and rumors about Rubirosa and Maggi McNellis' wardrobe and Hollywood and the semiannual interview with Albert Schweitzer. Now I not only don't own a newspaper; I don't even own a broadcasting company. You may therefore expect the Women's Angle to be taken care of by dames who are, if possible, less qualified to cover a big story than the ex-radio announcers who do most of the work for the TV people.



The '56 political conventions to nominate Presidential candidates for both parties are about to get under way

As a class, professional politicians are as unlikable a bunch of men as there is, and it is not difficult to understand how a man gets to be a political pro: a fellow doesn't like anybody, doesn't trust anybody, doesn't respect anybody, so he goes into politics. A radio announcer is slightly different: nobody likes him, nobody trusts him and nobody respects him, so he gets to be an announcer. If he remains mildly offensive, he stays at it. If he becomes offensive in a big way, he is promoted to executive. There are only two things that can keep a young man from becoming a successful radio announcer: according to my observations there are few exceptions to the rules that you must not have a cleft palate, and you must not get too fat. (If you get very, very fat you may become part of a show, but that's a special case.)

The women who do electronic reporting are all special cases, and I haven't got space to go into those cases. But it is safe to say that they will do no better than "How does it feel?" Their reporting experience has consisted of sitting in on big stories and taking notes of no value which boil down to nothing much; or they have been reading into microphones the stuff that has been handed to them by the TV-radio news editors. It's good practice if you're learning how to read, but it cannot be called journalistic experience.

By this time radio has had plenty of time to develop its own form of journalism, without benefit of newspaper training, and the fact that it has not done so is an indication of the medium's attitude toward public service. When they "interrupt this program for a news bulletin" you can be sure that the news bulletin originated with a press service, which deals in the printed word. The newspapers and wire services get the news, through their own reporters or what are known in the trade as "stringers," or correspondents. The printed-word reporters flash the news, and the radio-TV boys come in second, or sometimes third; the movie newsreel people are often ahead of them. My point here is that the radio-TV people have made no serious effort to cover the news. I have no figures at hand, but my guess is that there are about the same number of radio stations as there are newspapers, and the number of newspapers is decreasing, so that if I'm not correct now, I will be shortly. If the radio-TV people really meant their prattle about public service, which we always get when there's something doing at the Federal Communications Commission, they'd have long since built up their own news coverage and trained their own reporters. As things are now, a printed-word reporter gets the news, which is flashed to the radio-TV people, and then for reliable details you see your newspaper. As things are now, the electricity boys contribute a brief flash, and a day later a few feet of movie film. They don't contribute any more because they don't know how.

"Hey, you, on the raft! You holding on to the chimney! How does it feel to be in a flood?"

"In other words, Mr. Nominee, it feels pretty wonderful."

"This is Harry Dismal for CBS. Well, as you folks can see, pandemonium has broken loose here in Convention Hall."

Alva Johnston, you don't know what you're missing. Red Dolan, meet Harry Dismal, the communicator. Austin O'Malley, call the ambulance.

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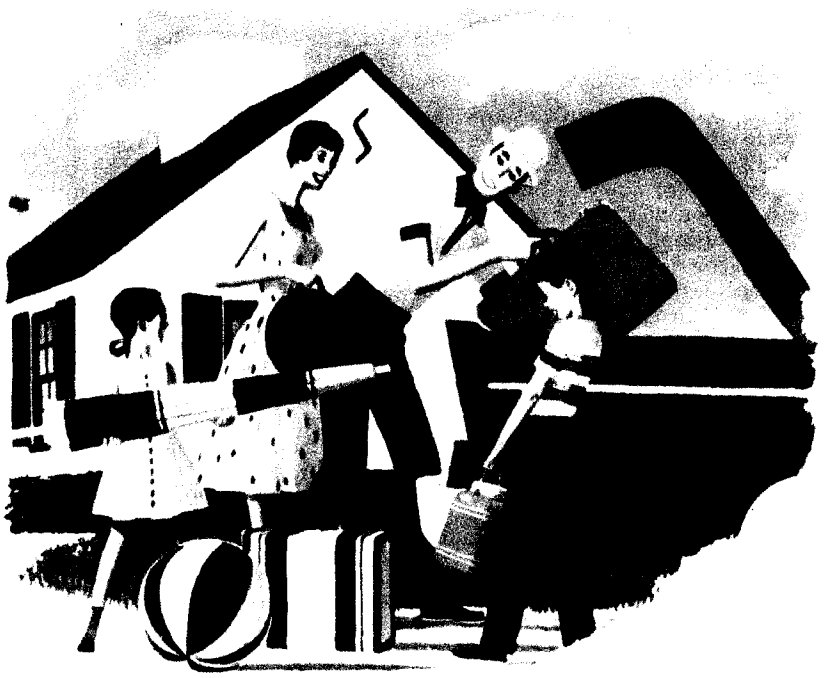
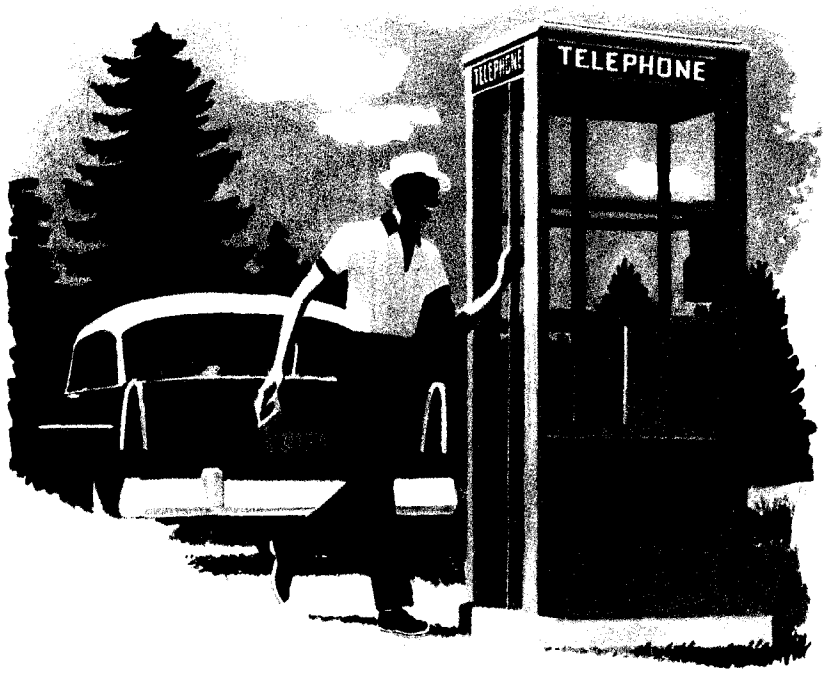
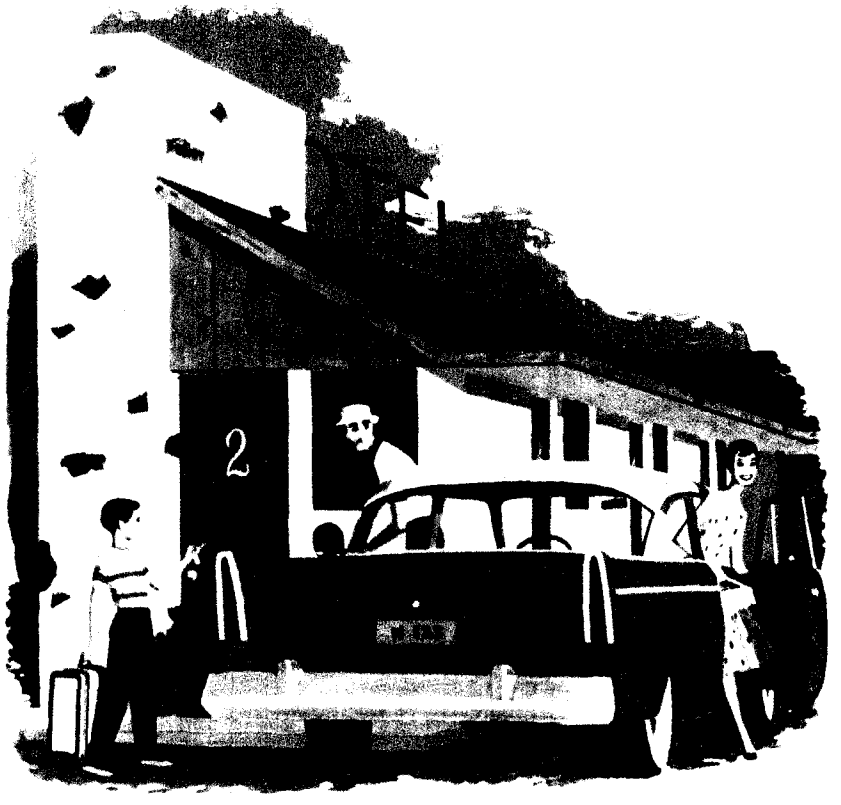


Settle visiting plans before you leave. Let out-of-town family and friends know how you're coming, when you'll arrive. You'll enjoy your trip more knowing they'll be home. Your welcome will be all the warmer because you're expected.



Telephone ahead if you're going to be delayed. Or, if you've forgotten to settle something, telephone back home. It's easy to do. For wherever you go these days—and however you travel—you'll find there's a telephone near at hand.

Your telephone will help you have more fun this summer



Make your reservations in advance by telephone. Whether you're heading for a hotel or motel, you'll get the accommodations you want, avoid slip-ups. Telephone, too, to make other travel arrangements, to rent boats or camping facilities.

Keep in touch by telephone with family and friends while you're away. It's such a personal, satisfying way to catch up on all the news . . . to put your mind at ease. And it costs so little. Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Detroit to Niagara Falls, N.Y. . .	60¢
Philadelphia to Boston	70¢
Cincinnati to Washington, D.C. .	85¢
Cleveland to Minneapolis	$1.10
St. Louis to Grand Canyon, Ariz. .	$1.50

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. All calls are subject to the 10% federal excise tax—not included above.

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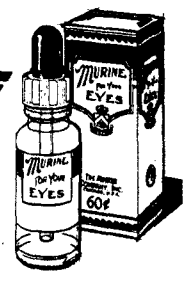
Mrs. Arthur Murray

Wife of the famous dancing teacher, and television hostess of "The Arthur Murray Party"

"Using Murine to soothe my eyes is a little trick that seems to help me feel rested and refreshed," says vivacious Kathryn Murray. Mrs. Murray appreciates Murine especially after hours of television rehearsals. Why don't *you* try Murine when your eyes feel tired or tense? A couple of drops of gentle Murine in each eye can soothe and refresh them—quick as a wink!

MURINE *for your eyes**



The Murine Co. Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
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LETTERS

Teen Talk

EDITOR: I noticed the article in your issue of May 25th titled Gesell on Teen-Agers—The Ages of 13 to 16. As I am fifteen, I was interested in reading what Dr. Gesell had to say about fifteen-year-olds. I have never read or heard a more accurate analysis of myself and was happily surprised to find that I am not alone at this confusing age. . . .

KAREN SCHNALL, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Ridiculous . . . Speaking from the detached viewpoint of a seventeen-year-old . . . it seems to me that . . . you really hit the jack pot on misrepresentation and generalization.

E. COHEN, New York, N.Y.

. . . We have five children—ages six, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. After reading the article . . . I felt my children were average. . . .

MRS. FRANK HEISER, Billings, Mont.

. . . I was greatly interested . . . because for 45 years I was a teacher, principal and superintendent of schools in Wisconsin, Idaho and Washington . . . and knew Dr. Gesell.

C. W. JENKINS, Spokane, Wash.

Sun for the Girls

EDITOR: The cover girl on your June 8th issue and the swimsuit pictures on pages 90 and 93 are worth the price of the paper. Only I think the girls should have bare midriffs like they used to have, to give their bodies a little more sunshine.

MERVIN T. LYANS, Long Beach, Cal.

STAN WAYMAN

Model Pat Cooper, shown as she gets that little bit of extra sun around the edges, obviously agrees with Mr. Lyans.

A T-Bone to Pick

EDITOR: I have a T-bone to pick with Mr. Frank Farmer who wrote the article, The Vanishing Cowboy (May 25th).

I enjoyed Mr. Farmer's writing . . . also his description of a working cow outfit, but a few remarks he made stirred my defiant soul . . .

Old Zane Grey preached the same gospel that "the cowboy is vanishing . . ." and the cowboy is still here.

Let me prove my point by describing . . . my own spread . . . only 89,000 acres . . . which ain't big.

Just because a big outfit is cut up into smaller ones doesn't mean the cowboys have to go. I've never seen the cow that will punch herself . . . Cow country is only fit for cows and where there are cows you will find cowboys, and as long as people eat beef, there will always be cows. . . .

Mr. Farmer's article is very good except it is very localized. . . .

CECIL A. SMITH,
Bar Bell Land & Cattle Co.,
Lewiston, Idaho

. . . Pass me the smelling salts and my white lace hankie. I almost gagged when I read in the May 26th issue of Collier's that "Veteran cowpunchers work so fast they can brand up to 80 *creatures* an hour" . . . I will bet that the original wording was "80 *critters* an hour" but some city dude copy writer red-penciled it. It gives the same effect as the crooked little finger over a teacup. . . . MRS. MARION O. TURNER,
Chesaw, Wash.

However it's pronounced, Mrs. Turner, we stand by the city-slicker spelling.

. . . Hanging on the wall, here in my office, is a picture of a cowboy, rocks and cattle . . . painted by Grant Wood . . . No doubt but this picture is of the cowboys and cattle of the JA spread. DR. N. YEATES, Lula, Miss.

The Soldier's Soldier

EDITOR: Yesterday I received a copy of Collier's with the article on Major Howie and St. Lô (The Major of St. Lô, June 8th). Now it is Sunday morning early and I have just reread the story. You have done a masterful job and a most touching one. (All of us in) the 29th Division were friends.

Tom Howie I knew well, socially and officially. One day in Devon we had a shooting contest, with the pistol.

All of this comes back with your story. . . .

MAJ. GEN. C. H. GERHARDT, RET.,
Winter Park, Fla.

General Gerhardt was commander of the 29th Division (Major Howie's outfit) during the battle of St. Lô.

. . . You have grasped and accurately portrayed all the fine qualities of the major.

And I guess we ought to know—Tom was our son-in-law.

MCLELLAN SMITH, Washington, D.C.

The Fruits of Medicine

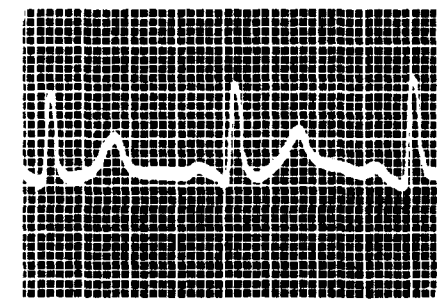
EDITOR: In the fine article Four Great Medical Triumphs Just Ahead (June 8th) is the statement: "We are discovering that even in the smallest units of living matter there exists a profound relationship between their architecture and their biological activity." Substitute "structure and function" and you have the statement that the Osteopathic School of Medicine has been using for many years. . . .

ROBERT D. ANDERSON, D.O.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . If you have not already received thousands of statements to this effect, may I point out . . . that the sample strip of electrocardiogram at the top of the page was upside down?

R. A. BLOOMFIELD, M.D.,
Boston, Mass.

It was indeed, as several alert physicians have informed Collier's. The peaks represent the high impulses of the heart, as shown by the cardiogram tracing reproduced below—right side up this time.



Duke on the Ball

EDITOR: I have just finished reading the story I Play Baseball for Money—Not Fun (May 25th) by Duke Snider . . . and have found it to be one of the most interesting stories I have read in quite some time. I admire Mr. Snider. . . .

WARREN LEE BUTT, Johnstown, Ohio

. . . The dollar above the sport. . . .

O. HAY, Whittier, Cal.

. . . I want to congratulate Duke . . . He is a brave man. . . .

HELEN WILSTERMANN,
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Merely explaining and not complaining. . . . BEVERLY MEEKER,
East Hampton, N.Y.

. . . Sold a bill of goods, by a smart magazine writer. . . .

MARSHALL PICKETT, Toledo, Ohio

. . . So you don't like sports writers . . . that is reasonable. . . .

NESTORE D'ANGELO, Melrose, Mass.

. . . Crybaby story . . . insufferable. . . .

H. N. GUMP, San Francisco, Cal.

The Cover — **Charles Corte**

Our cover photo was taken last March during the President's first formal sitting for color news photographs after his September heart attack. United Press cameraman Charles Corte, who took the picture, remembers the occasion well. "We were told we'd have ten minutes to get our shots," he says. "We had to settle for six." Corte has covered the White House since 1941 except for a wartime assignment with the late Ernie Pyle. For an exclusive report on what people now think about Eisenhower's health as a political issue, turn to page 17 • The portrait by Marvin Newman at upper right introduces mighty Casey's views of mighty Mickey (page 74)

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GOVERNOR LETCHER RECOMMENDS OLD CROW

The Governor of Kentucky (1840-44) advises a public official by mail:
"Never open your mouth unless it is to swallow a 'leetle' drop of the Old Crow."

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

From the day it came into being on the Kentucky frontier over a century ago, Old Crow was destined to win world acclaim. Through the years its outstanding quality and distinctive taste have made it plain to all who try this great whiskey that here, indeed, is the finest Kentucky bourbon ever put into glass.

Old Crow is now available in a milder
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to the historic 100 Proof Bottled in Bond.

"The Greatest Name in Bourbon"

THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

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THE SILVER BOX

By EDWARD MAZE

Grandfather stanchly defended his new purchase. "Nobody has ever swindled me yet," he said

POINTING proudly at the box, Grandfather said, "Only paid fourteen dollars for it."

"Fourteen dollars for *that?*" I exclaimed.

I looked at the box. It was made of cheap plywood and painted silver. On the top there was a crude wooden handle, which made it look like an old-fashioned coffee grinder. Below, on the front panel, was a slot about two inches wide. "In just over a year it'll bring me three hundred and sixty-five dollars," Grandfather said. "That makes a clean profit of"—his lips moved slowly as he calculated—"three hundred and fifty-one dollars." He handed me a sheet of paper, which read:

OPERATING INSTRUCTIONS

Turn handle slowly ten times each day for ten days. On the eleventh day turn handle slowly only one time. Silver dollar will come out of slot. Thereafter, turn handle once every 24 hours to obtain additional silver dollars. The silver box, having a capacity of 365 silver dollars, is good for one year's operation. Caution!!! Keep handle well oiled to insure proper function.

"I bought the very last one," Grandfather said.

"It's ridiculous," I said. "You've been swindled."

"No," he said firmly. "I've been on this earth ninety-one years and nobody's ever swindled me yet. I don't aim for anybody to start now."

I always spent one month of every summer on Grandfather's farm, which consisted of 15 acres of poor land set deep in the hills of West Virginia. He kept a few chickens, a pig, a goat and a huge black cat named Sylvester. I hadn't lived there since we moved to Ohio when I was eleven, and I always enjoyed my vacations with the old man. But this year everything was changed. Each morning Grandfather would place the silver box on the kitchen table, turn the handle very slowly ten times, and chalk up an X mark on the wall. Then he would put the silver box back in the closet. He seldom spoke, and would tolerate no criticism of his purchase. The box seemed to absorb all his thoughts.

Sylvester, too, was acting strangely. He had never been a friendly cat, and no one except Grandfather could stroke his shiny, coal-black fur. But now he seemed more haughty than ever, and I noticed that he spent most of every day by the woodshed, and that Grandfather even carried the cat's food out there. The entire routine of life on the farm had changed. It was exasperating.

The silver-box salesman had made ten sales in the immediate vicinity and the farmers were already making elaborate plans about spending the silver dollars they'd accumulate. One man, a bedridden invalid, was going to buy a solid-gold watch; another wanted to buy a riding saddle, even though he didn't own a horse. One old man wanted to buy a fancy coffin. None of them questioned what the salesman had told them. Just as sure as God made green apples, the silver box would produce 365 dollars in as many days.

On the morning of the eleventh day, when the first silver dollar was to come out of each box, all the farmers gathered in Tom Younger's barn. They talked excitedly and laughed boisterously as they cleaned the place up. The barn was being converted into a dance hall for the celebration that was to take place immediately after the handles of the silver boxes had been turned that afternoon. It was to be a memorable day, the beginning of a new era for the West Virginia hillmen—the end of poverty and the birth of prosperity.

Outside the barn Grandfather was nailing up a sign he had painted. In bold letters it read:

SILVER-BOX DANCE
EVERYONE WELCOME

I left the barn because I didn't want to be around when they found out the whole business was a fraud. I sat by the edge of a lake and thought about the intruder who had come into the hills. I pictured the salesman gleefully telling his New York friends—I figured he was from New York—how he had cheated the West Virginia hillbillies. "Like taking candy from a baby," he would tell them.

The ignorance of these people was appalling, I thought. Education was the only answer. Still, I was surprised about Grandfather. He was the only farmer who could read, and he often quoted passages from the Bible, the Iliad and the Odyssey. Yet he had been as gullible as the others. . . .

Toward evening I started back, reluctantly, feeling very sorry for the farmers. Then suddenly I heard music and singing in the distance.

I quickened my pace, and then stopped dead in my tracks. Through the open doorway of the barn I could see men and women dancing. Tom Younger was playing a guitar and singing, pausing now and then to take a drink of moonshine from a huge jug. The hillmen seemed immensely happy. I just couldn't understand it. Grandfather came out of the barn, smiling.

"Grandfather," I fairly shouted, "you don't mean to tell me . . ."

"What is it, son?" he asked calmly.

"Did the silver boxes actually—I mean, you didn't really get any *money!*"

"Why, of course," he replied. "We collected three hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece. And with ten silver boxes bought around here," he continued, "we got back a grand total of three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars for a hundred and forty spent. Not a bad profit, eh, son?"

"But even if they *did* work," I protested, "they were supposed to produce only one dollar a day."

"We made them work faster," he said, and then he winked at me. "In fact, they worked so fast they turned out folding money instead of silver—but nobody minds that."

I WAS ABOUT TO QUESTION Grandfather further when I heard a loud, angry voice behind me. I turned and saw a husky, unshaven man and a police constable. They were about to enter a car, and their wrists were handcuffed together.

"Listen, Malone," the constable said, "you know the law as well as I do. Every parolee must report once a week or he goes back to jail."

"But I *couldn't* report," the man said. "I was a prisoner. This crazy old hillbilly kept me locked up in his woodshed for ten days!"

"You expect me to believe that?" the constable said. "An old man of ninety-one?"

"He had a shotgun," the other explained, a cold sweat breaking out on his forehead. "And he tied me up and kept a black panther in the woodshed to guard me. The thing was ferocious—scratched me every time I moved. It answered to the name of Sylvester," he added.

"I suppose it was an African panther," the constable said, grinning. "Right here in the hills of West Virginia."

"That's right," Malone said. "It was terrible! And that hillbilly stole three thousand six hundred and fifty dollars from me."

"Why should he have stolen only that amount?" the constable said. "You had almost ten thousand dollars in your pockets."

Malone hesitated. "I—I don't know," he said.

"And what were you doing here anyway?" the constable asked. "It's a long way from New York."

Malone again hesitated. "I was here on business," he finally said.

Then, as the two of them got into the car, Grandfather took me by the arm and led me into the barn. "But, Grandfather," I said, "how did you know the man was a crook?"

"He sold us them phony boxes, didn't he?" Grandfather said. Then he grinned and added: "He made us a promise, and I figured he needed some help in keeping it."

I pictured Grandfather stuffing the money into the silver boxes, and saying, "Ain't nobody going to cheat Cyrus Williams." The ten silver boxes, each decorated with garlands of wildflowers, were lined up on the hackrack. Sylvester sat at the end of the row, calmly looking down on the dancers.

THE END

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feel the difference . . .

Coke puts you at your sparkling best!

Now for Coca-Cola . . . to make refreshment complete. That sparkle that does such wonderful things to thirst. That bright little lift that puts you at your sparkling best. Is anything so right as Coke for complete refreshment?

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Charcoal's glowing! Meat's a-sizzling! And while they wait—and drool—you offer light, dry, delightful Carling's Black Label Beer. That's the recipe for successful outdoor entertaining. And there's no premium on internationally famous, top-quality Black Label... it sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel-

Black Label!

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CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O.—ST. LOUIS, MO.—BELLEVILLE, ILL.—NATICK, MASS.

COLLIER'S CREDITS

LOUIS HARRIS is an expert professional pollster and a knowing political interpreter. After nine years with the respected Elmo Roper polling organization, he has just resigned to form his own New York firm doing similar work. Harris was in charge of the 1952 political undertaking for Roper, and in 1954 wrote a fine book, Is There a Republican Majority? For four years he sat on the executive council of the American Association for Public Opinion Research. Writer-columnist Stewart Alsop, who recently accompanied Harris for two days of his extensive pulse-feeling tour for Collier's, calls him "a brilliant political analyst in his own right."

Alsop went along for his own edification. On one occasion he wished Harris would relax his rules. They were in a solid Republican area 20 miles south of Chicago late in the evening. They trudged through a new development, unlandscaped, and their shoes were covered with mud. As they neared the next doorbell for ringing, they couldn't help looking through the big picture window and seeing the man of the house sitting in cozy proximity to his wife, as they both watched TV.

"Let's skip this house, Lou," whispered Alsop. "Maybe we shouldn't interrupt them, what with mud on our shoes and everything. That fellow looks tough."

"Listen, Stu, when you're feeling the public pulse, you don't skip here and there. You follow your plans," Harris explained. "Ring the bell."

There's a happy ending. The pretty housewife invited them in. They removed their muddy shoes and entered in stocking feet. The athletic-looking gentleman was all cordiality, and after the political pulses had been felt, Harris and Alsop found out more: they were in the house of Tom O'Connell, former University of Illinois football star, just out of the Army and ready to start quarterbacking the Chicago Bears this season. The Bears will do fine, O'Connell predicts. For his political opinion, see Harris's article.

★ ★ ★

HOW JAZZ has been brought both to her and to the high-class town of Newport, Rhode Island, is told nicely in this issue by Elaine Guthrie Lorillard (with Richard Gehman).

The rest of the Elaine Guthrie Lorillard Story (as told by her): "Born in Mount Desert, Maine, descended from Puritan pioneers. My mother was a concert mezzo-soprano, my father a cartoonist-poet. I studied classical piano in Boston starting at the age of six; having no talent, later switched to art. Now have two children—Pierre, seven; Didi, nine; and two dachshunds, named by the children Rock and Roll. My hobbies: inventing (three patents pending), traveling with husband to out-of-the-way places (he's a travel executive), and at present doing research on the art of tattooing. My ambition: to take our now firmly established American Jazz Festival at Newport on tour to America's key cities and eventually the U.S.S.R."

★ ★ ★

AFTER YOU READ Hugh Fosburgh's story about Dolly, the skidding horse, you're probably going to ask, just what *is* a skidding horse? Well, on small logging jobs after the lumberjack cuts down a tree, he has to get it to a road where a tractor can come and get it. He has a horse to help him skid the big log out of the woods, and that, students, is a skidding horse.

Forty-year-old, Yale graduate, former bomber pilot Fosburgh writes of logging with assurance. He is the owner of a tract in the Adirondacks and has performed all the jobs, at one time or another, with his own hands.

"Skidding with a horse," he informs us, "is probably the most difficult art, the hardest work, and the most dangerous of anything to do with a woods operation. A poor lumberjack and a poor horse will cripple or even kill one another sooner or later. But a top-notch man skidding with a good horse is fascinating to watch."

Fosburgh's story, The Happy Sun, is being dramatized on the CBS television show Playhouse of Stars, July 13th, at 9:30 P.M. (EDT). (Check the listings for your own locality.) Sure enough, a skidding horse is in the cast.

★ ★ ★

WE'RE VERY PLEASED that John Gould of Lisbon Falls, Maine, has cleared up the matter of whether a lobster suffers when it is dropped alive into a pot of boiling water.

After Gould had written his story (page 26) we asked him if the forty-eight-year-old Lisbon Falls Lobster Club would convene for photographic purposes, to illustrate the article. Gould soon relayed this answer:

"At its stated meeting of April 27th the LFLC voted unanimously to meet on a forthcoming Saturday and proceed with families and friends to the Atlantic for lobster feed to take place at 4:00 P.M. at Estes Beach, South Harpswell, Maine, tide willing. Chef Charles Wakely reminded club that lobsters are one dollar a pound, dog-gone it. Gould said he thought Collier's would foot bill. Wakely withdrew his remarks and group agreed to co-operate with Collier's photographer. Dr. Reid told a good story about a pickle cutter and the meeting adjourned."

The Lisbon Falls Lobster Club, which has survived all these years for the lone purpose of eating lobster on the last Friday of each month, can be seen in action further along in this issue. Gould sent us a follow-up report: "The membership turned out almost 100 per cent, and endured the rigors of a sharp May southerly offshore breeze, posing interminably in the cold. They served beyond the call of duty! Boy, it was cold!"

Perhaps the lobsters didn't suffer, then, but the humans did.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

ART LAVINE

Writer John Gould says Maine lobsters do not mind at all being boiled alive

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MORE COMFORT

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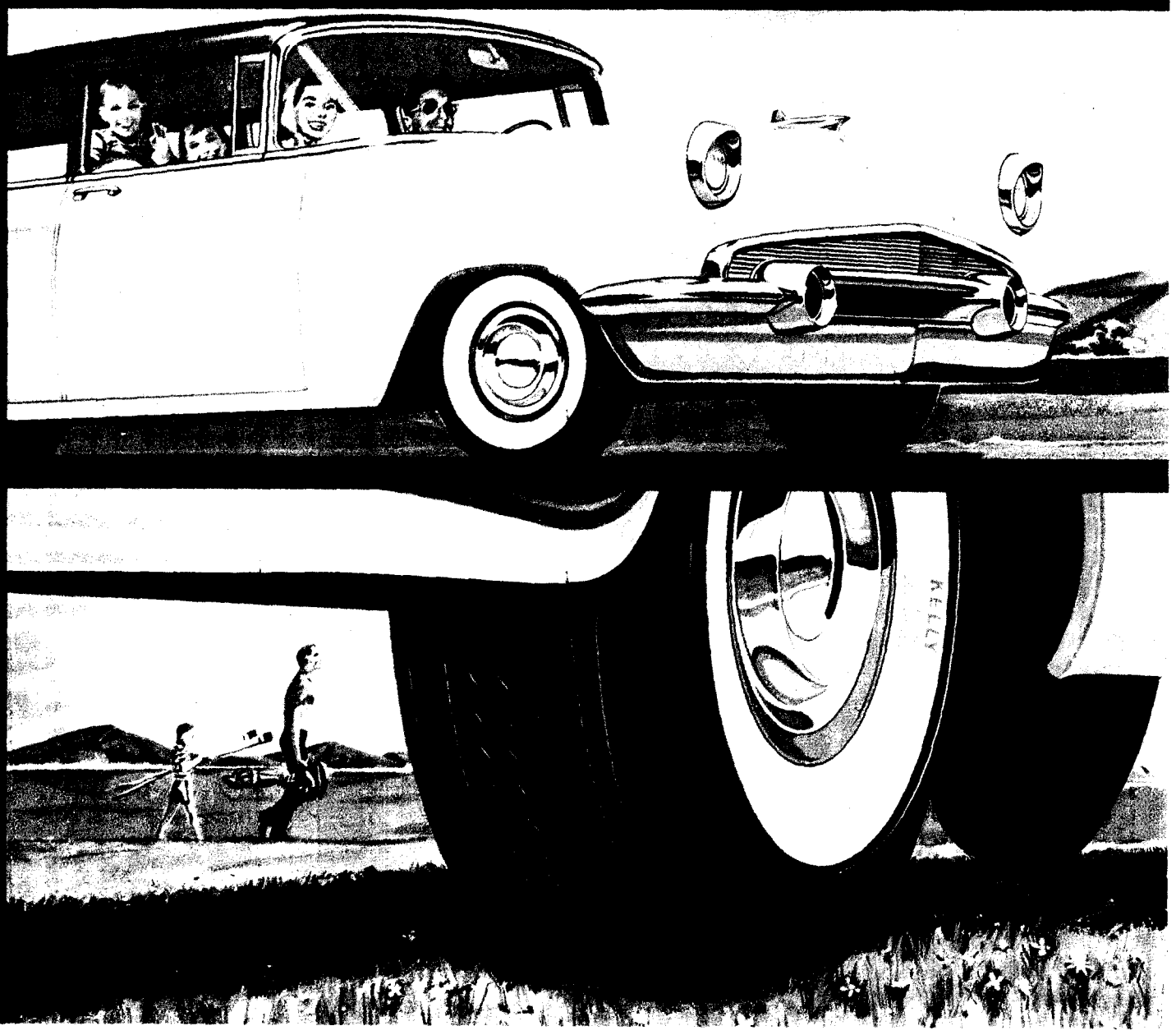

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"White Label"

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SCOTCH WHISKIES

Traditional Tartan of Clan MacIntyre

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Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Ancestor, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

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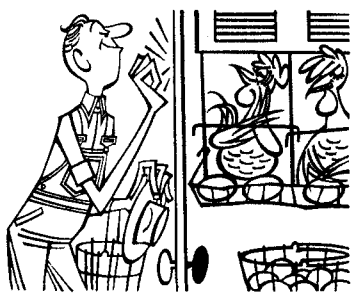
48 states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Now comes Mr. Virgil Schroonsmith, of New Orleans, Louisiana, with a question we can't answer. Most unusual. He wants to know whether the government is now going to extend free college education to veterans of World War I. Anyway, it would be a grand thing. And we might add nobody needs it more. But we're going to look pretty funny, hobbling around the campus trying to keep up with the coeds carrying our books for us.

* * *

Unless you raise chickens you may as well skip this paragraph, although we do not guarantee that the next one will be any better. It's just that the



poultry experts at Michigan State University have decided that chickens appreciate courtesy. They urge you to knock on the henhouse before entering and develop a reassuring nestside manner. Result: more eggs, tenderer meat.

* * *

We read the Dallas (Texas) Morning News and, as always, are well rewarded. For example, it is therein recorded that a lady dropped a slip of paper in a local store and on this paper the lady had darn' near balanced her budget, to wit: "Mable owes me on eggs 50. I owe her 45 on milk. Riley owes her 5¢ on seed. Bought. Which makes us even. Friday I got another Homo from M. Today I owe her 45¢. Saturday Mable got 1 doze eggs. Now she owes me 1 measly nickle."

* * *

There were two filling stations in the block where Colonel T. W. Essig, United States Army, stopped to get gas. The proprietor of the station he stopped at asked the colonel to patronize his competition across the street. How come? "Price war. I send all my customers to him," the man said. "If he sells enough at his prices he'll go broke. Thank you, Colonel. Drop in any time."

* * *

Into each column old 48 likes to slip a little something cheerful. We do so defiantly, knowing that we'll be accused of un-American activity. So, we give you Miss Elsie Dinsmore, who reports that, at the latest convention of the Pacific Coast Regional Restaurant Association in Los Angeles, kind words were uttered in behalf of the younger generation, including bobby-soxers. One of the delegates, Mr. Robert C. Wian, proprietor of a chain of drive-ins, said: "We probably serve 10,000 teen-agers every week. Teen-agers today are more tolerant, more appreciative of little things done for them. I can contradict a lot of scuttlebutt about juvenile delinquency."

* * *

Of course you've got to be on your guard against being cheerful too often. Could develop into a nasty habit. We'll take a chance anyway and let Mr. Jack Goldkey speak. There's an honor-system parking lot in Charlotte, North Carolina, he says. No attendants. No tickets. Just a sign showing the rates. When you're through parking you drop what you owe in a box and be on your way. Mr. Charles Moore, who owns the lot, told Mr. Goldkey flatly that people are honest. (Let's see if we can't dig up something refreshingly deplorable for the next paragraph.)

* * *

We understand that a couple of gentlemen in Salem, Oregon, were discussing politics. One said that he was working for the re-election of Senator Wayne Morse. The other asked why. "Because," said the first, "I am a Democrat." Said the other gentleman: "Yeah, but are you sure *he* still is?"

* * *

It isn't that Mr. Louis Mashmore dislikes music. It's merely that the young lady next door in Albuquerque, New Mexico, who practices the piano four hours every evening, told him that these

exercises require that her fingers move 2,000 times a minute. Mr. Mashmore told her he wouldn't mind, if they just would try to avoid doing it in the vicinity of the keyboard.

* * *

To save you the trouble of trudging all the way to Willow Springs, Arkansas, to see for yourself, Mr. Charles Kemp, of Kasota, Minnesota, tells you that on a Willow Springs business edifice a passer-by can see a sign reading: "Madame Eleanor—Beauty Parlor—Dealer in Antiques."

* * *

On returning to New York we found a letter from that London, England, reader of ours—Mr. D. E. Woolf. It contained a pretty card from an Australian mortician. Card read: Greetings from Down Under.

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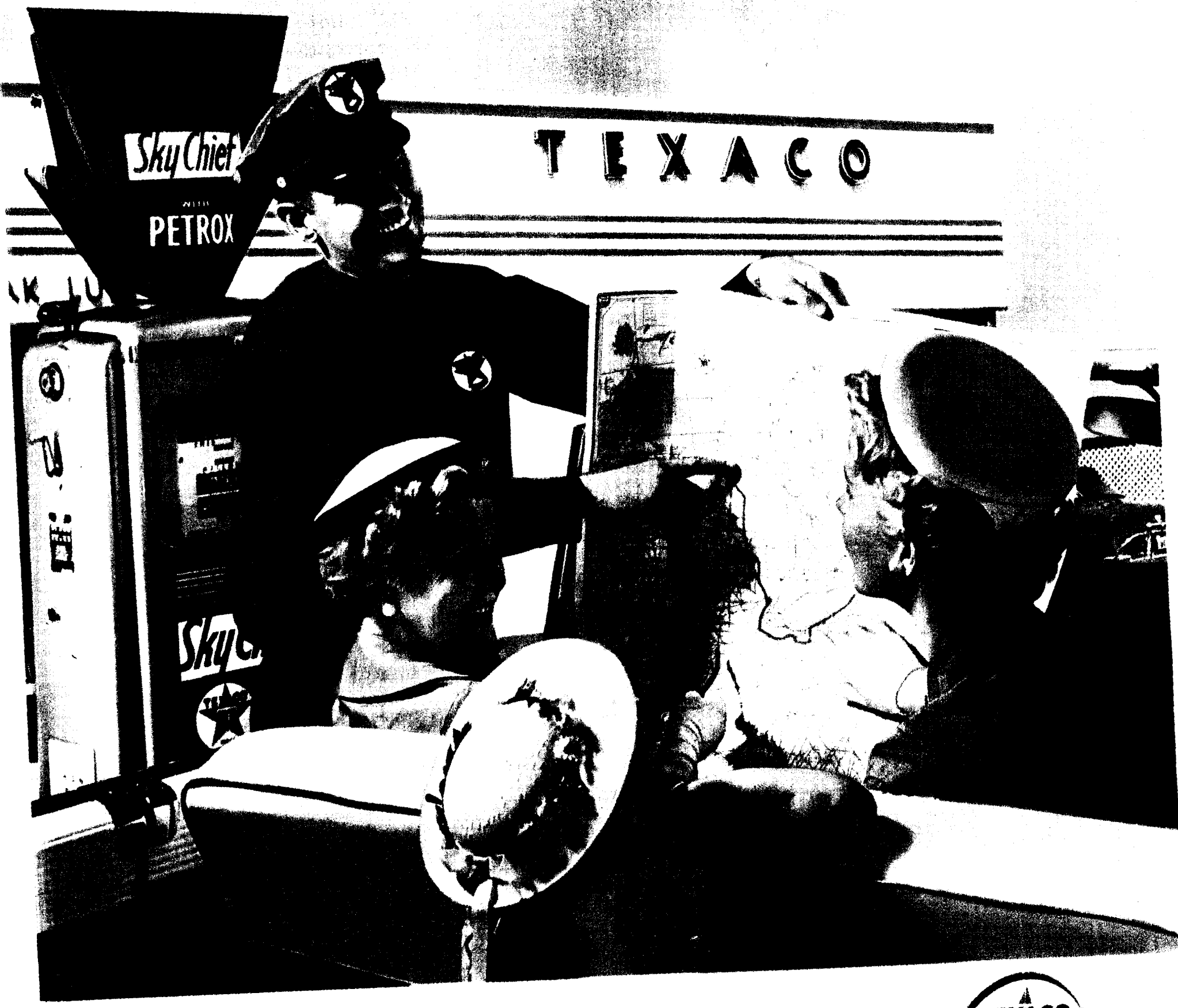
"Mr. Service" in all 48 states



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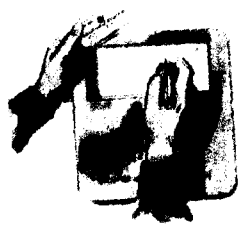

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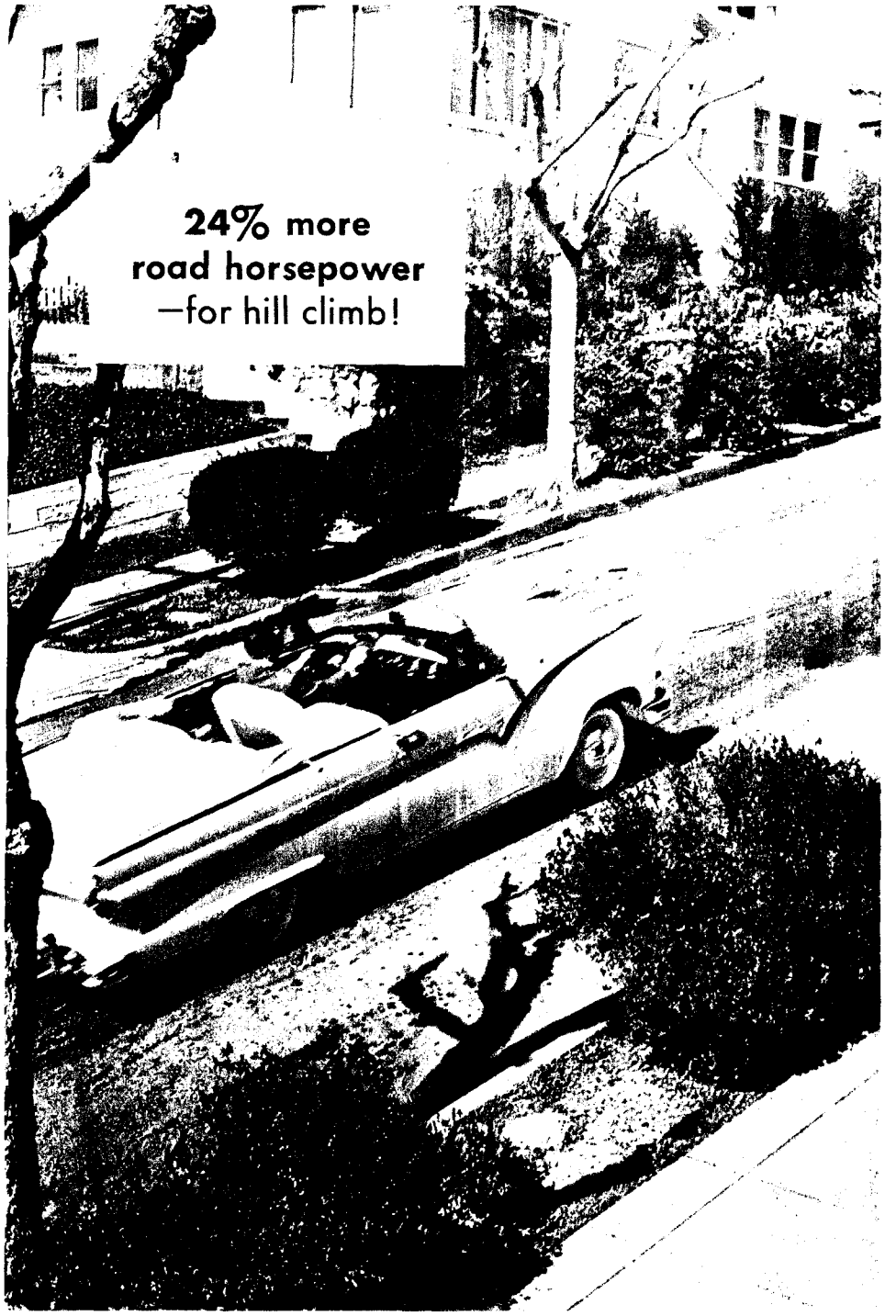
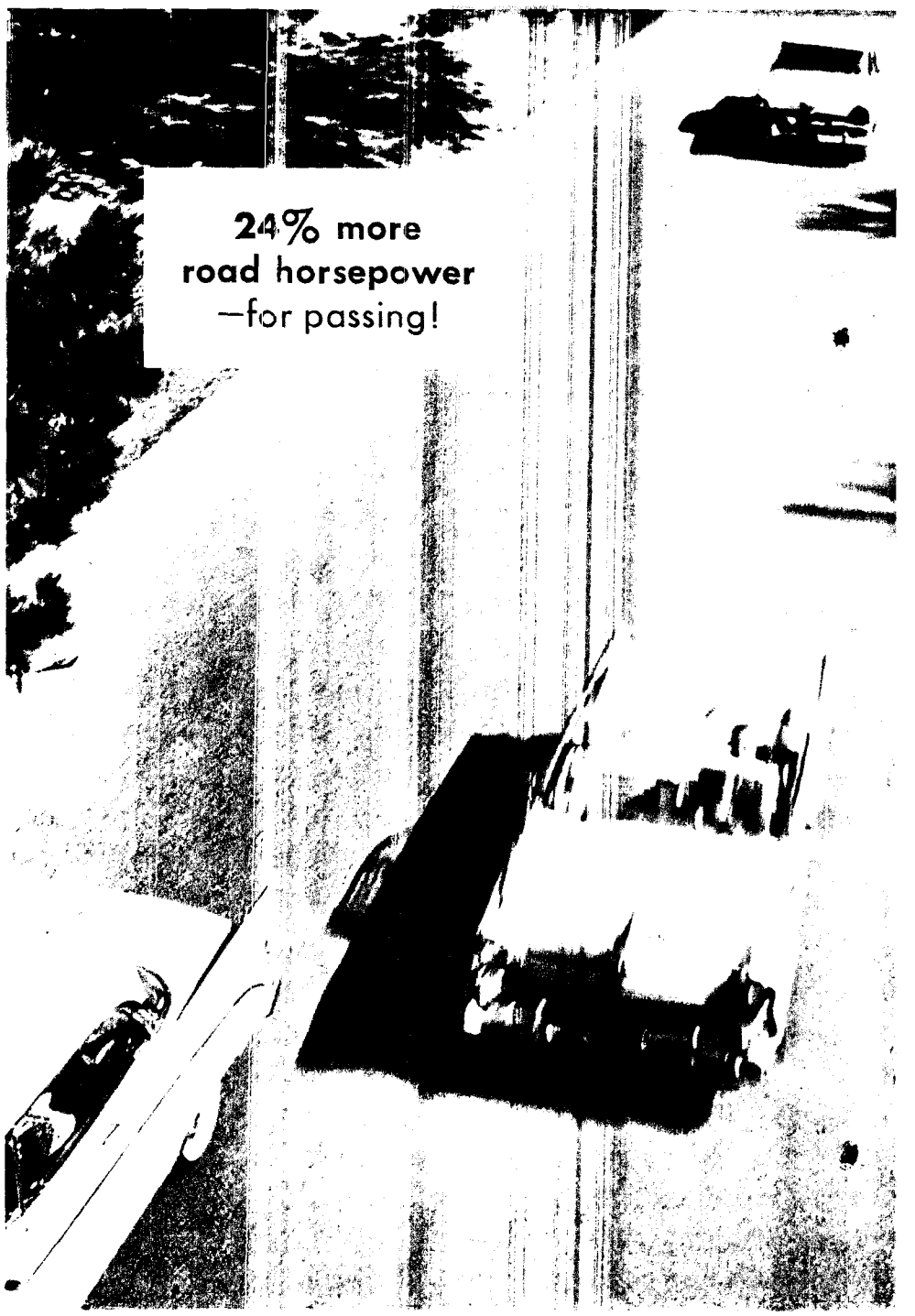




In cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change—

New Champions can increase road horsepower by 24%!

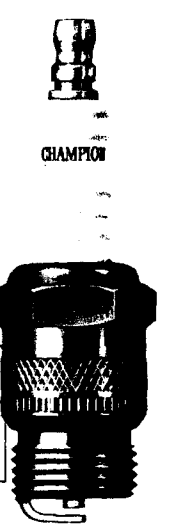
Tests with major makes of cars prove it!

Independent engineers took cars whose plugs had run 10,000 miles or so and tested them for horsepower—first with their regular plugs, then with 5-rib Champions with the new Powerfire electrodes.

Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!

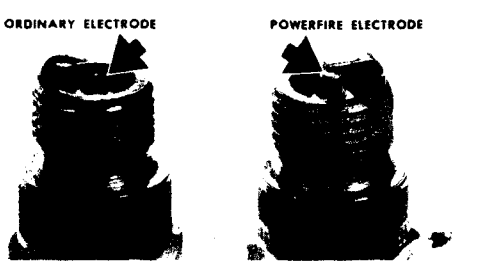
Some cars had remarkable gains. For example, a 1954 V-8 whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles got an increase of 53%. Some had smaller gains, like the 1955 V-8 with only 6%. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

It comes down to this: There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions with their Powerfire electrodes! Replace your old plugs with new full-firing Champions today — and you'll feel the difference *at once!*



CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS



New Powerfire electrode stands up better in today's engines. Photo shows how ordinary electrode *(left)* burns away. Champion's Powerfire electrode *(right)*, after identical use, is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!

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WIDE WORLD

Ike leaves Walter Reed Hospital after heart checkup in May. He returned for intestinal surgery on June 9

What is the political impact of the President's illnesses? Key spots in Eisenhower's '52 victory were sampled both before and after his recent operation. They reveal . . .

How voters feel about

IKE'S HEALTH

By LOUIS HARRIS

In the early-morning hours of September 24, 1955, the dominant political coalition of the 1950s teetered on the heartbeat of Dwight D. Eisenhower. At almost an identical hour of the morning of June 9, 1956, it balanced again on the edge of a surgeon's knife as the President underwent a major intestinal operation. Twice within a nine-month period, the indispensable pivot of the new political majority in America had been stricken.

As this is written, the convalescing President has not yet declared himself a candidate a second time. If his decision is again affirmative, the political question that now presents itself is whether Eisenhower, in the wake of his illnesses, can hold together in 1956 the coalition that allowed him to sweep the electorate in 1952. How decisively has the "health issue" cut with American voters who broke party ranks in such wholesale numbers to vote for Eisenhower four years ago?

If the health issue looms large, it is because Dwight Eisenhower is unquestionably the central political figure of our times. Without him, the Republican party is in deep trouble in 1956. Indeed, although Eisenhower won the Presidency decisively in 1952, the rest of his party polled less than half the total popular vote. The local elections of 1953 were marked by substantial Democratic gains. In 1954, without Eisenhower on the ballot, the Democrats swept back into control of both houses of Congress—one of the rare times the opposition ever did this during the first term of any President in the history of the Republic.

If Eisenhower should declare himself out of the race now, the effect would be crippling on Republican hopes. Should he run, the health issue would not have to affect a very large percentage of voters before it seriously jeopardized even Eisenhower's own chances of re-election. The President received just over 55 per cent of the popular vote in 1952. Should one out of every 10 people who voted for him four years ago react strongly that he shouldn't run this time or that he is too great a health risk, the 1956 election becomes a very close horse race. When this possibility is reinforced by the fact that more than one out of every 10 people who voted for Eisenhower in 1952 never voted for a Republican for President before, and have not voted for another Republican for major office since, then we can immediately see how critical the health issue could become today.

Is there anything in the argument of the Democrats that the Presidency is too precious, too critical a post to take a chance with a man who might not last out another term? Or is the outpouring of sympathy for Eisenhower, as a warm and beloved leader, the first manifestation of renewed support at the polls in November?

The real answer rests squarely with the voters themselves. To determine their reactions to the health question, this writer, a professional public-opinion analyst, assisted by a team of public-opinion researchers and Collier's regional editors, took off across the country on a survey of key voting districts in carefully selected areas.

The technique used was what professionally is called "qualitative interviewing"—in which not just "yes" or "no" poll-type answers are sought, but the attempt is made to find out the deep reasons and motives which lie behind people's stated opinions. We conducted some 1,200 careful interviews of this type which were then systematically analyzed for over-all patterns which emerged consistently and firmly. It is simply not possible to wrap up public opinion in a neat statistical package down to the last decimal point. But this method will certainly turn up the major trends of political thinking. All told we traveled through some 400 voting precincts selected on the basis of significant voting trends in past elections.

Broadly, three groups had to be systematically sampled. Had the President's two serious encounters with illness created defectors among what, in 1952, had been the almost unanimous block of normally Republican voters? Had the image of a possibly weakened Eisenhower spurred new hope and firmed up the ranks of solid Democrats who had split so badly when he ran four years ago? And more important, had the health issue tipped the balance among those "swing" voters who had plunged so decisively into the Eisenhower column in 1952?

Specifically, we set out to analyze new centers of Republican strength, such as the suburbs of metropolitan America—Morristown, New Jersey; Chicago Heights in suburban Cook County, Illinois; Roslyn, New York, out on Long Island; Hillsborough and Burlingame in suburban San Francisco. These findings were cross-checked with the traditional centers of Democratic strength: the trade-union vote, for example, in Gary, Indiana; Jersey City, New Jersey; and Seattle, Washington.

Most critically, we had to find out what was dominantly in the minds of

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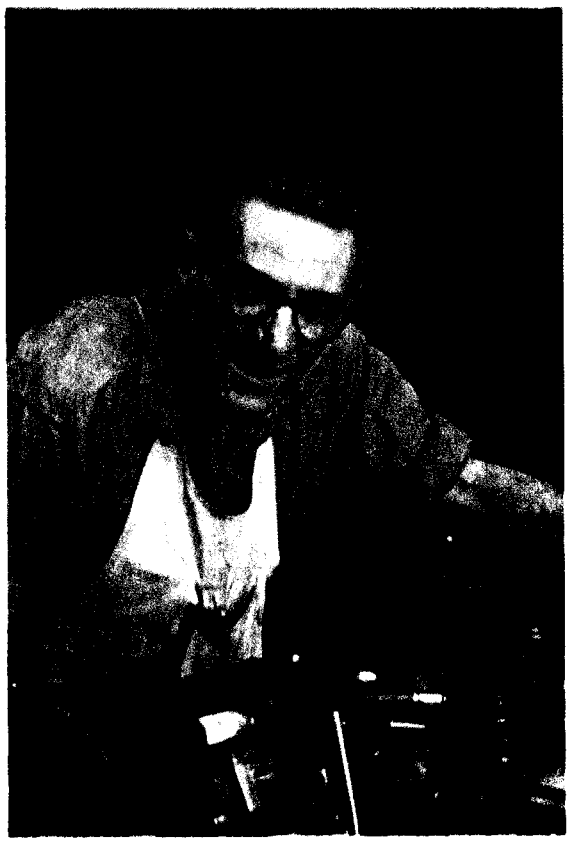
Mildred Ruoff, Los Angeles, Cal., working grandmother: "When I saw the headlines, I got a funny feeling in my stomach. I can't stand Nixon, but I guess I'll vote for Ike"

Before June 9, Ike's health was not a major issue; now it is



ROBERT MOTTAR

Thomas Gaynor, Bridgeport, Conn., factory worker: "He can do the job for another four years. I'm doing my job after three heart attacks in a year"

LARRY FRIED

Daniel Cooper, science editor, Morristown, N. J.: "Health is now going to be an issue and I think it should be discussed"

such independent-minded white-collar voters as those living in Harvey, Illinois, who had voted heavily for Eisenhower in 1952, but then had gone over to Democratic Senator Paul Douglas in the elections in 1954; such middle-income voters as those in Charlotte, North Carolina, who in 1952 had voted Republican for the first time in modern times and had re-elected a Republican to Congress in 1954; Irish Catholic voters such as those in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and in Jersey City, who had defected heavily to Eisenhower four years ago. And finally we interviewed switch-voting farmers such as those in Jasper, Warren and Marion Counties in Iowa, who had voted 54 per cent for Harry Truman in 1948, then reversed themselves four years later, going over to Eisenhower with 60 per cent of their vote.

WE INTERVIEWED PEOPLE in these key voting groups for a two-month period before Eisenhower underwent abdominal surgery in early June, and then we checked back again during the days immediately after his operation. Our findings about the health issue before the President's second illness were dramatically different from those we find today in the wake of his operation.

1. *Before June 9th, health wasn't a major issue; now it is.*

In April and May of this year, the vast majority thought the state of the President's health was not an important issue pro or con in making up their minds. Now most agree that it has become a legitimate issue for debate, even one that might hurt Eisenhower's political chances.

Alonzo Cameron, a chemist in suburban Harvey, Illinois, said before the President's second illness: "I don't see the health issue as being important at all in this election." Now, on the heels of Eisenhower's operation, Cameron has this to say: "I haven't changed my mind. I'm still for Eisenhower. He will withdraw if he is physically incapable. If he's all right and says he'll run, then I'm with him. But I'm afraid that politically it will hurt him. Not with me, but with lots of others. Health has now become an issue."

2. *Before, Democrats were embarrassed to use the health question politically; now they aren't.*

Before the operation, we found that even Democrats who were going to vote against Eisenhower felt uniformly sheepish about making the President's health an issue. Now, for the most part, they are not. A white-collar worker in suburban New York explained it this way: "I had a suspicion Ike couldn't make it, but was sort of ashamed to say it before. Now I'll tell you straight out. His health disqualifies him for such a high office and responsibility." Or as Mrs. Max Woods, a farm housewife who lives just above the Skunk River bottom lands out of Mitchellville, Iowa, commented: "Before, I told you health wasn't an issue, although I intended to vote Democratic. Now I think health is a big issue and I don't mind saying it."

3. *Before, an overwhelming majority thought he should run; now the majority is smaller.*

Even before June 9th we found roughly 20 out of every 100 thought the President should not have become a candidate on account of his health. Most of these were dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, however, and many of the others indicated that they were going to vote for him anyhow. After, the number who believe he shouldn't run has nearly doubled. But a majority still exists who think it is all right for him to make the race if he so decides. Those who say he shouldn't are thinking for the most part of his own well-being.

A Charlotte housewife said: "I think it is unfair to ask Ike to take the risks and pressures of another four years. For his own long life, he ought to bow out now." Or as Paul Richter, a commercial artist in New York City, said: "I think he won't last out more than two more years. It's cruel to do that to such a wonderful person."

4. *Vice-President Nixon was a controversial figure before; now he has become a focal point of expressed concern.*

Despite the heavy write-ins for him in the New Hampshire and Oregon primaries, we found that Vice-President Nixon trails far behind Eisen-

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hower in personal popularity. Since the President's operation, old edginess about Nixon has crystallized in stronger form. "He's too young," "He's immature," "Too much of a gamble in such an important spot," "Needs more seasoning" are typical of the remarks about Nixon today among voters we talked to. To be sure, all of this and more was said about Nixon both in 1952 and again earlier this year when he seemed a possibility for the top post of President. And Nixon apparently has a remarkable ability to recuperate most effectively from these periodic political attacks.

But there has been a decided shift away from support for Nixon in the No. 2 spot, behind Eisenhower. Robert Taylor, Jr., a railroad worker, of Gary, Indiana, said of Nixon, before the President's operation: "He's sincere and spread good will in other countries." Now Taylor says of him, "Maybe he's all right, but they ought to find somebody else besides Nixon for Vice-President. That would make me feel better about voting for Ike."

ANOTHER TYPICAL SHIFTER on Nixon is Don DeGraff, a Midwestern dairy farmer, who said in May: "Nixon is as good as any and the country will do fine under him." Today DeGraff says: "I know Ike likes Nixon and I like Ike and maybe that makes it all right. But surely there must be someone else better qualified than Nixon."

It is not that Nixon has become less popular since June 9th. Rather, after Eisenhower's second illness people are now thinking much more seriously about the possibility of Nixon actually becoming President. This image had become submerged in their minds following Ike's announcement of his candidacy.

5. *Before, Eisenhower actually seemed to be gaining politically from the heart attack; he has lost some of that ground since his operation.*

Before his operation, there were many indications that the health issue had actually helped in Eisenhower's campaign for re-election. We found a strong Eisenhower tide running. His recovery had firmed up traditionally Republican voters. Their reaction to talk about health was one of fierce loyalty and embattled defensiveness.

Today, among most Republicans, there is still much of the same vigorous defense of the President running, but there are some signs of uneasiness. The tide has abated—temporarily, at least.

Mrs. Mildred Ruoff, of Los Angeles, a working grandmother, says: "Well, this last operation gives me pause, but I guess I'd still vote for Ike. When I saw the headlines, I got an awfully funny feeling in my stomach. Still, I think I'll vote for Ike."

Two thousand miles east of Los Angeles in suburban Chicago, Mrs. Edith Shlensky, a housewife, had said before the operation, "Nobody has a guarantee on life. Somebody could go across the street and get hit by a car. It could happen to anybody." She indicates she still feels exactly the same way but then related this telltale story: "I had a laundryman who was working pretty hard. The day after Decoration Day I told him not to work so hard. Five minutes later he went into town and dropped dead of a heart attack. Nobody knows when his number is up."

In our first wave of interviewing, we found that out of over 1,000 people in the key voting groups who hold the balance in November there were no more than one half of one per cent who were affected by the health issue. To the contrary, some 2 or 3 per cent appeared to have actually gone over to the Eisenhower column out of sympathy alone. Today, the switching to Eisenhower has stopped—at least for the moment.

One out of every 20 people who were for the President in 1952 are not sure they will vote for the President any more. And their reservations either stem directly from the health issue, or the President's health firms up their other worries about voting Republican.

Mrs. Michael Hurst, a housewife in Elizabeth, New Jersey, was a first voter for Eisenhower in 1952. Now she intends to vote for Stevenson, if he is nominated. She says: "A man simply can't do a good job if he isn't in top health. Since the operation, I feel very strongly about Ike not running again, and I won't vote for him."

Of course, the one in 20 Ike voters who now appear to be off the G.O.P. reservation due to health do not amount to the one out of 10 that would be necessary to make the 1956 election close. Added to this is the fact that in our interviewing both before and after the June 9th operation, it was apparent that Eisenhower had won over some voters who were for Stevenson in 1952. Typical of these is George Shillira, a worker in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He voted for Stevenson last time and is voting for Eisenhower this time. After the President's operation, he had this to say: "According to the medical reports, he's well enough to run and I'll vote for him. I would prefer somebody to Nixon, though, such as Senator Knowland."

On balance, this observer would conclude that even after a heart attack and a major abdominal operation, Dwight Eisenhower, at least as of today, is probably very little weaker politically than he was when the voters elected him in 1952. But whatever interim advantage he had attained over his 1952 position has now been wiped out by what has become the health issue.

One can rest assured the electorate hasn't heard the last of this issue now that it has lost the backfire effect we found it might have had before the operation. Of course, over a period of time following the heart attack there was a sharp comeback of confidence in the President's health. This could happen again, though only time will tell.

ACTUALLY, THE ISSUE of Eisenhower's health still must be handled extremely gingerly by both political parties. Robert Meier, Democratic chairman in Boone Township in Illinois, explained it this way: "This is not an issue that can be used by the precinct captains in their door-to-door visits. People will react badly to using the health issue. Our hope, though, is that it is firmly in the people's minds without our talking about it."

Mrs. Fred Lockwood, a housewife in Bridgeport, Connecticut, is a solid Eisenhower supporter and is still highly indignant about use of the health issue politically: "Anybody who would use Ike's health as an issue is a plain cad. Nobody should ever gloat over somebody else's health. A terrible thing."

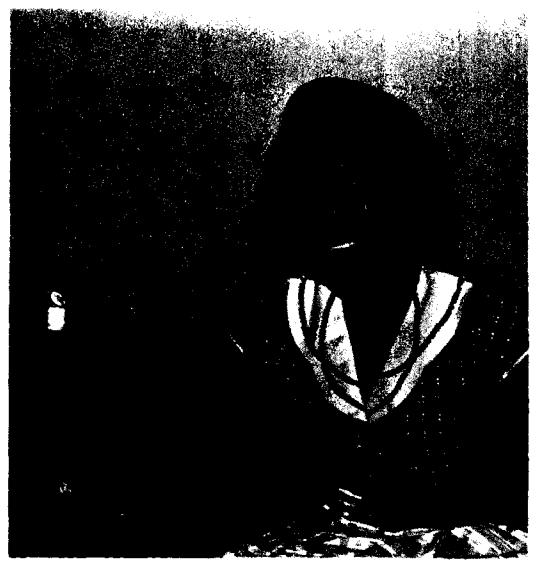
Should the Democrats use too heavy a hand on the health issue—even though it can now be talked about politically (*Continued on page* 64)

KEN SCARPINO

Francis Maher, Jasper County, Iowa: "I'm a Democrat who voted for Ike. I can't afford it again. What the farmer gets is the big issue here"

JAMES DUMBELL

Charles Hayes, gas-truck driver, Charlotte, N.C.: "I'm a Democrat who voted for Ike last time and plan to again. I believe he'll take it a little easier and do fine"



ROCCO PADULO

Mrs. Viola Ball, housewife, Chicago, Ill.: "I'm for Stevenson. I voted for him before. But Ike's health just isn't an issue with me. Sometimes a little sickness can put you on your right feet"

JACK FIELDS

Mrs. John Niven, Atherton, Cal.: "I'm still an Ike girl. At his age everybody has upsets. If he doesn't recover well, that's another thing"

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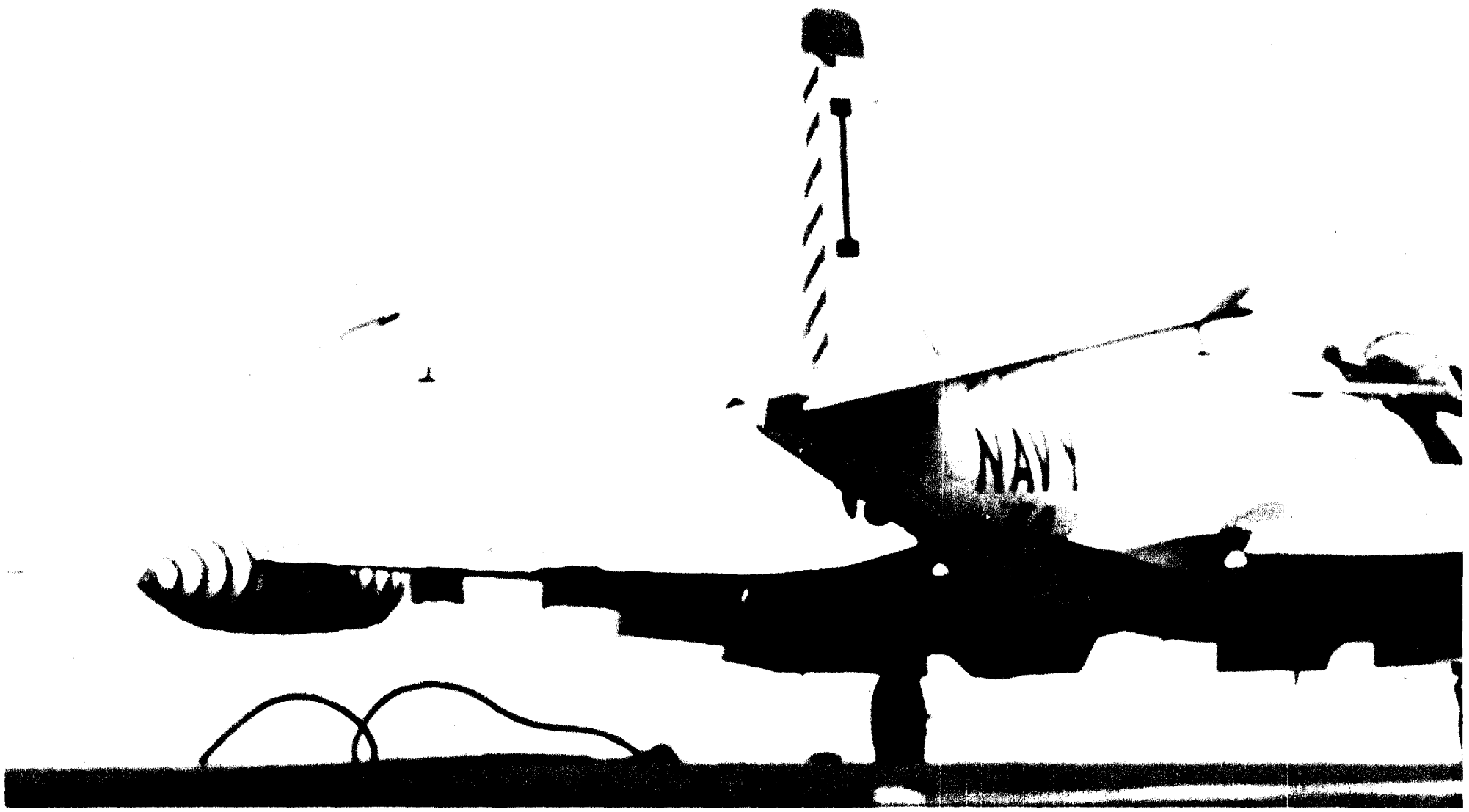
SCRAMBLE ON



McDonnell Banshee fighter completes successful landing on flight deck of USS Forrestal, first of the Navy's new class of 60,000-ton aircraft carriers. Man in the

Two planes are thrown into air by the Forrestal's catapults: Fury (top) and Banshee (bottom). Two more Furies are being moved into position on bow "cats." Our first carrier with four catapults, the Forrestal can discharge its planes far faster than any of its predecessors

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRETT GALLAGHER

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THE FORRESTAL

There's never been anything quite like it before—four jet fighters taking off every 22 seconds amid whooshing steam and an army of gyrating, gesturing crewmen

green "ci[illegible]" at right is giving signal to indicate the fighter has disengaged arresting-gear cable (lower left) and should taxi away to clear landing strip for next plane

"Stand by to start engines!" That order, bellowed over the ship's bull horn, galvanizes any aircraft carrier into action. But nowhere does a "scramble" produce more spectacular and exciting action than aboard the U.S. Navy's new supercarrier Forrestal, now being readied for service with the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Deck crewmen clad variously in vivid green, yellow, brown, red and blue jerseys dash at top speed to their action stations on the vast flight deck. Pilots, weighed down with all the complex protective gear of modern military flight, clamber clumsily into the four planes kept in constant readiness on the catapults. "Start engines!" booms the bull horn—and the horrendous whine of jet engines suddenly assails the ears. Finally comes the order: "Launch aircraft!" In a whoosh of escaping steam from the catapults, all four planes are hurled into the air, and four more are moved into catapult position. Within 22 seconds, they, too, are thrown into the air and the next batch is being shoved into take-off position.

Never before in carrier history has it been possible to launch so many planes so quickly. The reason is simple. Never before have there been carriers like the Forrestal and the four sister ships that will follow her into service: the Saratoga, the Ranger, the Independence and the Kitty Hawk. They are bigger (1,000-plus feet long, 250 feet wide, 60,000 tons' displacement), travel faster (more than 30 knots), have more catapults (four) and pack more long-range punch (each carries more than 100 jet fighters and bombers) than any other carriers in the world.

Captain Roy L. Johnson (foreground) skippered Forrestal on shakedown cruise

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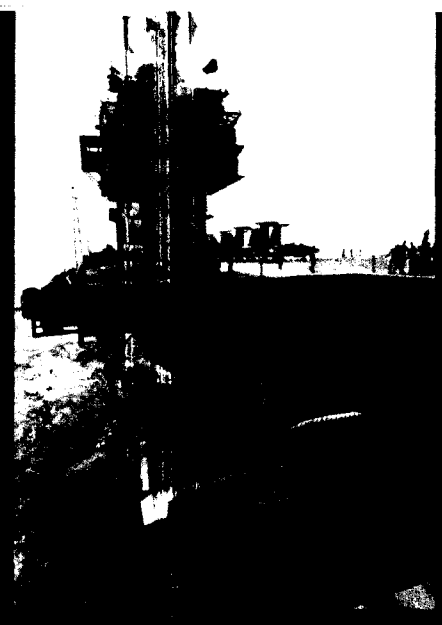
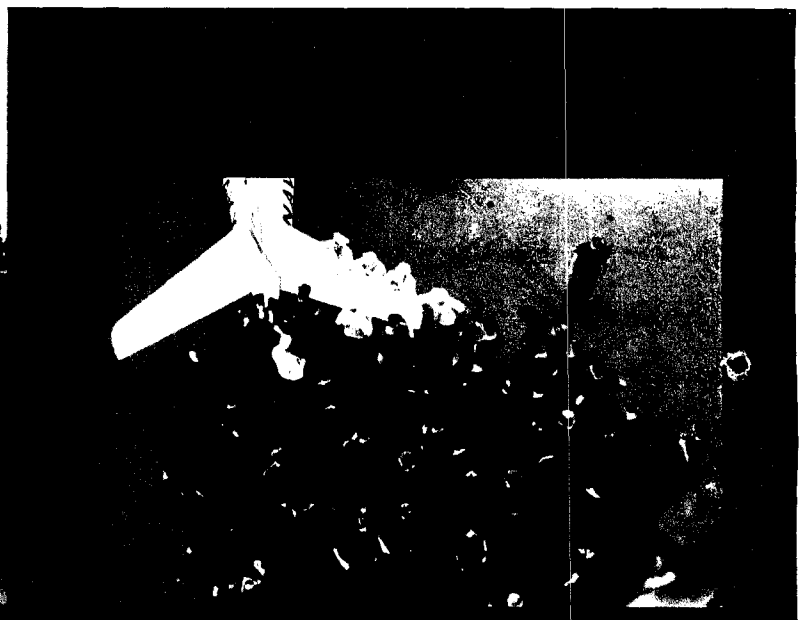
Here is how Uncle Sam's new supercarrier broke all Navy speed records for launching and landing aircraft

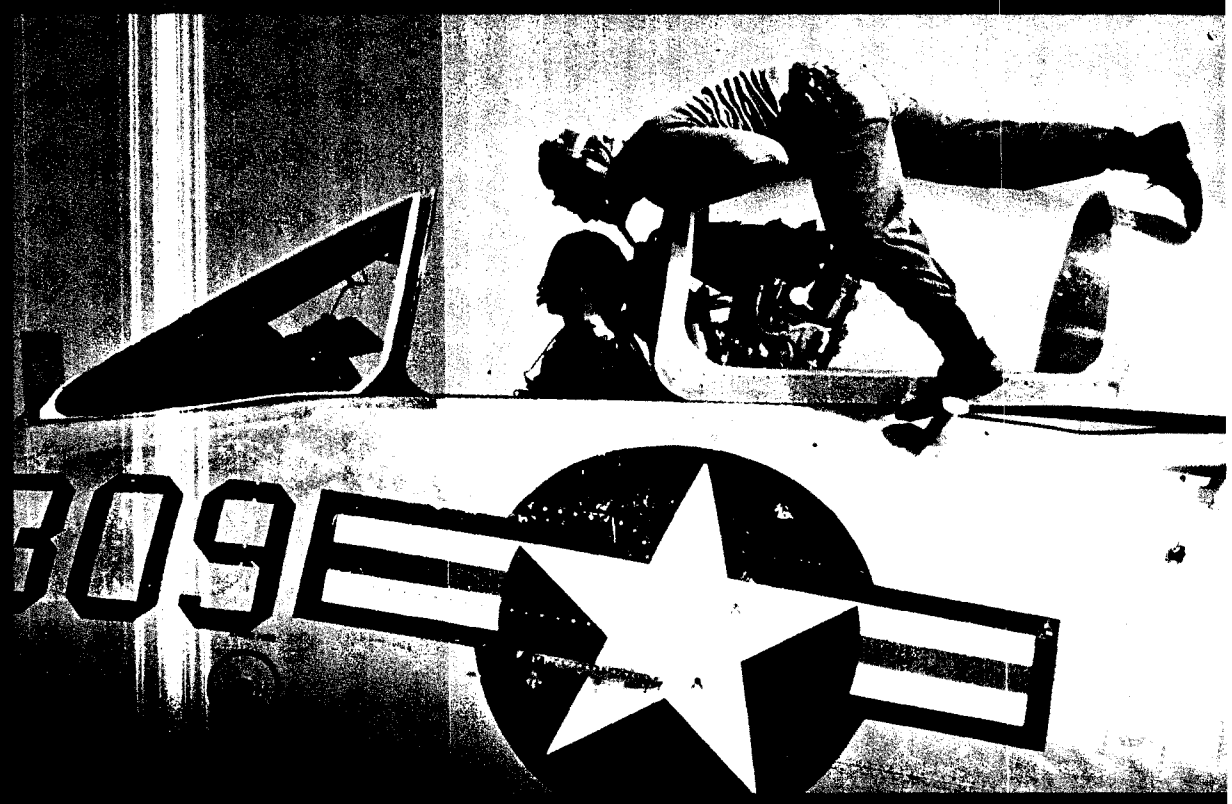


One of Forrestal's four deck-edge elevators brings a Banshee from hangar to flight deck



Plane directors (in yellow jerseys) and pushers (in blue) relax around tail of North American Fury while awaiting scramble

Crew prepares to hook Banshee to catapult. "Cat's" shuttle, passing beneath, bounces plane

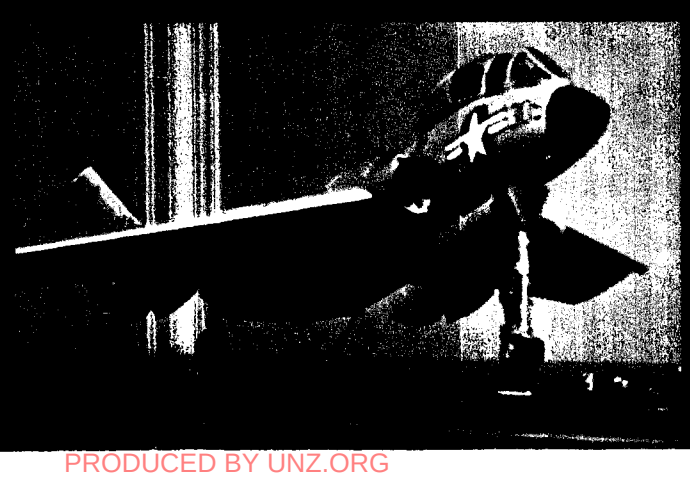


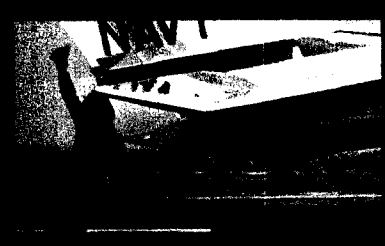
Because jet-engine noise is so great, catapult crewman climbs to cockpit for last-minute check with pilot

Chance Vought Cutlass is catapulted off deck

Steam from just-released catapults envelops the deck as Fury is moved up for next take-off

Above: Landing-signal officer warns pilot he is coming in too high. Right: Hook trailed by landing Cutlass hits arresting-gear cable





Crewman gives "hook-clear" signal to show that arresting gear is disengaged

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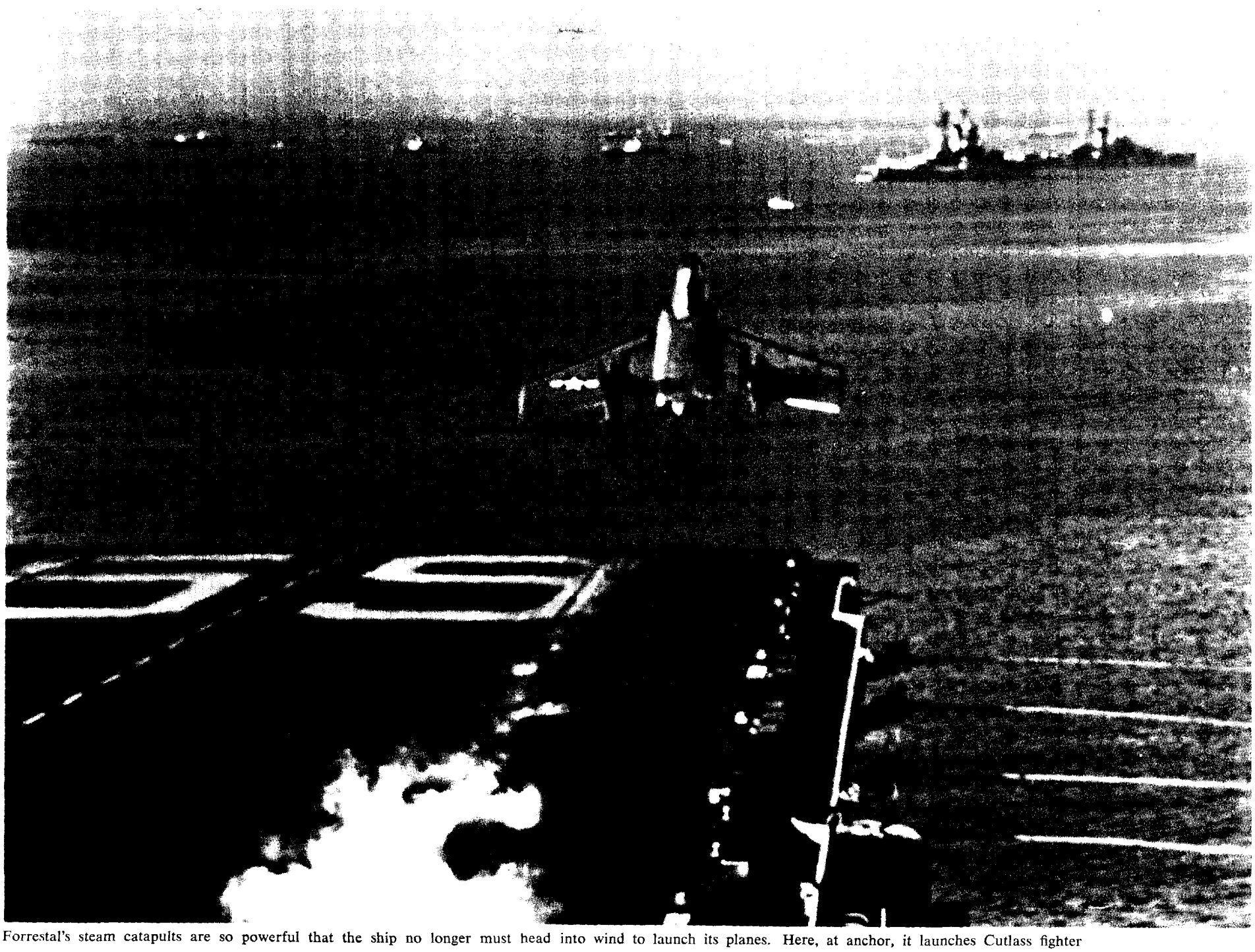
With only a 300-foot run, the Forrestal's new steam catapults can throw a 35-ton plane into the air at 130 knots

A scramble aboard the Forrestal has all the trappings of a surrealistic military ballet: helmeted men in brightly colored jerseys going through wild gyrations, streaks of blue and silver flashing across the deck as jet fighters take off, clouds of steam from the catapult slots periodically blotting out the performers.

And, like a ballet, the scramble perforce follows a rigid, formalized pattern. Every man, every machine has a designated place, an assigned task, a carefully rehearsed routine. The men in yellow direct the placement of the planes; the men in green work the catapults and arresting gear; the men in red refuel and arm the aircraft; the men in blue hand-maneuver them into position; the men in brown maintain them.

Playing a key role in the drama are the novel steam catapults, two in the bow and two on the angled deck amidships. Five or six times more powerful than the hydraulic catapults in use on other U.S. carriers, they can hurl even a 35-ton Douglas Skywarrior attack plane into the air at a speed of 130 knots after a run of only 300 feet. Indeed, so powerful are the catapults that the Forrestal can launch its planes at anchor or even moving downwind. All other carriers must head into the wind.

Forrestal's Combat Information Center keeps tabs on ships and planes



Forrestal's steam catapults are so powerful that the ship no longer must head into wind to launch its planes. Here, at anchor, it launches Cutlass fighter

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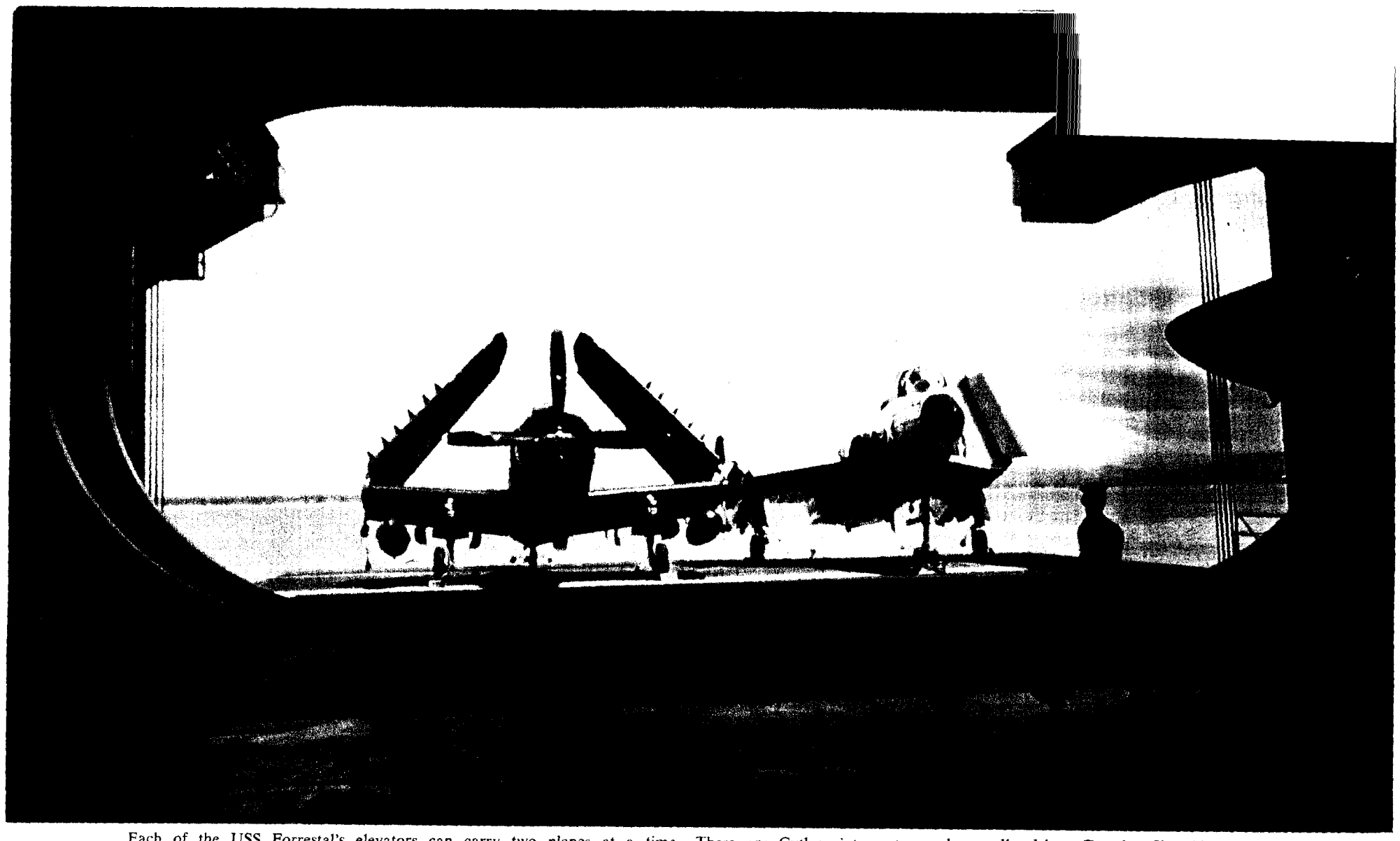

Each of the USS Forrestal's elevators can carry two planes at a time. These are Cutlass interceptor and propeller-driven Douglas Skyraider attack plane

Parked aircraft line either side of bow as the Forrestal rides at anchor in the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo Bay, Cuba. Most new warships on East Coast go there for their shakedown cruises. Battleship Wisconsin (off port bow) seems dwarfed by new supercarrier

All aircraft launched, deck crewmen head for chow. Helicopter hovers over carrier during whole time it is launching or landing planes, ready to speed to rescue if any aircraft falls into sea. Nets (at right) protect deckmen from being blown overboard in high winds

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The Forrestal's shakedown rating: "excellent"—for completing 2,030 landings without scratching a man or a plane

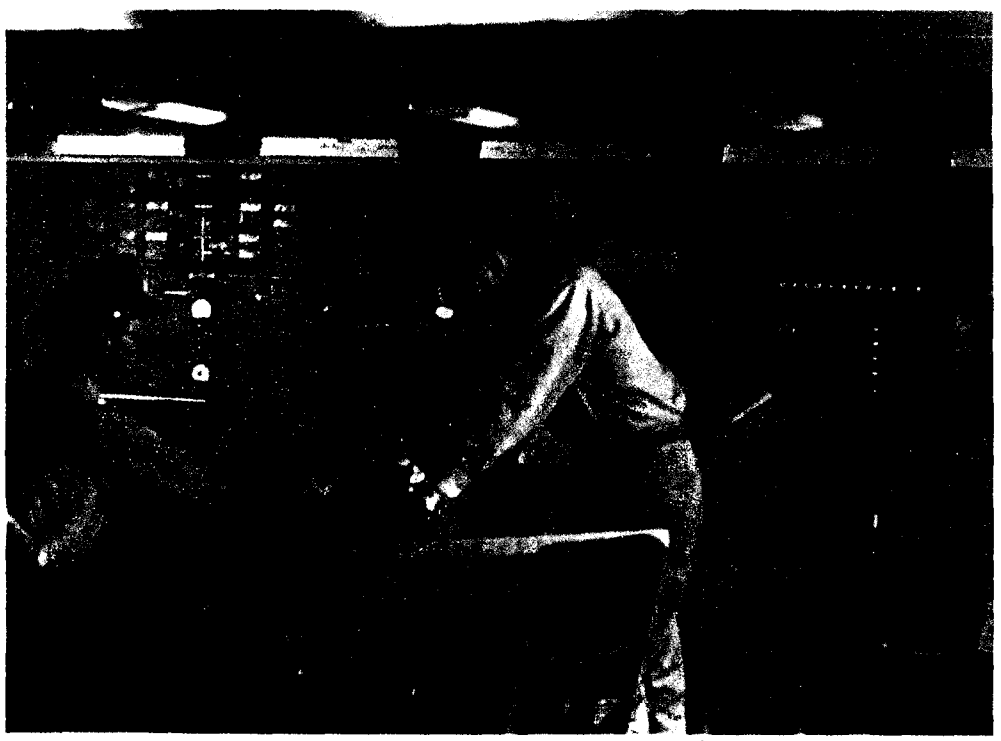
Almost as dramatic as the launching of the USS Forrestal's planes is their return to the rolling, pitching deck. They come in at 125 knots, trailing a hook. As the hook snags the arresting-gear cable, the aircraft is brought to a halt within 150 feet. Every 15 to 25 seconds another plane is guided down.

Landings used to be the most hazardous of all operations aboard a carrier. In the days of the straight bow-to-stern deck, a barrier was stretched across it amidships to protect aircraft parked in the bow. If a landing plane missed the arresting gear, the plane either slammed into the barrier or hurdled it and smashed parked aircraft. The new angled deck provides a landing-strip area that bears off to the port side, bypassing the parking area. If a pilot overshoots the arresting gear on the first approach, he can come in for another try.

The Forrestal's new equipment and techniques have paid off. Reports her air officer, Commander E. G. Schwab, of Falls Church, Virginia: "During our shakedown cruise, we made 2,030 landings and didn't scratch a single flight-deck man, a pilot or a plane." (With the old-style deck, at least four major-damage accidents could be anticipated in 2,000 landings.) At the end of the cruise, the Navy Department gave the carrier a top inspection grade: "excellent."

How effective would the Forrestal be in wartime?

This is the answer given by Captain Roy L. Johnson, of Virginia Beach, Virginia, who skippered the Forrestal on her shakedown cruise. "She could probably deliver in one strike more effective power than a whole naval task force in World War II."



Lights and dials in Damage Control Center quickly reveal any trouble on ship

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In Maine, all ages love lobster. Above, Dr. A. W. Plummer, 87, of Lisbon Falls, assists as Gail Webber, 4, sips the juices from a claw. Lobster should be eaten when

A Maine writer sings the praises of the Maine lobster: immersed in boiling sea water, then slathered with butter—and eaten

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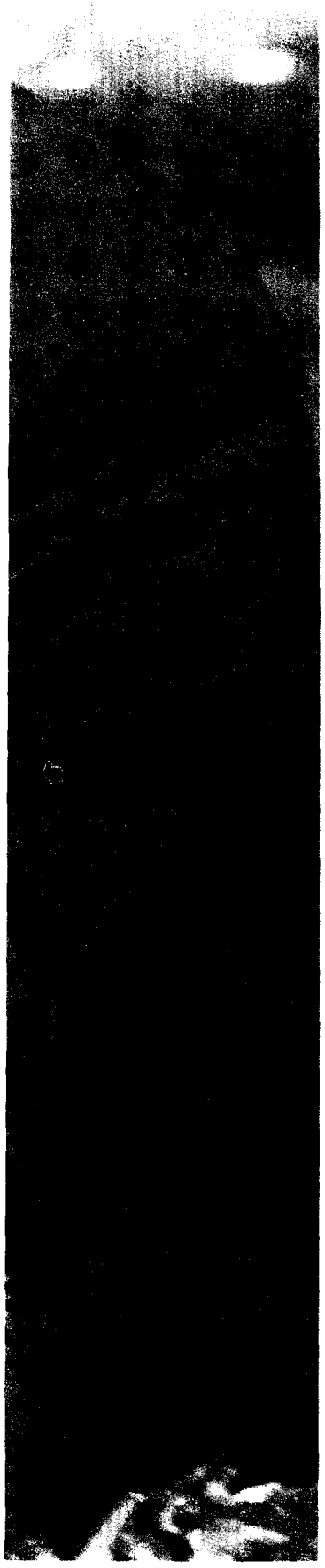
By JOHN GOULD



How to eat a LOBSTER

POSSIBLY the golden tables of the heavenly scene will serve more blissful fare than a boiled Maine lobster—but few down-Easters will voluntarily make the shift just to find out. When you've got a good thing, stick with it. This isn't a chamber of commerce tub-thumping routine—it's a considered exegesis of pure truth, aimed at the millions of beguiled people in this world who think they know about lobsters, but have never been up to Maine of a salubrious summer to inform themselves fully.

Scientists have isolated 25,000 different Crustacea, some of which are fortunately extinct, and almost all of them masquerade somewhere as lobster. There are people who think you can make lobster stew by putting paprika in the crab meat! When some French chef cries out in ecstasy and dirties a dish with *la langouste* the partakers are permitted to presume they are eating lobster. They are not. They are eating *Palinurus vulgaris*, a spiny, clawless fourth cousin who ought to be ashamed of himself. One time Cap'n Oramandel Bibber, of Potts's Point, Maine, beached his lobster traps and went to California to visit a sister who had married out there and gone native. She showed him the sights and then said, "Now, we'll go have a big feed of real California lobster!" Orrie took one mouthful, gave his sister the look invented by the D.A.R. for Benedict Arnolds, and packed up and came home. "Lobster!" he said. "Boogleybugs and crawdads. It tasted the way it smells when I'm cleaning up the beach and get to loo'ard of the bonfire just as a rubber boot flares up!" That's how it strikes a Maine man when the rest of the world talks about lobster.

Homarus americanus, the true Maine lobster, has two big claws, the right one bigger, in which he keeps his best meat, and "lobsters" that run mostly to tail are impostors. The incidence of crooked thumbs among Maine lobstermen indicates that even veterans can be slow about avoiding these claws, and explains why wooden pegs are put in the joints of lucky lobsters who go to market. Between the sandy beaches of the west'ard and the deeper, colder ocean waters off the Maritimes, the Maine lobster attains his delicate and unmatched flavor—where the currents are conducive, the

it is barely cool enough to be held

on the beach in Maine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MAXWELL COPLAN

Nancy Wakely, center, and Bob Griffin, r., prefer their lobster dipped in butter

Above, three stages in the preparation of a Maine lobster feed. At top, the author gets a bucket of ocean. Next, chef Charles Wakely of the Lisbon Falls Lobster Club stirs up the fire under a washtub full of boiling lobsters (chef is an honorary title in the club). Bottom, the finished product

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Hungry members of the lobster club await the end of the preliminaries at Estes Beach, South Harpswell, Me. Lobsters are cooked precisely 20 minutes by Maine experts

"High-priced chefs rig sauces and garlands and festoons and secret dressings. You shouldn't do that to a lobster . . ."

temperatures tolerable, the food fructifying and the surroundings serene. About 6,000 professional Maine lobstermen bring more than 22,000,000 pounds ashore each year, a good part moving across the New Hampshire line to distant consumers—which is a mistake.

It is a mistake because the Maine lobster should be eaten in Maine. For one thing, the lobster is delicate and doesn't travel too well. He gets the bends out of water, and the farther he goes, the bender he gets. A real bent lobster is suspect. And every time one of them bends too much, the price doubles on survivors. That's why you can spend $15 a plate in certain lunchrooms. Another thing is the lily-gilding of high-priced chefs, who think they must extend themselves just because somebody ordered lobster. They rig sauces and garlands and festoons and secret dressings, and make a five-star production, and send the lobster to table erect on his haunches with a lemon on his antlers and a silly smile on his face. You shouldn't do that to a lobster, but it's hard to convince these geniuses.

A tourist from Tulsa stopped off here last summer, and he was mad enough to say pshaw. He had his heart set on eating a real Maine lobster in Maine, so he drove along until he came to a sign that said TILLY'S LOBSTER POUND. The driveway led onto a lovely rocky point, where the bounding billows beat the rugged rocks, with a handsome grove of tall pines and over all the sky just dripping blue. He thought this was the nicest thing he'd ever laid an eye on, and permitted his imagination full scope. He'd seen too many car-hops along the way, and imagined Tilly would be a sweet redhead in a tight dress. He also expected the real Maine lobster to appear in full swank and style, ceremonially served. Out came Tilly, who is Joe Tilly, and Joe said, "How many you want?" Joe teaches at Wilkins Institute in the winter, and runs the pound summers to earn a living. He lets his beard grow and lives in rubber boots, and cultivates an accent. Joe didn't look a bit finger-pinky, and this Tulsan was sad. Joe brought him a hot lobster in a cotton glove and told him he could sit on the rocks and eat it. He worried it around until it got cold, but he was too mad to ask Joe to show him how to get inside, and he nursed the affair into a great resentment.

Of course, Joe did the thing right, and this fellow muffed his big opportunity. In preparing a real lobster feed, you begin by getting four times, some say five, as many bright-eyed live lobsters as you think you can tuck away. Then gather cat-spruce driftwood on some remote Maine headland where the incessant rote of the sea hath laved the rocks these countless eons. The forlorn cry of circling gulls comes to you now and anon, and on the far horizon the smudge of some steamer bound for the golden isles obscures your view of Spain. Soft zephyrs sough in the weather-beaten pines and below the headland some booted fisherman is kneeing his tiller to pull a lobster trap from white, seething water that no other mariner in the world would look at and still entertain thoughts for the future. Your city-sapped lungs have been cleansed by God's salt sea air, and the blue sky teases your eyeballs to infinity. Cark and care are at a considerable distance. You don't know if school keeps or not. So you stand up a couple

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of rocks to support your pail or caldron or washtub, depending on the size of your party, and you kindle your fire. Then you bring sea water and set it to boil. A Maine lobster should never-never be cooked in anything but sea water, his own element, and pay no attention to people who tell you to use fresh water and put some salt in it. When the water has come to a smart, rolling boil, you pop in your lobsters, lay on the cover, and wait exactly twenty precise minutes. No more, no less. It is the law.

Somebody remonstrated once with a Maine housewife for brutally tossing live lobsters into boiling water, and she said, "Oh, they're used to it." There is also the story of the sensitive summer cottager who mercifully put the lobsters in cold water and brought them slowly to a humane boil. But you needn't worry about that. The lobster is far down on the chart and doesn't have highly developed sensory perceptions. He does have a response to light and shadow, so if you want to be humane, keep him in the dark. But he has no facilities for telling how hot the water is; all he knows is that destiny has set in and his true function has caught up with him. What, unless it be the wild field strawberry in a bowl of June cream, has ever given such joy to man? The lobster is indeed fortunate.

You will also want a pan of melted butter, the "drawn" butter of high society, in which to daub your lobster meat as you eat it—and not just a little restaurant portion, either, but plenty of butter and some to spare.

NOW, AS THERE ARE nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, there are numerous methods of getting into a lobster—every one of which is right. The best way is to approach the task as nearly naked as your situation allows, for a hot lobster is a natural-born squirter and he gives not a hoot. This is another reason why you can't have a real down-Maine lobster feed in the high-priced salons of culture with linen and amenities. Now, as the Maine expert does, grab up your lobster, red-red-hot from the caldron, and twist off both claws so adroitly that you have them detached before you feel the heat. You can drop them on the ledge. Next, grab again and break away the tail. Deftly, and so fast you feel no pain, punch the tail meat out with two fingers, and then drop. Now crunch the body lengthwise between both palms, and open it like a bun. The claws can be cracked with a rock, and the little legs sucked clean of meat between the teeth. With butter all over everybody and everything, you are in business. People with table manners cannot do this. People with table manners and lobster look silly. Shortly you are a mess, your heirs and assigns forever, and life is beautiful. The tide surges on the recumbent rocks, time stands still, the universe is serene, and it's proper now to tackle your second lobster.

Anybody who has thus enjoyed a real Maine lobster knows perfectly well why you can't experience the true thing anywhere else. He knows—he knows. He will admit there are other ways to serve lobster, and even other kinds of lobster to serve—but that dreamy, yearning look in his moist eye is telltale, and wherever he is his heart is back on the Maine coast and his digestive glands are pumping like a fire truck. A lobster stew is good. One time the Yankee Network brought Snood Johnson's wife, Sade, to Boston at great expense to give her lobster-stew recipe over the radio. They built it up big, and had 3,000,000 women poised with pencils to catch every word. Sade said to heat some butter, put in the lobster meat and add milk. The announcer said, "Is that all?" Sade said, "That's all, except you season it if you want to." The broiled live lobster is also a fine institution, but here again, too many chefs have created the illusion it is difficult to produce. Cap'n Orrie Bibber's recipe is as good as any. He splits a lobster stem to stern, and removes the tamale. Nobody knows why the liver of a lobster is called tamale, but it is, except by Cy Ridley's wife, who calls it timminally. Orrie mixes the tamale with cracker crumbs, goes very heavy-handed with butter, and puts in from a teaspoon to a scant tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce (depending on the strength of the brand used) for each lobster. Then he packs the mixture back in the cavity and broils or roasts the lobster, incision up, for 27 minutes at 500 degrees. This creates loud cheering in all directions. Any chef who thinks he's got to wear himself out cooking a lobster is just making work for himself.

The long-forgotten Paint People scooched on Maine rocks and feasted on lobsters snatched from prehistoric fires. Their shell mounds can be seen still, added to by generations of Abenaki, Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indians, and also by a few generations of grateful palefaces who have done what they could while there was yet time. There are lobsters and there are lobsters, but the Maine lobster is what the others pretend to be. And if you are one of these unfortunate, unenlightened, misguided epicures who dote on salads from West Indian crayfish, or the crab-meat-and-paprika lobster stews, don't start shooting your rebuttal unless you've cast at least one used Maine lobster shell on one of those shell heaps. Doing so will temper your objections to my remarks, and make you glad you were born. THE END

Six-year-old David Webber attacks a choice morsel. People who are fussy about table manners can't eat lobster properly, the author says; they just look silly

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By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Dead man's folly

Mysterious events were taking place at the country estate, but Poirot never suspected that the trouble was leading to murder

Beginning a new three-part serial

IT WAS Miss Lemon, Hercule Poirot's efficient secretary, who took the telephone call. Placing her hand over the receiver, she asked in a low voice, "Will you accept a personal call from Nassecombe, Devon? Mrs. Ariadne Oliver."

Hercule Poirot's eyebrows shot up. A memory rose in his mind: windswept gray hair . . . an eagle profile . . . He replaced Miss Lemon at the telephone. "Hercule Poirot speaks," he announced grandiloquently.

In a moment the reedy voice of the operator was replaced by a magnificent booming contralto. "M. Poirot, is that really *you?"* demanded Mrs. Oliver. "I don't know if you'll remember me—"

"But of course, Madame. Who could forget you?"

"Well, people do sometimes," said Mrs. Oliver. "Quite often, in fact. I don't think that I've got a very distinctive personality. Or perhaps it's because I'm always doing different things to my hair. . . . I hope I'm not interrupting you. The fact is, I *need* you."

"Need me?"

"Yes, at once. Can you come by the twelve-o'clock train? You've got three quarters of an hour if my watch is right—though it isn't usually."

"But where are you, Madame? What is all this *about?"*

"Nasse House, Nassecombe. A car or taxi will meet you at the station at Nassecombe."

"But why do you need me? What is all this *about?"* Poirot repeated frantically.

"Telephones are in such awkward places," said Mrs. Oliver. "This one's in the hall . . . People passing through and talking . . . I can't really hear. But I'm expecting you. Everybody will be *so* thrilled. Good-by."

There was a sharp click as the receiver was replaced.

With a baffled air of bewilderment, Poirot put back the receiver and gazed at Miss Lemon. "That was Mrs. Oliver," he said. "Ariadne Oliver, the detective novelist. She wants me to go down to Devonshire today, at once, in"—he glanced at the clock—"thirty-five minutes."

Miss Lemon raised disapproving eyebrows. "That will be running it rather fine," she said. "For what reason?"

"You may well ask! She did not tell me."

"Well, really," said Miss Lemon, "the things people expect! I have always noticed that these artists and writers are very unbalanced—no sense of proportion. Shall I send a telegram, REGRET UNABLE LEAVE LONDON?"

"Du tout!" Poirot said. "On the contrary. Be so kind as to summon a taxi immediately." He raised his voice to summon his manservant. "Georges! A few necessities in my small valise. And quickly. I have a train to catch."

WHEN THE TRAIN drew into Nassecombe station, only one person alighted—Hercule Poirot. A large limousine was drawn up outside and a chauffeur in uniform came forward. "Mr. Poirot?" he inquired respectfully.

He took Poirot's valise from him and opened the door of the car. They drove away from the station over the railway bridge and turned down a country lane. On the right was a very beautiful river view with hills of a misty blue in the distance. "The River Helm, sir," the chauffeur said.

"Magnifique!" Poirot murmured.

Ahead of them, toiling slowly up the hill, were two girls, hikers. They were carrying heavy rucksacks on their backs and wore shorts, with bright-colored scarves tied over their heads. (*Continued on page* 32)

Poirot gently pushed Mrs. Oliver to one side and then bent over the girl on the floor. A suppressed exclamation came from his lips. "So," he said. "That which you expected has happened!"

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"There is a youth hostel next door to us, sir," explained the chauffeur. "Hoodown Park. It's fairly crammed in summertime. Take in over a hundred a night, they do. Both sexes, and mostly foreigners."

Poirot nodded absently. He was reflecting, not for the first time, that seen from the back, shorts were becoming to very few of the female sex. "They seem heavily laden," he said.

"Yes, sir, and it's a long pull from the station." The chauffeur hesitated. "If you don't object, sir, we could give them a lift."

"By all means, by all means," said Poirot benignantly.

The chauffeur brought the car to a halt beside the two girls. Their flushed and perspiring faces were raised hopefully.

Poirot opened the door and the girls climbed in. "It is most kind, please," said one of them, a fair girl with a foreign accent. "It is longer way than I think, yes."

The other girl, who had a sunburned face and bronze chestnut curls peeping out beneath her head scarf, merely nodded her head several times, flashed her teeth and murmured *"Grazie."* The fair girl continued to talk vivaciously. "I to England come for two-week holiday. I come from Holland. I like England very much. I have been Stratford-Avon, Shakespeare Theatre, Warwick Castle . . ."

"And you, *signorina?*" Poirot asked the other girl. But she only smiled and shook her curls.

"She does not much English speak," said the Dutch girl kindly. "We both a little French speak, so we talk in train. She is coming from near Milan."

At this point the chauffeur slowed down where the road forked. The girls got out, uttered thanks in two languages and proceeded up the left-hand road. The chauffeur then turned the car down the right-hand road, which soon passed into thick woods. He proceeded to give a final verdict on the occupants of the youth hostel.

"Nice enough young women, some of 'em, at that hostel," he said, "but it's absolutely shocking the way they trespass. Always coming through our woods, they are, and pretending that they don't understand what you say to them." He shook his head darkly.

THEY went on, down a steep hill, then through big iron gates and along a drive, winding up finally in front of a big white Georgian house looking out over the river.

The chauffeur opened the door of the car as a tall, black-haired butler appeared on the steps. "Mr. Hercule Poirot? Mrs. Oliver is expecting you, sir. You will find her down at the Battery. Allow me to show you the way."

Poirot was directed to a winding path that descended gradually until it came out at last on an open space above the river, with a low battlement parapet. On the parapet Mrs. Oliver was sitting.

She rose to meet him and several apples fell from her lap and rolled in all directions. "I can't think why I always drop things," said Mrs. Oliver somewhat indistinctly, since her mouth was full of apple. "How are you, M. Poirot?"

"Très bien, chère Madame," replied Poirot politely. "And you?"

Mrs. Oliver was looking somewhat different from when Poirot had last seen her, and the reason lay, as she had already hinted over the telephone, in the fact that she had once more experimented with her coiffure. The last time Poirot had seen her, she had been adopting a windswept effect. Today her hair, richly blued, was piled upward in a multiplicity of rather artificial little curls. She wore a violent yolk-of-egg tweed coat and skirt and a rather bilious-looking mustard-colored blouse.

"I knew you'd come," said Mrs. Oliver cheerfully.

"You could not possibly have known," said Poirot severely. "I still ask myself *why* I am here."

"Well, I know the answer. Curiosity."

Poirot looked at her and his eyes twinkled a little. "Your famous woman's intuition," he said. He looked round him. "It is indeed a beautiful property that you have here."

"This? But it doesn't belong to *me*, M. Poirot. Did you think it did? It belongs to some people called Stubbs."

"Who are they?"

"Oh, nobody really," said Mrs. Oliver vaguely. "Just rich. No, I'm down here professionally, doing a job. I've been engaged to arrange a murder."

Poirot stared at her.

"Oh, not a real one," said Mrs. Oliver reassuringly. "There's a big fete on here tomorrow, and as a kind of novelty there's going to be a murder hunt. Arranged by me. Like a treasure hunt, you see, only this will be more of a novelty. So they offered me a very substantial fee to come down and think it up. Quite fun, really."

"How does it work?"

"Well, there'll be a Victim, of course. And Clues. And Suspects. All rather conventional—you know, the Vamp and the Blackmailer and the Young Lovers and so on. Half a crown to enter and you get shown the first Clue and you've got to find the Victim and the Weapon and say Whodunit and the Motive. And there are Prizes."

"And it is to assist you in arranging this game that you have sent for me?" Poirot asked. He did not try very hard to keep an outraged resentment out of his voice.

"Oh, *no*," said Mrs. Oliver. "Everything's all set for tomorrow. No, I wanted you for quite another reason." She paused, and then said, "I dare say I'm a fool, but I think there's something wrong."

"Something *wrong?*" Poirot asked sharply. "How?"

"I don't know. That's what I want *you* to find out. But I've felt, more and more, that I was being—oh, *engineered*, jockeyed along. Call me a fool if you like, M. Poirot, but I can only say that if there were to be a *real* murder tomorrow instead of a fake one, I shouldn't be surprised!"

POIROT stared at her without speaking and she looked back at him defiantly. "I suppose you think I'm a complete fool," said Mrs. Oliver defensively.

"I have never thought you a fool," said Poirot. "But can you explain a little more clearly what you mean?"

"Well, it's rather difficult. You see, this is *my* murder, so to speak. I've thought it out and planned it and it all fits in—dovetails. Well, if you know anything at all about writers, you'll know that they can't stand suggestions. People say splendid, but wouldn't it be better if so and so did so and so? Or wouldn't it be a wonderful idea if the victim was A instead of B?"

Poirot nodded. "And that is what has been happening?"

"Not quite. That sort of silly suggestion has been made, and then I've flared up, and they've given in; but then some quite minor suggestion has been slipped in, and because I've made a stand over the other, I've accepted the triviality without noticing much."

"I see," said Poirot. "Something rather preposterous is put forward—but that is not really the point. The small minor alteration is really the objective. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Oliver. "And, of course, I *may* be imagining it, but . . ."

"Who has made these suggestions of alterations to you?"

"Different people," said Mrs. Oliver, "although I think it is really one person, working through other quite unsuspecting people."

"Have you an idea as to who that one person is?"

Mrs. Oliver shook her head. "It might be anybody."

"Who is there?" asked Poirot. "The cast of characters must be fairly limited."

"Well," began Mrs. Oliver. "There's Sir George Stubbs, who owns this place. Rich and plebeian and frightfully stupid outside business, I should think. And there's Lady Stubbs—Hattie—about twenty years younger than he is, rather beautiful, but dumb as a fish—in fact *I* think she's definitely half-witted. Married him for his money, of course. Then there's Michael Weyman—he's an architect, quite young and good-looking. He's designing a tennis pavilion for Sir George and repairing the Folly."

"Folly? What is that?"

"Oh, one of those little sort of temple things, white, with columns. Then there's Miss Brewis—she's a sort of secretary-housekeeper, who runs things and writes letters—very grim and efficient. And then there is the young married couple who have taken a cottage down by the river—Alex Legge and his wife, Peggy. And Captain Warburton, who's the Mastertons' overseer. And the Mastertons, of course—he's our local Member of Parliament—and old Mrs. Folliat, who lives in what used to be the Lodge. Her husband's people owned Nasse originally. But they've died out, or been killed in wars, so the last heir sold the place."

Poirot considered this list of characters, but at the moment they were

ANGUS MC BEAN

Collier's is proud to present Agatha Christie's newest murder mystery, her first since being named a Commander of the Order of the British Empire by Queen Elizabeth in January of this year. Mrs. Christie, author of more than sixty novels, is the first woman mystery writer to achieve this honor

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only names to him. He returned to the main issue. "Whose idea was the murder hunt?"

"Mrs. Masterton's, I think. It was she who persuaded Sir George to have the fete here. The place has been empty for so many years that she thinks people will be keen to pay and come in to see it."

"That all seems to be straightforward enough," said Poirot.

"It all *seems* straightforward," said Mrs. Oliver obstinately, "but something's wrong."

"How have you accounted for my presence here?"

"That was easy," said Mrs. Oliver. "You're to give away the prizes for the murder hunt. Everybody's awfully thrilled. I said I knew you, and could probably persuade you to come and that I was sure your name would be a terrific draw."

"And the suggestion was accepted, without demur?"

"I tell you, everybody was thrilled."

"A would-be criminal could hardly be expected to welcome my presence," Poirot murmured.

"I suppose you think I've imagined the whole thing," said Mrs. Oliver ruefully. "I realize how very little I've got to go on."

"Calm yourself," said Poirot kindly. "I am intrigued and interested. Where do we begin?"

Mrs. Oliver glanced at her watch. "It's just teatime. We'll go back to the house and then you can meet everybody." She took a different path from the one by which Poirot had come. "We pass by the boathouse this way," Mrs. Oliver explained.

As she spoke the boathouse came into view. It jutted out onto the river and was a picturesque thatched affair. "That's where the body's going to be," said Mrs. Oliver. "The body for the murder hunt, I mean."

"And who is going to be killed?"

"A girl hiker who is *really* the Yugoslavian first wife of a young Atom Scientist," Mrs. Oliver explained glibly. "Of course, it looks as though the Atom Scientist had killed her, but naturally it's not as simple as that. Actually, she's killed by the Country Squire. And the motive is really rather ingenious, though there's a perfectly clear pointer in the fifth clue."

Bewildered by the subtleties of Mrs. Oliver's plot, Poirot asked: "But how do you arrange for a suitable body?"

"A Girl Guide," said Mrs. Oliver. "Peggy Legge was going to be it, but now they want her to dress up in a turban and do the fortunetelling. So it's a Girl Guide called Marlene Tucker. All she has to do when she hears someone coming is to flop down on the floor and arrange the cord round her neck. Rather dull for the poor girl—just sticking inside that boathouse until she's found—but I've arranged for her to have a nice bundle of comics. There's a clue to the murderer scribbled on one of them, as a matter of fact, so it all works in."

"Your ingenuity leaves me spellbound!" Poirot said.

THEY started up a steep, zigzagging path that led them back along the river at a higher level and into an open space surmounted by a small white pilastered temple. Standing back and frowning at it was a young man wearing dilapidated flannel trousers and a shirt of rather virulent green. He spun around toward them.

"Mr. Michael Weyman, M. Hercule Poirot," said Mrs. Oliver.

The young man acknowledged the introduction with a careless nod. "Extraordinary," he said bitterly, "the places people *put* things! This thing here, for instance. Put up only about a year ago—quite nice of its kind and quite in keeping with the period of the house. But why *here*, stuck away in the midst of trees, not visible from anywhere?"

"Perhaps there wasn't any other place," said Mrs. Oliver.

Michael Weyman snorted. "Top of that grassy bank by the house—perfect natural setting. But no, these tycoon fellows are all the same—no artistic sense. Has a fancy for a 'Folly,' as he calls it, orders one. Looks round for somewhere to put it. Then, I understand, a big oak tree crashes down in a gale. Leaves a nasty scar. 'Oh, we'll tidy the place up by putting a Folly there,' says the silly ass. A man like that shouldn't be allowed to own a place like this!"

"What about the tennis pavilion?" asked Mrs. Oliver.

Gloom settled even more deeply on the young man. "He wants a kind of Chinese pagoda," he said with a groan. "Dragons, if you please! Just because Lady Stubbs fancies herself in Chinese coolie hats!"

"You have my commiserations," said Poirot gravely.

"George Stubbs," said the architect scornfully. "Who does he think he is? Dug himself into some cushy Admiralty job in the safe depths of Wales during the war, and grows a beard to suggest he saw active naval service on convoy duty—or that's what they say. Stinking with money, absolutely stinking!"

"Well, you architects have got to have someone who's got money to spend, or you'd never have a job," Mrs. Oliver pointed out reasonably enough. She moved on toward the house and Poirot and the dispirited architect followed her.

The house showed white and beautiful before them in its setting of dark trees rising up behind it. On the bank below them a small elderly lady was busily working with pruning shears on a clump of shrubs. She climbed up to greet them, panting slightly.

"I've just been cutting away some of the dead wood," she said. "Everything's been neglected for years. It's so difficult nowadays to get a man who understands shrubs. . . ."

"M. Hercule Poirot, Mrs. Folliat," said Mrs. Oliver.

The elderly lady beamed. "So this is the great M. Poirot! It *is* kind of you to come and help us tomorrow."

Poirot was faintly puzzled by the graciousness of the little lady's manner. She might, he thought, have been his hostess. He said politely, "Mrs. Oliver is an old friend of mine. I was delighted to be able to respond to her request. This is indeed a beautiful spot, and what a superb and noble mansion."

Mrs. Folliat nodded. "Yes, it was built by my husband's great-grandfather in seventeen ninety. Our family has lived on this site since fifteen ninety-eight."

Her voice was calm and matter-of-fact. Poirot looked at her with closer attention. He saw a very small and compact little person, dressed in shabby tweeds. The most noticeable feature about Mrs. Folliat was her clear china-blue eyes.

As they walked together toward the house, Poirot said diffidently, "It must be hard for you to have strangers living here."

There was a moment's pause before Mrs. Folliat answered. Her voice was clear and precise and curiously devoid of emotion. "So many things are hard, M. Poirot," she said.

IT WAS a gracious house, beautifully proportioned. Mrs. Folliat led the way into the big drawing room, which was full of people who all seemed, at the moment, to be talking at once.

"George," said Mrs. Folliat, "this is M. Poirot, who is so kind as to come and help us. Sir George Stubbs."

Sir George, who had been talking in a loud voice, swung round. He was a big man with a rather florid face and a dark beard. His manner and voice were jovial, but his eyes were small and shrewd, of a particularly penetrating pale blue.

He greeted Poirot heartily. "We're so glad that your friend Mrs. Oliver managed to persuade you to come," he said. He looked round a little vaguely. "Hattie?" He repeated the name in a slightly sharper tone. "Hattie!"

Lady Stubbs was reclining in a big armchair a little distance from the others. She seemed to be paying no attention to what was going on round her. Instead, she was smiling down at her hand, which was stretched out on the arm of the chair. She was turning it from left to right, so that a big solitaire emerald on her third finger caught the light. She looked up now in a slightly startled childlike way and said, "How do you do."

Poirot bowed over her hand, and then Sir George continued his introductions: "Mrs. Masterton."

Mrs. Masterton was a somewhat monumental woman who reminded Poirot faintly of a bloodhound. She had a full underhung jaw and large, mournful, slightly bloodshot eyes. She bowed and resumed her discourse in a deep voice, which again made Poirot think of a bloodhound's baying note: "This silly dispute about the tea tent has got to be settled, Jim," she said forcefully.

"Oh, quite," said the man addressed.

"Captain Warburton," said Sir George.

Captain Warburton, who wore a checked sport coat and had a vaguely horsy appearance, showed a lot of white teeth in a quick smile, then continued his conversation. "Don't you worry, I'll settle it," he said. "What about the fortunetelling tent? In that space by the magnolia?"

Sir George continued his introductions: "Mr. and Mrs. Legge."

A tall young man with his face peeling badly from sunburn grinned agreeably. His wife, an attractive freckled redhead, nodded in a friendly fashion, then resumed her conversation with Mrs. Masterton.

"And this," said Sir George, "is Miss Brewis, who runs us all."

Miss Brewis was seated behind the large silver tea tray. She was a spare, efficient-looking woman of forty-odd, with a brisk, pleasant manner. "How do you do, M. Poirot," she said. "I do hope you didn't have too crowded a journey? Let me give you some tea. Milk? Sugar?"

"Very little milk, *mademoiselle*, and four lumps of sugar." He added, as Miss Brewis dealt with his request, "I see that you are all in a great state of activity."

"Yes, indeed. There are always so many last-minute things to see to. And people let one down in the most extraordinary way nowadays." She handed Poirot his cup.

He helped himself to a sandwich and then, balancing it carefully on his saucer, he went and sat down by his hostess. She was still letting the light play over the jewel on her hand, and she looked up at him with a pleased smile. "Look," she said. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

He had been studying her carefully. She was wearing a big coolie-style

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hat of vivid magenta straw, which cast a pinky reflection on her face. She was heavily made up in an exotic un-English style: dead-white skin, vivid cyclamen lips, mascara applied lavishly to the eyes. Her hair showed beneath the hat, black and smooth, fitting like a velvet cap. There was a languorous, un-English beauty about her face. But it was the eyes that startled Poirot. They had a childlike, almost vacant stare.

"It is a very lovely ring," he said.

She looked pleased. "George gave it to me yesterday," she said, dropping her voice as though she were sharing a secret with him. "He gives me lots of things. He's very kind."

Her attention was still on her ring as she added in a confidential whisper: "D'you see? It's winking at me."

She burst out laughing and Poirot had a sense of sudden shock. It was a loud, uncontrolled laugh.

From across the room Sir George said: "Hattie." His voice was quite kind but held a faint admonition. Lady Stubbs stopped laughing.

Poirot said in a conventional manner, "Devonshire is a very lovely county, Lady Stubbs. Do you not think so?"

"It's nice in the daytime," she said mournfully. "But there aren't any night clubs."

"Ah, I see. You like night clubs?"

"Oh, *yes*," said Lady Stubbs fervently. "There is music and you dance. And I wear my nicest clothes and bracelets and rings. And all the other women have nice clothes and jewels, but not as nice as mine." She smiled with enormous satisfaction. Poirot felt a slight pang of pity.

"George is very rich," Lady Stubbs said. "It is nice to be rich, don't you think so?"

"Very nice," Poirot agreed.

"Perhaps, if I was not rich, I should look like Amanda." Her gaze went to Miss Brewis at the tea table. "She is very ugly, don't you think?"

MISS BREWIS looked up at the moment and across to where they were sitting. Lady Stubbs had not spoken loudly, but Poirot wondered whether Amanda Brewis had heard. He tried to change the subject. "Have you been busy preparing for the fete?"

Hattie Stubbs shook her head. "Oh, no, I think it is all very boring," she said. "There are servants and gardeners. Why should not they make the preparations?"

"Oh, my dear." It was Mrs. Folliat who spoke. She had come to sit on the sofa nearby. "Those are the ideas you were brought up with on your island estates. But life isn't like that in England these days. One has to do nearly everything oneself."

Lady Stubbs shrugged her shoulders. "What is the good of being rich if one has to do everything oneself?"

"Some people find it fun," said Mrs. Folliat, smiling at her. "I do, really. Not all the things, but some. I like preparing for a festivity like this one."

"It will be like a party?" asked Lady Stubbs. "Will it be like Ascot?"

"Well—not quite like Ascot," said Mrs. Folliat. She added gently, "But you must try to enjoy country things, Hattie. You should have helped us this morning, instead of staying in bed and not getting up until teatime."

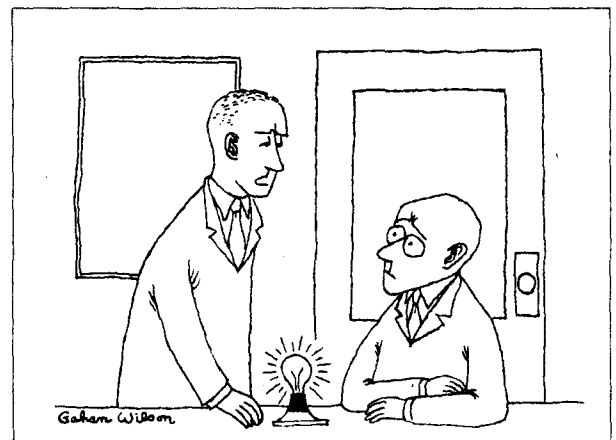
"I had a headache," said Hattie sulkily. Then her mood changed and she smiled affectionately at Mrs. Folliat. "But I will be good tomorrow. I will do everything you tell me. I've got a new dress to wear. Come upstairs with me and look at it."

Mrs. Folliat hesitated. Lady Stubbs rose to her feet and said insistently, "You must come. Please!"

"Very well." Mrs. Folliat gave a half-laugh and rose.

As she went out of the room, her small figure following Hattie's tall one, Poirot saw her face and was quite startled at the weariness on it, which had replaced her smiling composure. It was as though, relaxed and off her guard for a moment, she no longer bothered to keep up the social mask.

CAPTAIN WARBURTON dropped down in the chair Hattie had just vacated. "Beautiful creature, isn't she?" he said. Observing Sir George's exit through a French window, with Mrs. Masterton and Mrs. Oliver in tow, he added, "Bowled over old George Stubbs all right. Nothing's too good for her! Whether he realizes she's a bit wanting in the top story I've never discovered. Probably thinks it doesn't matter."



"I'm sorry, sir, but the electric light bulb has already been invented"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

"What nationality is she?" Poirot asked curiously.

"Looks South American, I always think. But I believe she comes from the West Indies. One of those islands with sugar and rum and all that. One of the old families there. All very intermarried, I believe, on these islands. Accounts for the mental deficiency."

Young Mrs. Legge came over to join them. "Look here, Jim," she said, "you've got to be on my side. That tent's got to be on the far side of the lawn—"

Sir George re-entered the window. "Oh, there you are, Peggy," he said. "We need you. You wouldn't think everyone could get het up over who butters the buns and who raffles a cake. Where's Amy Folliat? She can deal with these people."

"She went upstairs with Hattie."

"Oh, did she?"

Sir George looked round in a vaguely helpless manner, and Miss Brewis jumped up from where she was writing tickets and said: "I'll fetch her for you, Sir George." She went out of the room.

"Must get hold of some more wire fencing," said Sir George. "To put up where we adjoin Hoodown Park in the woods. That's where those trespassers from the hostel get through. All kinds of nationalities—Italian, Yugoslavian, Dutch, Finnish—even Eskimos, I shouldn't be surprised! Half of them Communists, I shouldn't wonder," he ended darkly.

"Come now, George, don't get started on Communists," said Mrs. Legge. "I'll come and help you deal with the rabid women." She led him out of the window and called over her shoulder: "Come on, Jim. Come and be torn to pieces in a good cause." Captain Warburton got up languidly and followed her out.

In the ensuing silence, Alec Legge stretched himself out in his chair and sighed. "Women!" he said. "Like a swarm of bees. And what's it all about? Some silly garden fete that doesn't matter to anyone."

"But obviously," Poirot said, "there are those to whom it does matter."

"Why can't people have some *sense*? Think of the mess the whole world has got itself into! Unless we can do something before it's too late—" Alec Legge broke off. An angry look swept over his face. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know what you're thinking. That I'm nervous, neurotic—all the rest of it. Like those damned doctors. Advising rest and change and sea air. All right, Peggy and I came down here and took the Mill Cottage for three months, and I've followed their prescription. I've fished and sun-bathed, but what's the *good* of it all, M. Poirot? You can't get away from facing truth just by running away from it!"

"No, it is never any good running away," Poirot said.

"Do you know what I should like to see done?" the young man said abruptly.

"Something forceful and unpleasant, no doubt," said Hercule Poirot, smiling.

Alec Legge remained serious. "I should like to see every feeble-minded person put out—right out! Don't let them breed. If, for one generation, only the intelligent were allowed to breed, think what the result would be!"

"A very large increase of patients in the psychiatric wards, perhaps," said Poirot dryly. He added conversationally: "Would you consider Lady Stubbs a candidate for the lethal chamber?"

"Yes, indeed. What's the good of a woman like that? What contribution has she ever made to society? Has she ever had an idea in her head that wasn't of clothes?"

"You and I," said Poirot blandly, "are certainly much more intelligent than Lady Stubbs. But"—he shook his head sadly—"we are not nearly so ornamental."

"Ornamental—" Alec was beginning with a fierce snort, but he was interrupted by the re-entry of Mrs. Oliver and Captain Warburton into the room.

"You must come and see the clues and things for the murder hunt, M. Poirot," said Mrs. Oliver breathlessly.

Poirot rose obediently and followed them across the hall and into a small room furnished as a business office.

"Lethal weapons to your left," observed Captain Warburton, waving his hand toward a card table.

On it were laid out a small pistol, a piece of lead piping with a rusty, sinister stain on it, a blue bottle labeled *Poison*, a length of clothesline and a hypodermic syringe.

"Those are the Weapons," explained Mrs. Oliver, "and these are the Suspects." She handed him a printed card, which he read with interest:

SUSPECTS:

Estelle Glynne—a beautiful and mysterious young woman, the guest of

Colonel Blunt—the local Squire, whose daughter

Joan—is married to

Peter Gaye—a young Atom Scientist.

Miss Willing—a housekeeper.

Quiett—a butler.

Maya Stavisky—a girl hiker.

Esteban Loyola—an uninvited guest.

Poirot looked at Mrs. Oliver uncomprehendingly. "A magnificent cast of characters," he said politely. "But permit me to ask, Madame, what does the contestant do?"

"Turn the card over," said Captain Warburton.

Poirot did so. On the other side were printed instructions advising the contestant to fill out, in the space below, his name and address, his solution—name of Murderer, Weapon, Motive, Time and Place—and his reasons for arriving at this conclusion.

"Everyone who enters gets one of these," explained Captain Warburton rapidly. "There will be six clues. You go on from one to the other as in a treasure hunt, and the weapons are concealed in suspicious places. Here's the first clue: a snapshot. Everyone starts with one of these."

Poirot took the small print from him and studied it with a frown. "Ingenious bit of trick photography, isn't it?" Warburton said complacently. "Quite simple once you know what it is."

POIROT, who did not know what it was, felt a mounting annoyance. "Some kind of a barred window?" he suggested.

"No, it's a section of a tennis net."

"Ah." Poirot looked again at the snapshot. "Yes, quite obvious when you have been told what it is!"

"The second clue will be found in a box under the center of the tennis net," Warburton said. "In the box are this empty poison bottle—here—and a loose cork."

"Only, you see," said Mrs. Oliver rapidly, "it's a screw-topped bottle, so the *cork* is really the clue."

"I know, Madame, that you are always full of ingenuity, but I do not quite see—"

Mrs. Oliver interrupted him. "Oh, but of course there's a story! Like in a magazine serial—a synopsis." She turned to Captain Warburton. "Have you got the leaflets?"

"They've not come from the printers' yet. I'm going in to fetch them at six."

Mrs. Oliver gave a deep sigh and turned to Poirot. "Well, I'll have to tell it to you, then. Only I'm not very good at telling things. It's like this. There's Peter Gaye, who's a young Atom Scientist, and he's suspected of being in the pay of the Communists, and he's married to this girl, Joan Blunt, and his first wife's dead, but she isn't really, and she turns up because she's a secret agent, or perhaps not, I mean she may really *be* a hiker, and—"

Mrs. Oliver came to a full stop, estimating correctly Poirot's reaction. "I know," she said sympathetically. "It sounds just a muddle, but it isn't really. When you see the synopsis you'll find it's quite clear.

"And anyway," she ended, "the story doesn't really matter, does it? I mean, not to *you*. All you've got to do is to present the prizes and say how remarkably clever the solver has been!"

Poirot thought that the solver would indeed have been clever. In fact he

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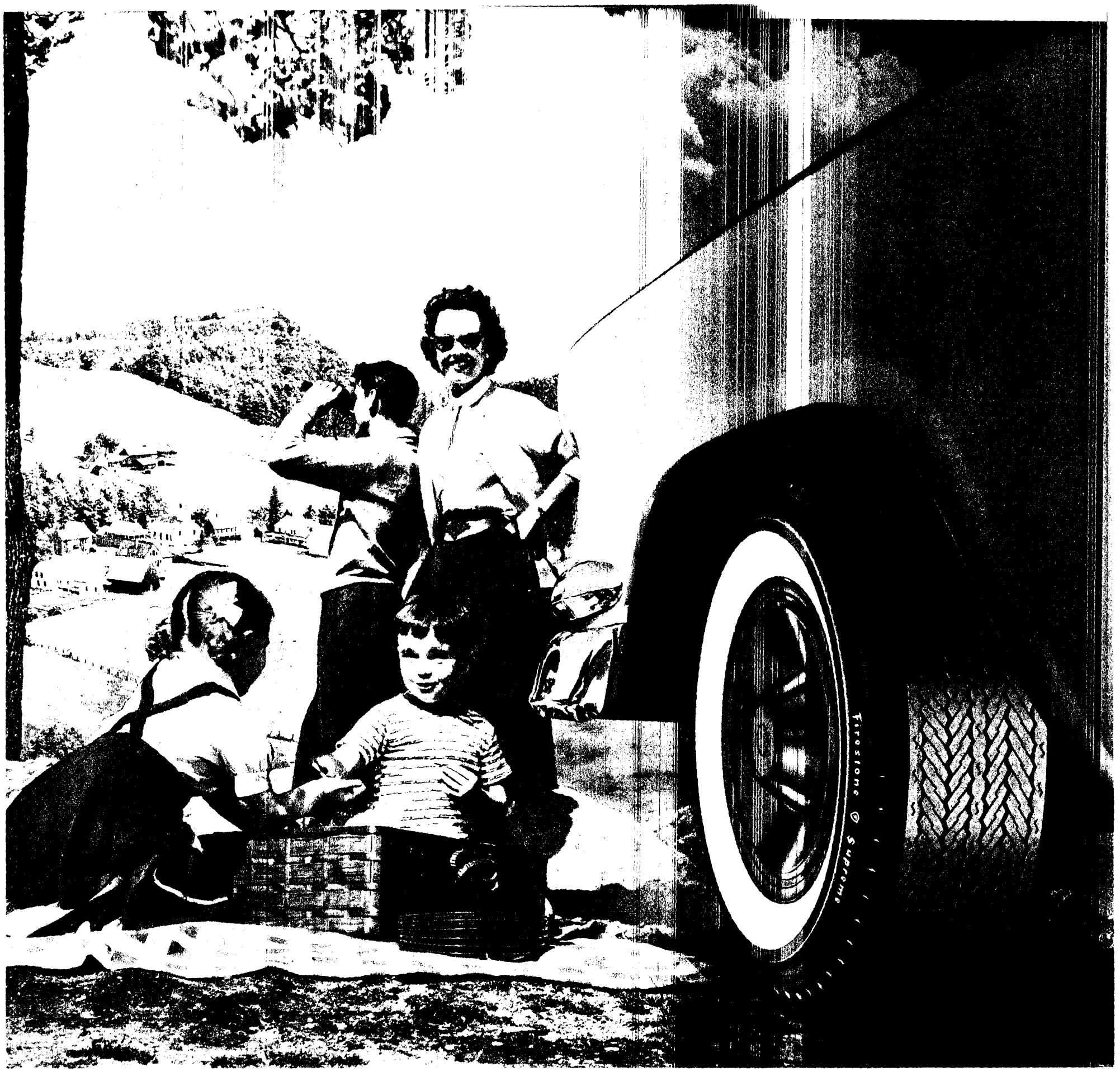

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doubted very much that there would *be* a solver. The whole plot and action of the murder hunt seemed to him to be wrapped in impenetrable fog.

"Well," said Captain Warburton cheerfully, glancing at his wrist watch, "I'd better be off to the printers'."

When he had gone, Mrs. Oliver immediately clutched Poirot by the arm. "Well? Have you found out anything? Or spotted anybody?"

Poirot replied with mild reproof: "Everybody and everything seems to me completely normal."

"Normal?"

"Well, perhaps that is not quite the right word. Lady Stubbs, as you say, is definitely *sub*normal, and Mr. Legge would appear to be rather *ab*normal."

"Oh, he's all right," said Mrs. Oliver impatiently. "He's had a nervous breakdown. He—" She broke off and grasped his arm again. "Shh! Someone's coming." It was just like a bad melodrama, Poirot felt.

The pleasant, mild face of Miss Brewis appeared round the door. "Oh, there you are, M. Poirot. I've been looking for you to show you your room."

She led him up the staircase and along a passage to a big airy room looking out over the river. "There is a bathroom just opposite. I hope you'll find everything quite comfortable?"

"Yes, indeed." Poirot swept an appreciative eye over the small bookstand, the reading lamp and the box labeled *Biscuits* by the bedside. "You seem, in this house, to have everything organized to perfection. Am I to congratulate you, or my charming hostess?"

"Lady Stubbs's time is fully taken up in being charming," said Miss Brewis, a slightly acid note in her voice.

"A very decorative young woman," mused Poirot.

"As you say."

"But in other respects is she not, perhaps—" He broke off. "*Pardon.* I am indiscreet."

Miss Brewis gave him a steady look. She said dryly: "Lady Stubbs knows perfectly well exactly what she is doing. She is a very shrewd woman."

She had turned away and left the room before Poirot's eyebrows had fully risen in surprise. So that was what the efficient Miss Brewis thought, was it? Or had she merely said so for some reason of her own? And why had she made such a statement to him—to a newcomer?

POIROT stared perplexedly at the door out of which she had gone. He strolled over to the window and stood looking out. As he did so, he saw Lady Stubbs come out of the house with Mrs. Folliat. Mrs. Folliat nodded a good-by, picked up her gardening basket and gloves and trotted off down the drive. Lady Stubbs stood watching her for a moment, and then began slowly to walk down the path that led through the trees to the river. She looked just once over her shoulder before she disappeared from sight. From behind the magnolia tree Michael Weyman came quietly into view, paused a moment irresolutely and then followed her.

A good-looking and dynamic young man, Poirot thought. With a more attractive personality, no doubt, than that of Sir George Stubbs. . . . But if so, what of it? What was there in that to make Mrs. Oliver utter a peremptory summons over the telephone? After all, murmured Hercule Poirot to himself, I am not a consultant in adultery—or in incipient adultery.

Could there really be anything in this extraordinary notion of Mrs. Oliver's that something was wrong? Mrs. Oliver was a singularly muddleheaded woman, and how she managed to turn out coherent detective stories was beyond him; and yet, for all her muddleheadedness she often surprised him by her sudden perception of truth.

"The time is short—short," he murmured aloud. "*Is* there something wrong here, as Mrs. Oliver believes? I am inclined to think there is. But what? Who is there who could enlighten me?"

AFTER a moment's reflection he hurried out of his room and down the stairs. He heard afar the dictatorial baying of Mrs. Masterton's deep voice. Nearer at hand, Sir George's voice rose with an amorous intonation.

"Damned becoming, that yashmak thing. Wish I had you in my harem, Peggy. I shall come and have my fortune told a good deal tomorrow. What'll you tell me, eh?"

There was a slight scuffle and

Just Figuring

Gals who indulge,
Bulge!
As for Guys—
Likewise!

—VIVIAN G. GOULED

Peggy Legge's voice said breathlessly: "George, you mustn't."

Poirot raised his eyebrows, and slipped out a side door. He set off at top speed down a back drive, which his sense of locality enabled him to predict would at some point join the front drive.

His maneuver was successful and enabled him to come up beside Mrs. Folliat. "Allow me to carry your basket for you, Madame. You live near here?"

"I actually live in the Lodge by the front gate. Sir George very kindly rents it to me."

The Lodge by the front gate of her former home. . . . How did she really feel about *that?* Poirot wondered. Her composure was so absolute that he had no clue to her feelings. He changed the subject by observing: "Lady Stubbs is much younger than her husband, is she not?"

"Twenty-three years younger."

"She is very attractive."

Mrs. Folliat said quietly: "Hattie is a dear good child."

It was not an answer he had expected. Mrs. Folliat went on: "I know her very well, you see. For a short time she was under my care."

"I did not know that."

"How should you? It is in a way a sad story. Her people had sugar estates in the West Indies. As a result of an earthquake, her parents and brothers and sisters all lost their lives. Hattie herself was at a convent in Paris and was thus suddenly left without any near relatives. It was considered advisable by the executors that Hattie should be chaperoned and introduced into society after she had spent a certain time abroad. I accepted the charge of her."

"I see," said Poirot.

"It suited me very well—I was going through a difficult time. My husband had died just before the outbreak of war. My eldest son, who was in the Navy, went down with his ship; my younger son, who had been out in Kenya, came back, joined the Commandos and was killed in Italy. That meant three lots of death duties and this house had to be put up for sale. I myself was very badly off and I was glad of the distraction of having someone young to look after and travel about with. I became very fond of Hattie—all the more so, perhaps, because I soon realized that she was, shall we say, not fully capable of fending for herself. Understand me, M. Poirot, Hattie is *not* mentally deficient, but she *is* what countryfolk describe as 'simple.' She is easily imposed upon, overdocile, completely open to suggestion. I think myself that it was a blessing that there was practically no money. If she had been an heiress her position might have been one of much greater difficulty. She was attractive to men and, being of an affectionate nature, was easily attracted and influenced—she had definitely to be looked after. When, after the final winding up of her parents' estate, it was discovered that the plantation was destroyed and there were more debts than assets, I could only be thankful that a man such as Sir George Stubbs had fallen in love with her and wanted to marry her."

"Possibly—yes—it was a solution," Poirot said.

"Sir George," said Mrs. Folliat, "though he is a self-made man and—let us face it—a complete vulgarian, is kindly and fundamentally decent, besides being extremely wealthy. Hattie is everything he wants and she is completely happy with him."

"It seems to me," said Poirot approvingly, "that you made a most prudent arrangement for her. And as for this place here, Nasse House, it is a most beautiful spot."

"Since Nasse had to be sold," said Mrs. Folliat, with a faint tremor in her voice, "I am glad that Sir George bought it. It was requisitioned during the war by the Army, and afterward it might have been bought and made into a guesthouse or a school. Our neighbors had to sell their place and Hoodown is now a youth hostel."

They were standing now by the front gate. The Lodge, a small, white, one-story building, lay a little back from the drive with a small garden round it.

Mrs. Folliat took back her basket from Poirot with a word of thanks. "I was always very fond of the Lodge," she said, looking at it affectionately. "Merdell, our head gardener for thirty years, used to live here."

"I am glad, Madame," said Poirot, "that you have found such a haven."

Without any change of tone Mrs. Folliat said, "It's a very wicked world, M. Poirot. And there are very wicked people in the world. You probably know that as well as I do. . . ."

She gave him a little nod, and then turned and went into the Lodge. Poirot stood still, staring at the shut door.

IN A mood of exploration, Poirot went through the front gates and down the steeply twisting road that emerged on a small quay. A large bell with a chain had a notice upon it: *Ring for the Ferry.* There were various boats moored by the side of the quay. A very old man with rheumy eyes, who had been leaning against a bollard, came shuffling toward Poirot.

"Du ee want the ferry, sir?"

"I thank you, no," Poirot replied. "I

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have just come down from Nasse House for a little walk."

"Ah, 'tis up at Nasse yu are? Worked there as a boy I did, and my son, he were head gardener there. But I did use to look after the boats. Old Squire Folliat, he was fair mazed about boats. Sail in all weathers, he would. The Major now, his son, he didn't care for sailing. Horses, that's all he cared about. And a pretty packet went on 'em. That and the bottle—had a hard time with him, his wife did. Yu've seen her, maybe—lives at the Lodge now."

"Yes, I have just left her there now," Poirot said.

"Her be a Folliat, tu, second cousin from over Tiverton way. A great one for the garden, she is. Even when it was took over during the war, and the two young gentlemen was gone to the war, she still looked after they shrubs."

"It was hard on her, both her sons being killed."

"Ah, she've had a hard life, she have, what with this and that. Trouble with her husband, and trouble with the young gentlemen, tu. Not Mr. Henry. He was as nice a young gentleman as yu could wish, took after his grandfather; but Mr. James, he caused her a lot of trouble. Debts and women it were, and then, tu, he were real wild in his temper. Born one of they as can't go straight. But the war suited him, as yu might say—give him his chance."

"So now," said Poirot, "there are no more Folliats at Nasse."

The old man's flow of talk died abruptly. "Just as you say, sir."

POIROT looked curiously at the old man. "Instead you have Sir George Stubbs. What is thought locally of him?"

"Us understands," said the old man, "that he be powerful rich." His tone sounded dry and almost amused.

"And his wife?"

"Ah, she's a fine lady from London, she is. No use for gardens, not her. They du say, tu, as her du be wanting up here." He tapped his temple significantly.

"Not as her isn't always very nice-spoken. Just over a year they've been here. Bought the place and had it all done up like new. Arrived in the evening, they did, day after the worst gale as I ever remember. Trees down right and left. And the big oak, that come down and brought a lot of others down with it. Made a rare mess, it did."

"Ah, yes, where the Folly stands now."

The old man turned aside and spat disgustedly. "Folly 'tis called and Folly 'tis—newfangled nonsense. Never was no Folly in the old Folliats' time. Her ladyship's idea, that Folly was. Put up not three weeks after she first come. Rare silly it looks stuck up there among the trees, like a heathen temple."

Poirot smiled faintly. "The London ladies," he said, "they must have their fancies. It is sad that the day of the Folliats is over."

"Don't ee never believe that, sir," the old man said with a wheezy chuckle. "Always be Folliats at Nasse."

"But the house belongs to Sir George Stubbs."

"That's as may be, but there's still a Folliat here. Ah! Rare and cunning the Folliats are!"

"What do you mean?"

The old man gave him a sly sideways glance. "Mrs. Folliat be living up tu Lodge, bain't she?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Poirot slowly. "Mrs. Folliat is living at the Lodge and the world is very wicked and all the people in it are very wicked."

The old man stared at him. "Ah," he said. "Yu've got something there."

ON THE following morning Poirot came down to breakfast at nine thirty. Sir George was eating a full English breakfast of scrambled eggs, bacon and kidneys. Mrs. Oliver and Miss Brewis had a modified version of the same. Michael Weyman was eating a plateful of cold ham. Only Lady Stubbs was unheedful of the fleshpots and was nibbling thin toast and sipping black coffee. She was wearing a large pale-pink hat, which looked odd at the breakfast table.

The mail had just arrived. Miss Brewis had an enormous pile of letters in front of her which she was rapidly sorting. Any marked *Personal* she passed across the table to Sir George or Lady Stubbs.

Lady Stubbs had three letters. She opened what were clearly a couple of bills and tossed them aside. Then she opened the third letter and said suddenly: "Oh!"

The exclamation was so startled that all heads turned toward her. "It's from Etienne," she said. "My cousin Etienne. He's coming here in a yacht."

"Let's see, Hattie," Sir George said. She gave him the letter and he read it quickly. "Who's this Etienne de Sousa? A cousin, you say?"

"A second cousin. I do not remember him very well—hardly at all. He was—" She shrugged her shoulders. "It does not matter. It is all a long time ago. I was a little girl."

"I suppose you wouldn't remember him very well. But we must make him welcome, of course," said Sir George heartily. "Pity in a way it's the fete today, but we'll ask him to dinner. Perhaps we could put him up here."

Lady Stubbs said nothing. She stared down into her coffee cup.

Conversation on the inevitable subject of the fete became general. Only Poirot remained detached, watching the slim, exotic figure at the head of the table. He wondered just what was going on in her mind. At that very moment her eyes came up and cast a swift glance along the table to where he sat. It was a look so shrewd and appraising that he was startled. As their eyes met, the shrewd expression vanished—emptiness returned. But that other look had been there, cold, calculating . . .

Or had he imagined it? In any case, wasn't it true that people who were slightly mentally deficient very often had a kind of sly native cunning that sometimes surprised even the people who knew them best?

He thought to himself that Lady Stubbs was certainly an enigma. People seemed to hold diametrically opposite ideas concerning her. Miss Brewis had intimated that Lady Stubbs knew very well what she was doing. Yet Mrs. Oliver definitely thought she was half-witted; and Mrs. Folliat, who'd known her long and intimately, had spoken of her as someone not quite normal, who needed care.

Miss Brewis was probably prejudiced. She disliked Lady Stubbs for her indolence and her aloofness. Poirot wondered if Miss Brewis had been Sir George's secretary prior to his marriage. If so, she might easily resent the coming of the new regime.

Poirot himself would have agreed wholeheartedly with Mrs. Folliat and Mrs. Oliver—until this morning. But could he (*Continued on page* 42)

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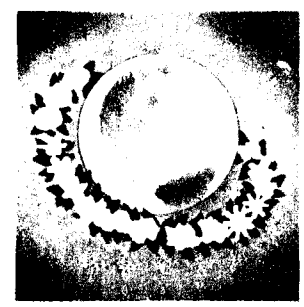

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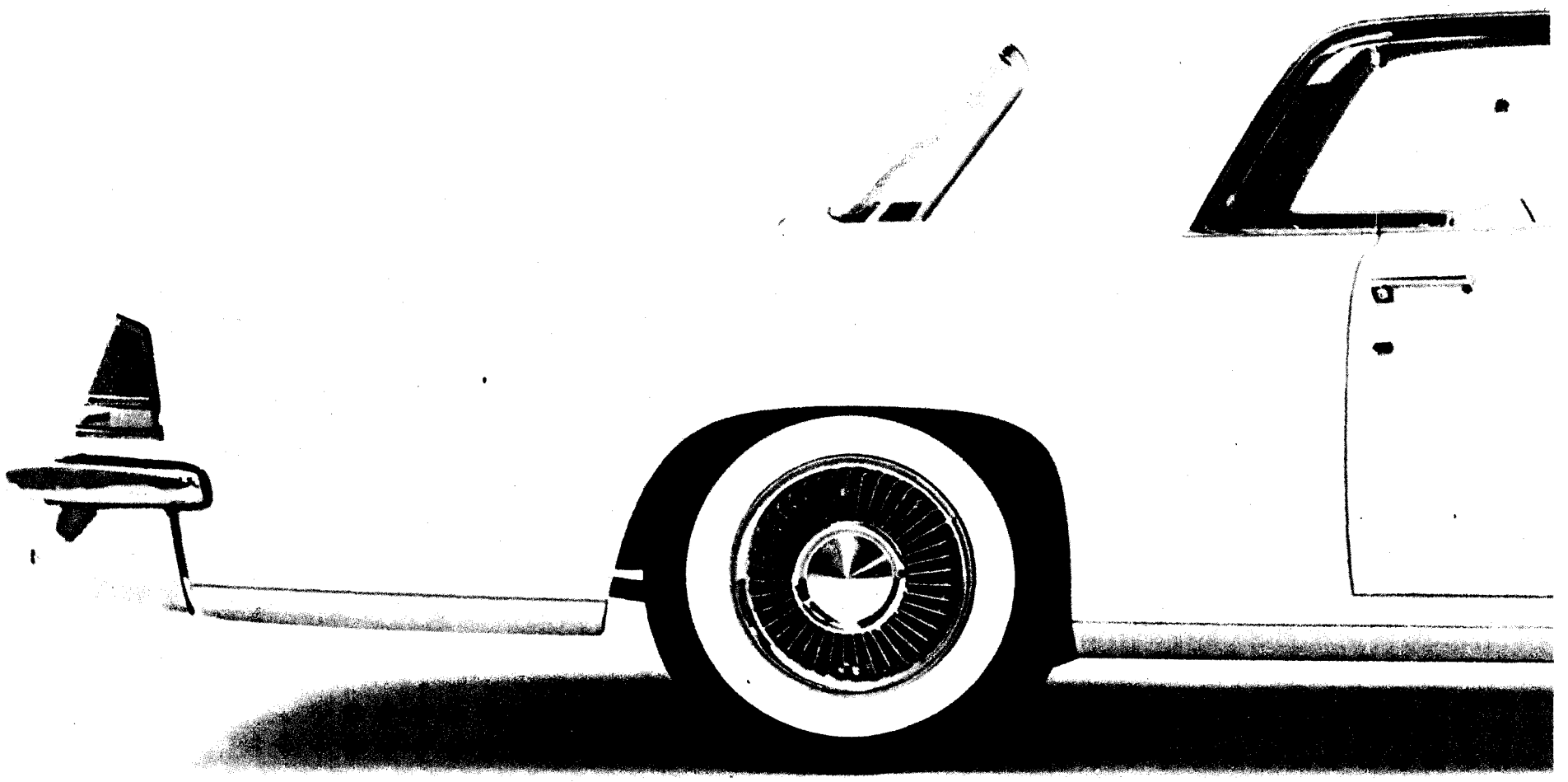

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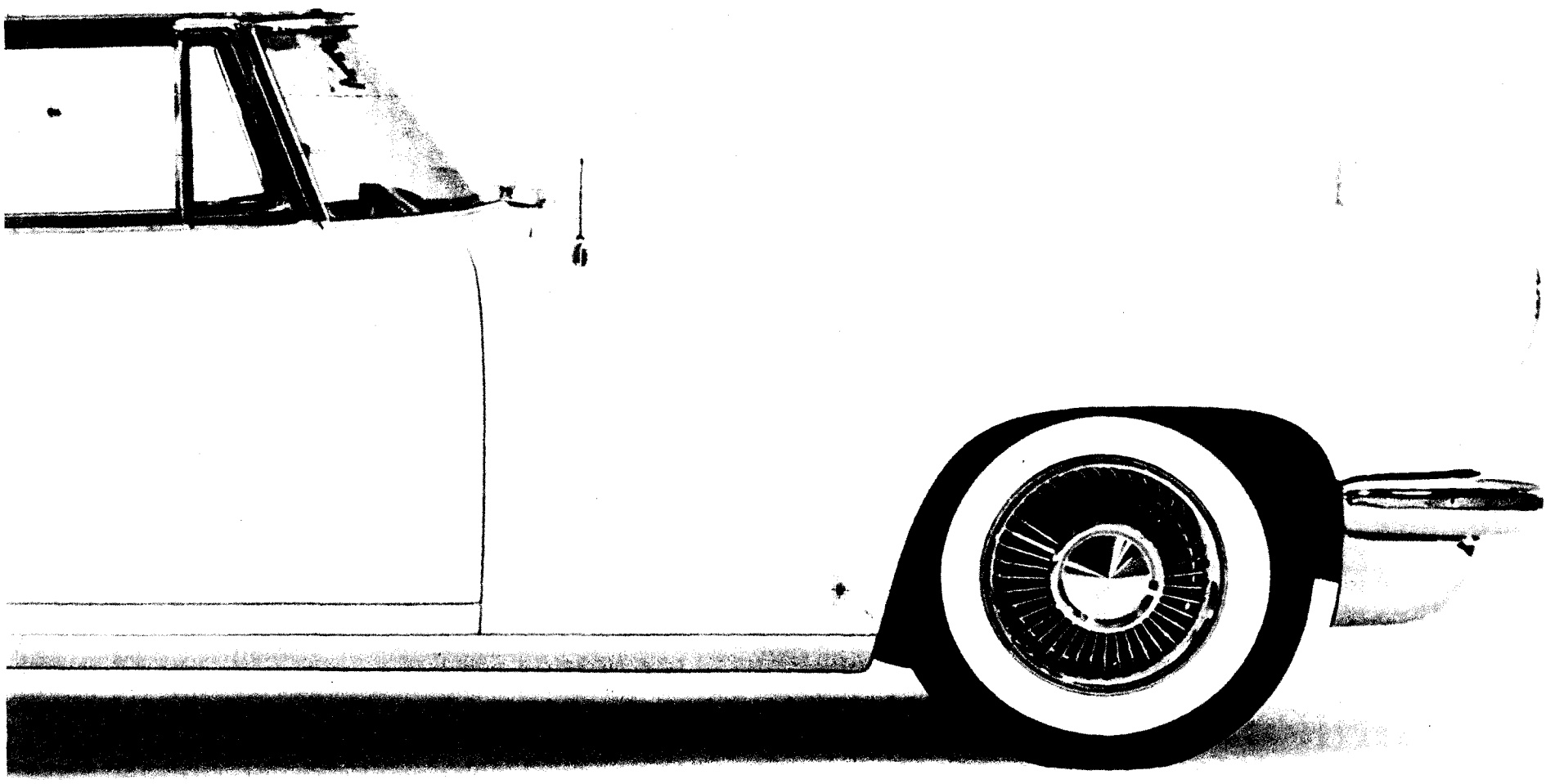

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(*Continued from page* 39) really rely on what had been only a fleeting impression.

Lady Stubbs got up abruptly from the table. "I have a headache," she said. "I shall go and lie down in my room."

Sir George sprang up anxiously. "My dear girl. You're all right, aren't you? You'll be fit enough for this afternoon?"

"Yes—I think so." She moved toward the door. As she went she dropped the handkerchief she had been squeezing between her fingers. Poirot picked it up.

Sir George, about to follow his wife, was stopped by Miss Brewis. "About the parking of cars this afternoon . . ."

POIROT caught up with his hostess on the stairs. "Madame," he said, "you dropped this." He proffered the handkerchief with a bow.

She took it unheedingly. "Did I? Thank you."

"I am most distressed, Madame, that you should be suffering. Particularly when your cousin is coming."

She answered quickly, almost violently. "I don't want to see Etienne. He's bad. I'm afraid of him. He does bad things."

The door of the dining room opened and Sir George came across the hall and up the stairs. "Hattie, my poor darling. Let me come and tuck you in." They went upstairs together, his arm around her tenderly, his face worried.

Poirot sighed and went out through the front door onto the terrace. Mrs. Masterton had just driven up in a small car and was directing the elevation of a tea marquee. She turned to greet Poirot. "Such a nuisance, these affairs," she observed. "And they will always put everything in the wrong place. Where's Sir George? I want to talk to him about car parking."

"His wife has a headache and has gone to lie down."

"She'll be all right this afternoon," *Mrs. Masterton predicted confidently.* "Likes functions, you know. Just fetch me a bundle of those pegs over there, will you?"

Poirot, thus pressed into service, was worked by Mrs. Masterton relentlessly. She condescended to talk to him in the intervals of hard labor: "Nice to have Nasse lived in again. We were all so afraid it was going to become a hotel. . . . Yes, I'm glad about Nasse and so is poor dear Amy Folliat, of course. She's had such a hard life—but never complains, I will say. Sir George has done wonders for Nasse. He *has* got quite good taste, you know. Very surprising in a man like that."

"He is not, I understand, one of the landed gentry?" said Poirot cautiously.

"He isn't even really Sir George—was christened it, I understand," Mrs. Masterton said. "Very amusing really. Of course we never let on. Rich men must be allowed their little snobberies. But in spite of his origins George Stubbs would go down perfectly well anywhere. Good blood in him, I'd say—" Mrs. Masterton interrupted herself to yell to a gardener: "Not by that rhododendron! *Right,* not left!"

She went on: "Extraordinary how they can't tell their left from their right! The Brewis woman is efficient. Doesn't like poor Hattie, though. Looks at her sometimes as though she'd like to murder her. So many of these good secretaries are in love with their bosses. Now where do you think Jim Warburton can have got to? Silly the way he sticks to calling himself 'Captain.' Not a regular soldier and never within miles of a German. He's a good overseer, but I feel there's something rather fishy about him. Ah! Here are the Legges."

Peggy Legge, dressed in slacks and a yellow pull-over, said brightly: "We've come to help."

"Lots to do," boomed Mrs. Masterton. "Now."

Poirot, profiting by her inattention, slipped away. As he came round the corner of the house onto the front terrace he became a spectator of a new drama.

Two young women, in shorts, with bright blouses, had come out from the woods and were standing uncertainly looking up at the house. One of them he thought he recognized as the Italian girl of yesterday's lift in the car. From the window of Lady Stubbs's bedroom Sir George leaned out and addressed them wrathfully: "You're trespassing!"

"Please?" said the young woman in the green scarf.

"This is private property!"

The other young woman, who had a royal-blue head scarf, said brightly: "Please? Nassecombe Quay? It is this way?"

"You're trespassing. You've got to go back!"

They stared as he gesticulated. Then they consulted together in a flood of foreign speech. Finally, doubtfully, blue-scarf said: "Back? To hostel?"

"That's right. And take the *road!*"

They retreated unwillingly. Sir George mopped his brow and looked down at Poirot. "Spend my time turning people out," he said. "They come through the woods, over the fence. Think they can get down to the shore and the quay easily this way. Well, they can, of course, but— Yes, Hattie? What did you say?" He drew back into the room.

Poirot turned to find Mrs. Oliver and a girl of fourteen dressed in a Girl Guide's uniform close behind him. "This is Marlene," said Mrs. Oliver. "*She's the Victim.*"

Poirot bowed politely and Marlene giggled. "I'm the corpse," she said. "But I'm not going to have any blood on me." Her tone expressed disappointment. "Just strangled with a cord, that's all." She looked at Poirot with hungry interest. "Seen lots of murders, haven't you? Any sex maniacs?"

"Certainly not."

"I like sex maniacs," said Marlene with relish. "Reading about them, I mean. I believe we've got one round here. My granddad saw a body in the woods once. He was scared and ran away, and when he come back it was gone. It was a woman's body. But of course he's batty, my granddad is, so no one listens to him."

Poirot managed to escape and, regaining the house by a circuitous route, took refuge in his bedroom.

BY THREE o'clock that afternoon the fete was in full swing. People were coming in large numbers, and cars were lining one side of the long drive. Students from the youth hostel arrived in batches, conversing loudly in foreign tongues. True to Mrs. Masterton's forecast, Lady Stubbs had emerged from her bedroom dressed in a cyclamen dress and an enormous coolie-shaped hat of black straw. She wore large quantities of diamonds.

Miss Brewis murmured sardonically: "Thinks it's the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, evidently!"

But Poirot was gravely complimentary. "It's a beautiful creation that you have on, Madame."

"It *is* nice, isn't it," said Hattie happily, and moved forward into the crowd.

Poirot wandered around disconsolately—everything seemed to be proceeding in the normal fashion of fetes. There was a coconut-throw presided over by Sir George in his heartiest fashion, a skittle alley and a ringtoss. There were various displays of local produce; raffles of cakes, of baskets of fruit—even, it seemed, of a pig; and a grab bag for children.

Poirot saw no sign of Mrs. Oliver, but Lady Stubbs's cyclamen-pink figure showed up amongst the crowd as she drifted rather vaguely about. The focus of attention, however, seemed to be Mrs. Folliat. She was quite transformed in appearance; wearing a hydrangea-blue foulard frock and a smart gray hat, she appeared to preside over the proceedings, greeting new arrivals.

Poirot lingered near her and listened to some conversations:

"Amy, my dear, how are you? So good to have Nasse looking so . . ."

A BIG beefy man rushed up, greeted her warmly, and then paused to look over the crowd. "Is that Hattie Stubbs?" he asked. "My, that's some getup! You know, Amy, you really shouldn't let her go around like that."

"Amy?" Another friend claimed attention. "This is Edward's boy. My dear, so nice to have you back at Nasse . . ."

Poirot moved slowly away. He wondered whether Mrs. Folliat realized how completely she had slipped into the role of hostess. She was very definitely Mrs. Folliat of Nasse House today.

He was standing by a tent labeled *Madame Zuleika will tell your fortune.* Teas had just begun to be served and there was no longer a queue for the fortunetelling. Poirot entered the tent and paid his half crown willingly for the privilege of sitting down for a while.

Madame Zuleika was wearing flowing black robes, a gold scarf wound round her head and a veil across the lower half of her face. A gold charm bracelet tinkled as she took Poirot's hand and gave him a rapid reading, agreeably full of money to come, success with a dark beauty and a miraculous escape from an accident.

"All that you tell me is very pleasant, Madame Legge."

"Oh!" said Peggy. "So you know me, do you?"

"I had advance information. Mrs. Oliver told me that you were originally to be the murder-hunt Victim, but that you had been snatched from her for this."

"I wish I *was* being the body," said Peggy. "Much more peaceful. All Jim Warburton's fault. Is it four o'clock yet? I'm off duty from four to half past, for tea."

"Ten minutes to go, still," said Poirot, consulting his watch. "Shall I bring you a cup of tea here?"

"No, no. I want the break. This tent is stifling."

Poirot emerged from the tent and encountered Michael Weyman, the young architect, who was standing gloomily on the outskirts of the crowd near the path that led down to the quay. "Enjoying yourself, M. Poirot?" he asked with a sardonic grin. "Horrible gathering, is it not?" He began ambling slowly down the path.

"Children's Fancy-Dress Contest," called out Captain Warburton through a megaphone. "Line up, please."

Poirot moved toward the house and

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was cannoned into by a young man at the ringtoss who was stepping backward to take a better aim. The young man scowled and Poirot apologized, mechanically, his eye held fascinated by the varied pattern of the young man's shirt. Every kind of turtle, tortoise and sea monster appeared to be writhing and crawling over it.

Poirot blinked and was accosted by the Dutch girl to whom he had given a lift the day before. "So you have come to the fete," he said. "And your friend?"

"Oh, yes, she too comes here this afternoon. I have not seen her yet, but we shall leave together by the bus at five fifteen. We go to Torquay."

This explained what had puzzled Poirot, the fact that the Dutch girl was carrying her hiking sack. He said: "I saw your friend this morning."

"Oh, yes. Elsa, a German girl, was with her and she said they tried to get through woods to the river and quay. The gentleman who owns the house was very angry and made them go back." She added, turning to look at Sir George presiding at the coconut game, "But now, this afternoon, he is very polite."

Poirot considered explaining that there was a difference between young women who were trespassers and the same young women when they had paid two shillings' entrance fee. But Captain Warburton bore down upon him.

The Captain was looking hot and bothered. "Have you seen Lady Stubbs, Poirot? She's supposed to be judging this fancy-dress business and I can't find her anywhere."

"I saw her about half an hour ago."

"Curse the woman," said Warburton angrily. "Where can she have disappeared to?" He looked round. "Where's Amanda Brewis?" Miss Brewis, also, was not in evidence.

"It really is too bad," said Warburton. "One's got to have *some* co-operation if one's trying to run a show. Where *can* Hattie be?" He strode off rapidly.

Poirot edged toward the roped-off space where teas were being served under a large marquee, but there was a long queue and he decided against waiting. Finally he made his way round the outskirts to a place where he could contemplate the activity from a safe distance.

FOOTSTEPS behind him made him turn his head. A young man was coming up the path from the quay: a very dark young man, faultlessly attired in yachting costume. He paused as though disconcerted by the scene before him.

Then he spoke hesitatingly to Poirot. "You will excuse me. Is this the house of Sir George Stubbs?"

"It is indeed." Poirot hazarded a guess: "Are you, perhaps, the cousin of Lady Stubbs?"

"I am Etienne de Sousa."

"My name is Hercule Poirot."

They bowed to each other. Poirot explained the circumstances of the fete. As he finished, Sir George came across the lawn toward them from the coconut game. "De Sousa? Delighted to see you. Hattie got your letter this morning. Where's your yacht?"

"It is moored at Helmmouth. I came up the river to the quay here in my launch."

"We must find Hattie. She's somewhere about. You'll dine with us this evening, I hope?"

"You are most kind."

"Can we put you up?"

"That also is most kind, but I will sleep on my yacht. It is easier so."

"Are you staying here long?" Sir George asked.

"Two or three days, perhaps. It depends." De Sousa shrugged elegant shoulders.

"Hattie will be delighted, I'm sure," said Sir George politely. "Where *is* she?" He looked around in a perplexed manner. "She ought to be judging the Children's Fancy-Dress. Excuse me a moment. I'll ask Miss Brewis." He hurried off.

"Hi, Mom. I got you the job"

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Poirot looked at De Sousa. "It is some time since you last saw your cousin?" he asked.

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I have not seen her since she was fifteen years old. Soon after that she was sent abroad—to school at a convent in France. As a child she promised to have good looks."

"She is a beautiful woman," said Poirot.

"And that is her husband? He seems what they call a good fellow, but not perhaps very polished. Still, for Hattie it might be difficult to find a suitable husband."

POIROT remained with a politely inquiring expression on his face. The other laughed. "Oh, it is no secret. At fifteen Hattie was mentally undeveloped. Feeble-minded, do you call it? She is still the same?"

"It could seem so—yes," said Poirot cautiously.

Sir George was back, fuming. Miss Brewis was with him speaking rather breathlessly. "I've no idea where she is, Sir George. I saw her over by the fortuneteller's tent, but that was at least twenty minutes ago."

"Is it not possible," asked Poirot, "that she has gone to observe the progress of Mrs. Oliver's murder hunt?"

Sir George's brow cleared. "That's probably it. Look here, I can't leave the shows—I'm in charge. And Amanda's got her hands full. Could you possibly have a look around, Poirot? You know the course."

Poirot did *not* know the course, but an inquiry of Miss Brewis gave him rough guidance. Miss Brewis took brisk charge of De Sousa, and Poirot went off murmuring, like an incantation: "Tennis court, camellia garden, the Folly, upper nursery garden, boathouse . . ."

As he passed the coconut game he was amused to notice Sir George giving a dazzling smile of welcome to the same young Italian woman whom he had driven off that morning, and who was clearly puzzled at his change of attitude.

He went on his way to the tennis court. But Lady Stubbs was not there, and so he went on down to the camellia garden. There he found Mrs. Oliver, sitting on a garden seat in a brooding attitude. She beckoned him to the seat beside her.

"This is only the second clue," she hissed. "I think I've made them too difficult. Nobody's come yet."

At this moment a young man in shorts entered the garden. With a cry of satisfaction he hurried to a tree in one corner, and a further satisfied cry announced his discovery of the next clue. Passing them, he felt impelled to communicate his satisfaction.

"Clever photograph, the first clue, but I spotted what it was—section of a tennis net," he said confidentially. "There was a poison bottle, empty, and a cork. *Now* where does one go, I wonder?" He eyed Mrs. Oliver and Poirot suspiciously. "You competing?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Oliver. "We're just—looking on."

"I've copied down the next clue, but it doesn't make sense," the young man said. *"When lovely woman stoops to folly . . ."*

"It is a well-known quotation," said Poirot.

"A Folly can also be a building," said Mrs. Oliver, helpfully. "White—with pillars," she added.

"That's an idea! Thanks a lot. They say Mrs. Ariadne Oliver is somewhere about. I'd like to get her autograph. You haven't seen her, have you?"

"No," said Mrs. Oliver firmly.

"I'd like to meet her. Good yarns she writes." He lowered his voice. "But they say she drinks like a fish."

He hurried off and Mrs. Oliver said indignantly: "Really! That's most unfair, when I only like lemonade!"

"And have you not just perpetrated the great unfairness in helping that young man toward the next clue?"

"Considering he's the only one who's got here so far, I thought he ought to be encouraged. Supposing *nobody* finds the body?"

"Patience, Madame, and courage," said Poirot. "The afternoon is still young."

"That's true," said Mrs. Oliver, brightening. "Let's go and see how that Marlene child is getting on. I wouldn't put it past her to sneak away quietly, instead of being a corpse, and go and have tea!"

THEY proceeded amicably along the woodland path, passed the Folly and zigzagged down toward the boathouse. Poirot remarked that it would be awkward if the murder-hunt contestants were to light upon the boathouse and find the body by accident.

"Oh, a sort of short cut?" Mrs. Oliver said. "I thought of that. That's why the last clue is just a key. You can't unlock the door without it. You can only open it from the inside."

A short steep slope led down to the door of the boathouse, which was built out over the river, with a little wharf and a storage place for boats underneath. Mrs. Oliver took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door. "We've just come to cheer you up, Marlene," she said brightly as she entered.

She felt slightly remorseful at her unjust suspicions of Marlene's loyalty, for Marlene, artistically arranged as "the body," was playing her part nobly, sprawled on the floor by the window.

Marlene made no response. She lay quite motionless. The wind blowing gently through the open door rustled a pile of comics spread out around her. "It's all right," said Mrs. Oliver impatiently. "It's only me and M. Poirot."

Poirot was frowning. Very gently he pushed Mrs. Oliver aside and went and bent over the girl on the floor. A suppressed exclamation came from his lips. He looked up at Mrs. Oliver.

"So," he said. "That which you expected has happened."

Mrs. Oliver's eyes widened in horror. "She isn't dead?"

Poirot nodded. "Yes," he said, "though not very long dead."

He stepped aside so that Mrs. Oliver could see the clothesline round her neck. "Just like *my* murder," said Mrs. Oliver unsteadily. "But *who?* And *why?"*

"That is the question," said Poirot. He forbore to add that those had been her questions in the murder hunt. But the answers now could not be her answers, since the victim was not "the Yugoslavian first wife of an Atom Scientist," but Marlene Tucker, a fourteen-year-old village girl who, so far as was known, had not an enemy in the world.

—AGATHA CHRISTIE

(This is the first of three parts)

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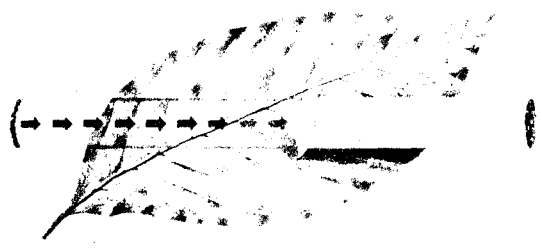

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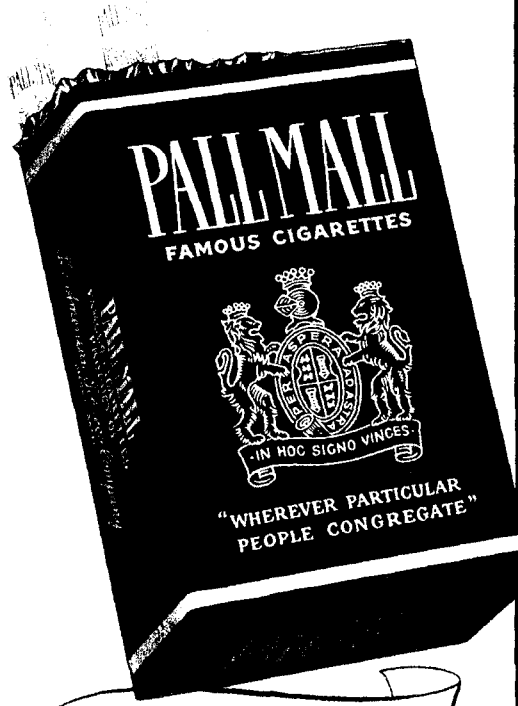

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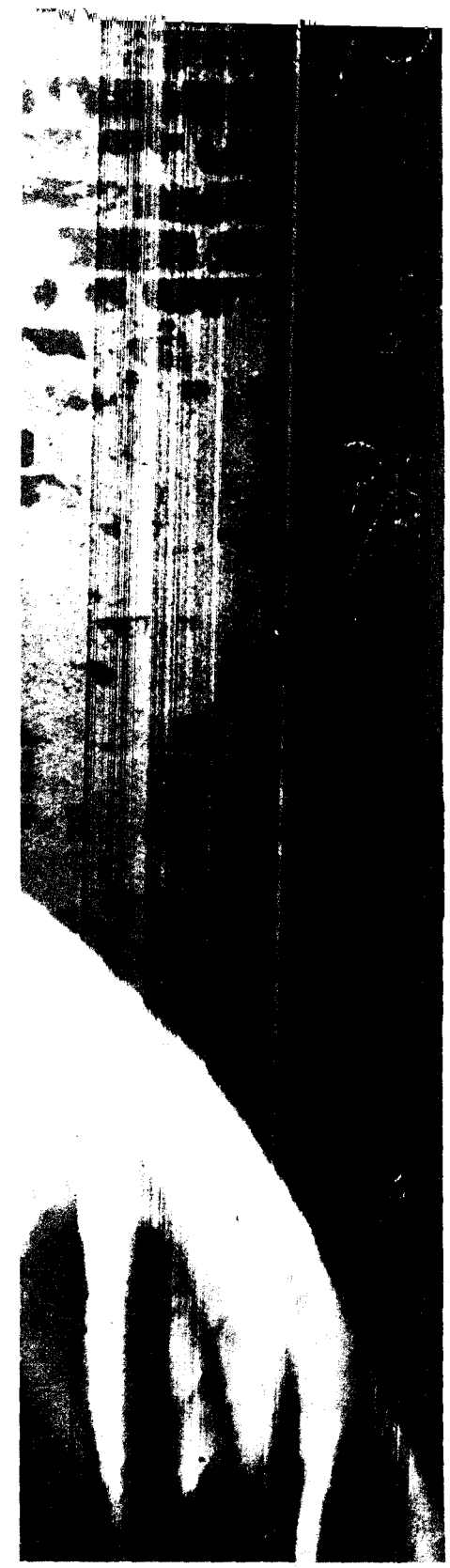

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NEWMAN SCORES K.O.

He mumbles and shuffles to stardom as the tough turned titlist

In all the lurid lore of boxing, there are few case histories more curious than the rags-to-riches tale of Rocco (Rocky Graziano) Barbella, the rough-tough boy from New York's lower East Side who thieved and fought his way into reformatories and jails, punched his way out to the world's middleweight championship, and finally found both a small fortune and respectability in the unlikely arenas of literature and television. His autobiography, Somebody Up There Likes Me, was a best seller, and his natural aptitude for comedy made him a hit on TV. Now M-G-M has turned his life story into a film which not only will make Graziano some $200,000 wealth'er, but seems certain to make a star of Paul Newman, the actor who plays Graziano.

The film does some sharp jabbing at realism, and often comes to grips with the sordid brutality of the real Graziano story, showing him as a snarling, furtive hoodlum, brutalized by an inarticulate, hard-drinking father, prisoned in an ugly slum, using his fists to equalize his slugging match with society. But in its anxiety to promote sympathy for its subject, *Somebody* often launders the truth so hard that not even the starch of good camera work and fine acting can always save it from going maudlin and limp. Realism gained by the use of some actual locales, such as the neighborhood where Graziano really grew up (opposite page) is lost in episodes like one in which he is finally set on the path of virtue by the fizzy philosophizing of an elder soda jerk: "The whole world is like my candy store. . . . Never ask for a soda unless you're prepared to pay the check." To make matters worse, a sickly sweet title ballad has been added in an attempt to sugar-coat the brutality with religious flavor. It is as out of place as a Sunday-school class conducted in a pool hall.

In the title role, Paul Newman looks and sounds almost as convincing as Graziano himself. He shuffles and jigs constantly, seemingly always alert for a prize-ring bell or an opponent's swing. His marbles-in-the-mouth stammer and sneer are in the neorealistic tradition of Marlon Brando, Rod Steiger and the late James Dean (who, like Newman, were students at New York's Actors Studio). His moments of tenderness with his wife (Pier Angeli) are touching in their inarticulate clumsiness. And his chest and biceps measure up to the brawniest of Hollywood's beefcake actors.

A native of Cleveland, he is a Navy Air Force veteran

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SANFORD H. ROTH

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roof, Rocky Graziano (Paul Newman), the ringleader of his neighborhood gang, fights his way out (below). Sequence was shot at Graziano's actual birthplace

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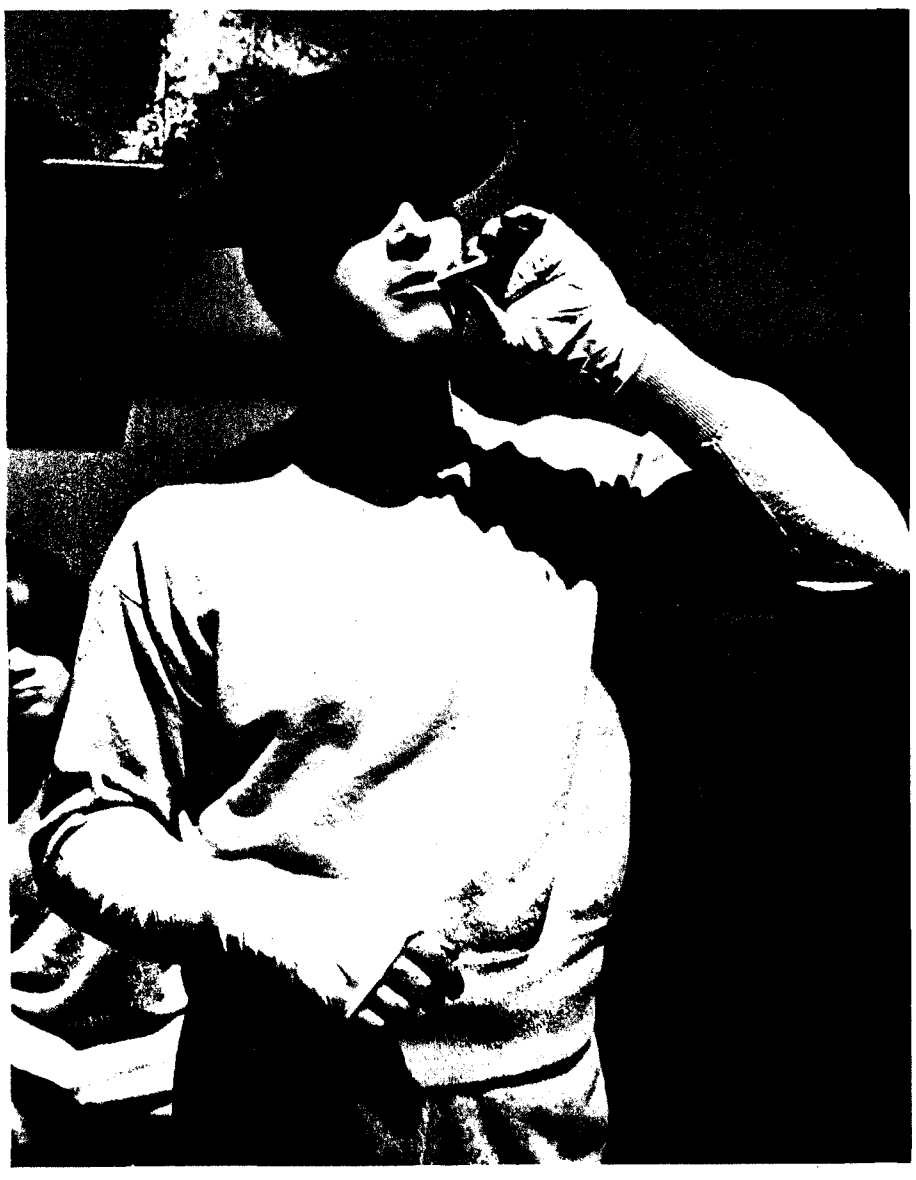
NEWMAN SCORES K.O. continued

Fellow actors Rocky Graziano and Paul Newman (above) meet in Stillman's gym in Manhattan where Rocky trained. Newman studied all Rocky's fight films to learn his ring mannerisms. At right, in the film, Rocky's wife (Pier Angeli) and sister (Donna Jo Gribble) hear the broadcast of first bout with Tony Zale, who won by K.O. in fourth



AWOL from the Army after slugging a captain, Rocky visits Stillman's Gym, earns $10 as a sparring partner. Flooring his opponents, he begins professional career. At right, after K.O. by Zale, Rocky is taunted back into a fighting mood, shouts, "Wait'll I get him again . . . I'll kill him!"

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The movie takes Graziano from knockout defeat to knockout victory as the middleweight champ

who turned to acting seven years ago while studying at Kenyon College. He got into Actors Studio by chance in 1952 when an actress friend asked him to appear with her in a final audition scene for the director. A few weeks later, Newman was informed that *he* had been accepted. Shortly afterward, he was signed for a leading role in the Broadway play Picnic, which caught the attention of Warner Brothers. Two years later, he portrayed Glenn Griffin, the killer in the stage production of The Desperate Hours.

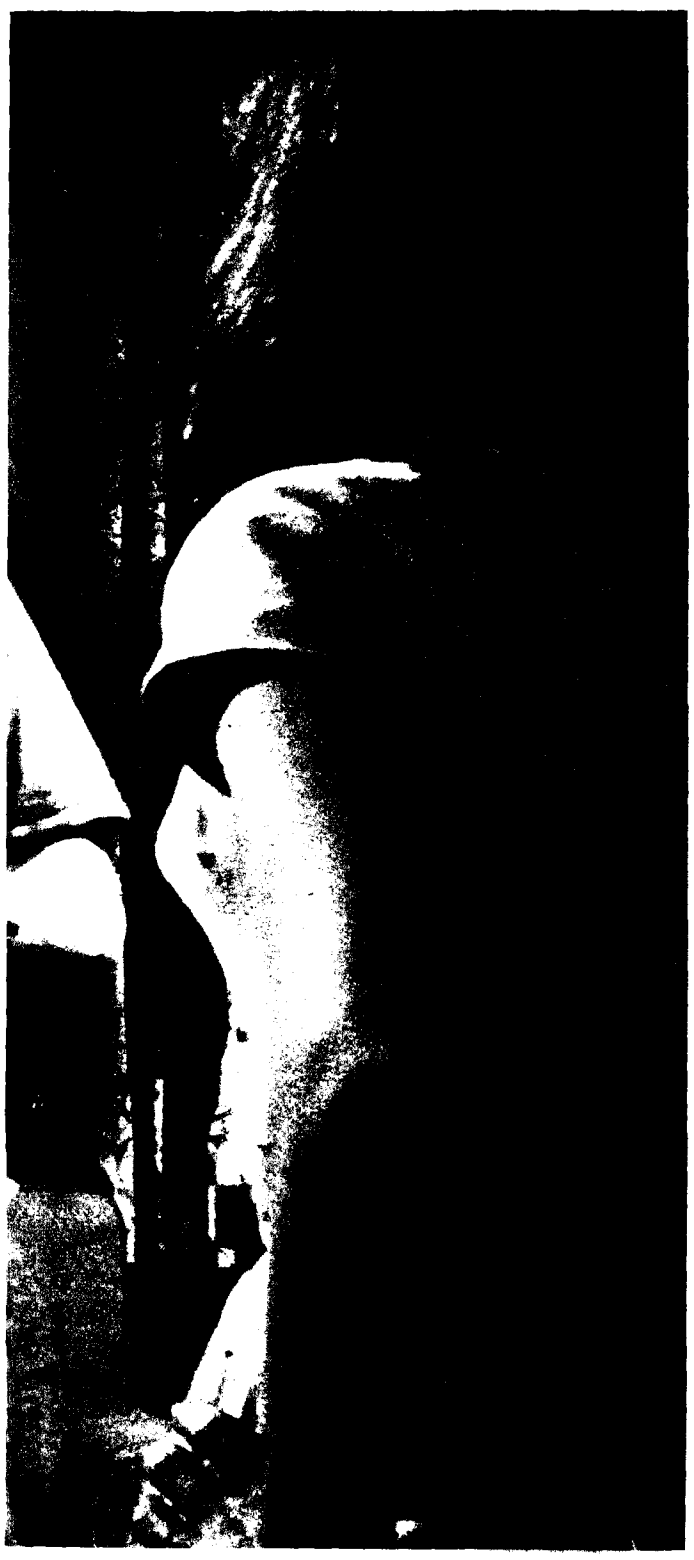
Now thirty-one, Newman is under contract to Warners, lives in Fresh Meadows, Long Island, a suburb of New York City, with his wife and three children, has made two other films (The Silver Chalice released by Warners and The Rack for M-G-M). He is a perfectionist who spent weeks studying tape recordings of Graziano's voice and long hours with Graziano himself to perfect his mannerisms. (Curiously enough Newman, who has often been compared to Brando, is in for more of the same as the result of these efforts. When Brando was on Broadway, he met the real Rocky. "That's how Marlon picked up a lot of his walk and talk," Newman says. "Now I've got to play Graziano and they'll say I'm just like Brando.")

Best of all, Newman has a powerful sense of honesty. At M-G-M, he resisted an approach which implied that Graziano was really merely a prankish kid letting off steam. "There had to be some character progression," he says, "or else the whole thing didn't make sense. They wanted it played for comedy and you can't make anything threatening out of a buffoon. Rocky had to be more than a poor, misunderstood kid. He had to be brutal because his only business was survival."

In the resulting compromise, some scenes angled for the snicker still show through. When the teen-age Graziano gang strips a car of its tires, a waddling, bottle-bottomed fat man is the one to give chase; when the boys highjack a truckload of furs in broad daylight, they traipse down the street holding their loot aloft as if it were all a lark; when Newman, as Rocky, brutally slugs an Army superior before going AWOL, he has to croak melodramatically, "Don't rat on me to the warden."

Newman's sense of honesty as an actor also makes him both eager and apprehensive about his next movie project. He wants to play Billy the Kid and has been trying to sell Warners on the idea for the past six months. "But," he says, "they've been stalling. They think it ought to end happily. That's like filming the life of Lincoln and having it end happily; like having his wife come in and say, 'Abe, dear, I forgot the tickets for the theater tonight. We'll have to stay home.' "

—PETER MAAS



WIDE WORLD

At left: Newman, as Rocky, K.O.s Zale in movie version of actual fight (above). Film omits final bout, K.O. win by Zale

Returning Rocky is cheered as the champion, decides: "Somebody up there likes me"

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HOT

Gerry Mulligan, a "cool" jazz artist, cuts out on a sax spin before blue bloods. NBC's Monitor and Voice of America both carry portions of the three-day festival

Guests stomp Charleston (above) at late jam session in Belcourt, a mansion the Lorillards bought solely for festival events. Right: At a formal concert, Mr. and Mrs. Benson Martin with Mrs. John Hammond (r.), wife of the jazz critic, enjoy the goings on in Freebody Park

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Pee Wee Russell takes over on the clarinet

Teddi King warbles the blues

Louis Armstrong, Velma Middleton belt out lyric

TIME in old Newport

It's crazy, man! On the well-kept grounds where dowagers and dandies once patted tennis balls, kingpins of jazz are making swingsters of the upper crust

By ELAINE GUTHRIE LORILLARD with RICHARD GEHMAN

Whenever anybody asks me what the American Jazz Festival at Newport is like, I remember an incident that occurred at one of our concerts. On the bandstand, cornetist Wild Bill Davison, clarinetist Pee Wee Russell and an enthusiastic rhythm section were tearing into a frenzied version of the old Dixieland favorite That's Aplenty. Ten thousand people in Freebody Park were swaying, whistling, stomping and shouting.

Down in one of the front boxes sat a grand old lady whom Eddie Condon, the guitarist, later described as a member of "the high-lace-collar set." She was wearing, he noted, several tons of precious stones—but they did nothing to weigh down her enthusiasm. As Davison and his boys blasted away, she impulsively stood up for a better look. Immediately, from somewhere behind, a voice shouted, "Down in front, Diamonds!"

The dowager resumed her seat. She took up her lorgnette, looked about her primly, then turned to a companion.

"My," said she, "there seem to be very few of *us* here tonight."

She was correct. There weren't many of the old-line rulers of Newport, which once was one of the most opulent, highly respected summer resorts in the nation. But as drummer George Wettling said, "some folks" did arrive—about 30,000 in all. That's a record for attendance at a jazz concert in this country, I believe.

The festival at Newport is a three-day series of concerts, lectures, group discussions and studies of jazz, sponsored by a nonprofit corporation, the board of directors consisting of college professors, editors, writers, businessmen, a psychiatrist, a clergyman or two, and others seriously interested in the music. The corporation each year presents such illustrious names in jazz as Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, Dizzy Gillespie, Count Basie and many others.

The purpose of the corporation, as stated in its charter, is "to encourage America's enjoyment of jazz and to sponsor the study of jazz, a true American art form." This year—on July 5, 6 and 7—the third annual festival has an international flavor, with artists from Austria, Germany, Mexico and Japan attending. The bands of Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Louis Armstrong are back, and Eddie Condon's All-Stars are up from New York. Then, too, we have such "progressive" jazz groups as those of Dave Brubeck, Chico Hamilton, Miles Davis, Jay Jay Johnson and Kai Winding.

Authoress Elaine Lorillard

Not long ago I was discussing this program with a dear old gentleman who has been a pillar of Newport society for over a half century, and secretly a lover of jazz. He listened closely, then said: "Man, it sounds like a real gasser!"

This is fairly indicative of the attitude of the Newport cadre. To some people, the idea of a jazz festival being held even on the outskirts of this famous old resort might seem wildly incongruous, for Newport has always represented the most refined elements in American Society, and jazz after all hardly has that background. Yet the experiment—for which my husband Louis and I were partly responsible—has been a great success.

The impact of jazz upon the resort has produced some startling situations. For example, there was the day before the first festival concert in 1954 when a high, black limousine pulled up in front of my house and a chauffeur assisted an elderly lady out of it. She walked up to the door and handed her card to Patrick O'Higgins, a friend of ours.

"I should love to come to your party," said she, "but I must refuse your gracious invitation."

(*Continued on page* 52)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARRY WINOGRAND

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Even the Philharmonic Orchestra couldn't make it in Newport; but jazz did, in a breeze

Mr. O'Higgins assumed that she disapproved of jazz. "You might enjoy it if you came for a little while," he said.

"My dear," she replied, "it isn't that I don't like *jazz* . . . I can't attend because there are so few eligible bachelors for escorts this season!"

Many of the young and old Newporters appear to be fascinated by the jazz musicians—as fascinated as they might be if the boys came from another world (which, come to think of it, they do).

WILDER HOBSON, the critic and trombonist, has told of an encounter he observed in a restaurant. Dizzy Gillespie, the trumpeter who is one of the founders of bop, was eating at a table adjoining that of two old sports. They were entranced by Dizzy's beret, horn-rimmed glasses, and goatee. Finally the old gentlemen couldn't contain themselves. As Dizzy was leaving, one of them grasped his arm.

"I say, sir," he said, politely, "is that beard an affectation?"

Dizzy was delighted. "Man," he said, "that's no affectation—that's a fetish!"

Conversely, Newporters have also startled some of the jazz men. Dave Brubeck, the pianist, went on a tour of "Marble House," once the residence of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt which is now open for exhibition to the public. He was most impressed by the elaborate architecture and furnishings; but at the same time, he was a little disappointed, and showed it.

"What brought you down, Dave?" someone asked.

"Imagine, in a pad like that," said Brubeck, "all that marble, all that fancy carving—and they serve Coke and tea in paper cups!"

That incident occurred the same afternoon I was showing some of the musicians some of the antiques in my house which, I'd like to add, is a good deal more modest than most Newport cottages. A bed which I brought from Italy has a gold canopy and beautifully carved Venetian columns and might have been designed for the use of Cleopatra.

Wild Bill Davison stared at it with great interest.

"Where's the asp?" he asked.

To me, this new interchange between two fantastically different groups of people is the most heartwarming aspect of the Newport festivals. It's actually as though jazz has helped to break down class and racial barriers.

Thus far, in the festivals, we have had very few instances of prejudice. But one man was taught a lesson he may never forget. An active, well-meaning member of Newport with political aspirations decided to give a party for the musicians and panel members. He called George Wein, the Boston night-club operator who is the main driving force behind the festival, to reveal his intention and ask him to contact the musicians.

"Great," said George.

"But, ah, George old boy," the man said, "I . . . ah . . . do hope there won't be any . . . ah . . . Africans . . ." He paused. "That is, you understand, I have nothing against them myself, but . . . if you don't mind, George, please be very careful about your invitations . . ."

Now, George Wein has made a success of a night-club jazz spot in Boston with a strictly nondiscriminatory policy. He said, "I'll be careful."

That evening, everything was ready: the host had attractively decorated his spacious house and set up individual tables with candles and graced with his finest silver and linen. He had hired, as one of the musicians later said, an army of servants the size of Custer's.

But the musicians did not come to the party.

Perplexed, the man called Wein and hinted for an explanation.

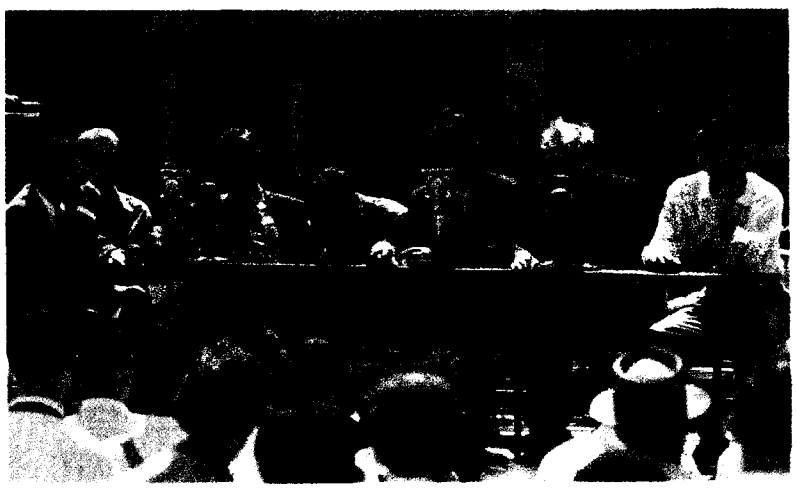
"You told me to be careful," George said, blandly. "I was very careful—I didn't invite anybody."

The story of how the festival came to Newport begins, I suppose, with the interest my husband and I share in jazz. For me, it goes back to the late thirties, when I was living in New York's Greenwich Village and working uptown as a fashion illustrator. Two former Dartmouth boys lived in the apartment across from me. They had a large collection of records and I owned a phonograph; we would sit around listening to old jazz sides, and then we would go over to Nick's, the Dixieland jazz stronghold where Sidney Bechet, Muggsy Spanier and some of their cohorts usually were in residence. If it hadn't been for those Dartmouth boys, I probably would have remained a square.

Much of my husband Louis' boyhood had been spent in Newport, and after our marriage in 1946 it was only natural that we should go there to live. At first we were almost sorry. For many years Newport had been called a dying resort. The original colonists were striving to maintain a show of brave elegance, but their members were dropping off one by one and the young people were no longer able to maintain their family estates. "What this town needs," my husband said, "is some life—some new blood."

A group of us started a campaign to bring the Philharmonic Orchestra in for two nights. We worked our heads off and managed to raise some money, but the appearance was a fiasco financially and even musically; because of bad weather we had to hold the concerts in a building with poor acoustics.

Nevertheless, during one of those 1953 concerts, the idea for the jazz festival was born. John Maxon, director of the Rhode Island School of Design Museum, made the suggestion. He said to me, "Maybe someone should try jazz?"



Artists and experts meet on jazz panel: l. to r., record-company executive Nesuhi Ertegun; critic Wilder Hobson; composer Gunther Schuller; jazz devotees Marshall Stearns, Father Norman O'Connor; pianist Dave Brubeck

Laughing, I repeated the idea to Louis that night. "Why not?" he said. "I think it's a real idea."

Some time later, I was in George Wein's Storyville in Boston with an old professorial friend, Donald Born, who teaches English at Boston University and, incidentally, is the man who induced the authorities there to institute a course in jazz with George Wein as instructor. Born told Wein the idea Louis and I had had. Wein thought we were joking, but said he would like to hear more about it. Next day we discussed it again. "We'll need a backer," Wein said.

Back home, Louis determined to go ahead. He said, "If you'll give up this summer's trip to Europe and we pull in our belts a little, we can do it."

The next problem was getting a site. Ironically enough, America's first jazz festival was held in the Newport Casino, which Louis' ancestor, Pierre Lorillard, helped to found and which had become known as America's first home of lawn tennis. After Louis mentioned the project to the Casino's board of directors, it was voted to allow the festival to lease the Casino grounds for a reasonable rental. We were in business, and George Wein got busy lining up the musicians and bands.

THE FIRST DATES were July 17-18, 1954. Now, although we'd had considerable advance publicity, we were expecting only about one or two thousand serious students of jazz. Around noon on July 17th, we began to get a bit apprehensive: no one had seen so many people in Newport before. By the time Stan Kenton, the M.C., stepped to the mike that night, every folding chair from Newport to Providence had been commandeered and there were still at least 1,000 people standing and sitting on the grass.

The second night was even better than the first. The crowd was larger and more vociferous. Jimmy Van Alen, president of the Casino, at one point approached Eddie Condon, who was standing at one side with a puzzled expression on his face listening to Dizzy Gillespie and some of his boys work their way through one of their more progressive numbers.

"What do you think of all this, Eddie?" Jimmy asked.

Condon looked at the 5,000-plus people rocking in rhythm, clapping their hands, and swarming up to the shell on the lawn where the Newport ladies and gentlemen once had played tennis so decorously.

"Jimmy," said Eddie, "I think it's the end of tennis."

It wasn't that—but it was the beginning, as the festivals have proved, of a different but equally exciting Newport. THE END

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By HANNIBAL COONS

The solid gold undershirt

Imitations come cheap, but Hollywood wanted Dear George to catch that very rare, Connecticut-type Marlon Brando

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

June 21, 1956
Airmail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Harmony Pictures
Hotel Statler
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear George:

George, what in the world are you doing in Boston in June? It's terribly dull up there this time of year, and since my first thought is always of your welfare, I want you to get out at once—and go to Stamford, Connecticut.

Due to yet another of the idiotic difficulties that beset this business, I tell you, there are times when I'd like to get into something with a little security to it, such as harvesting shark liver. Have you ever felt this, George? An urge for calmer waters?

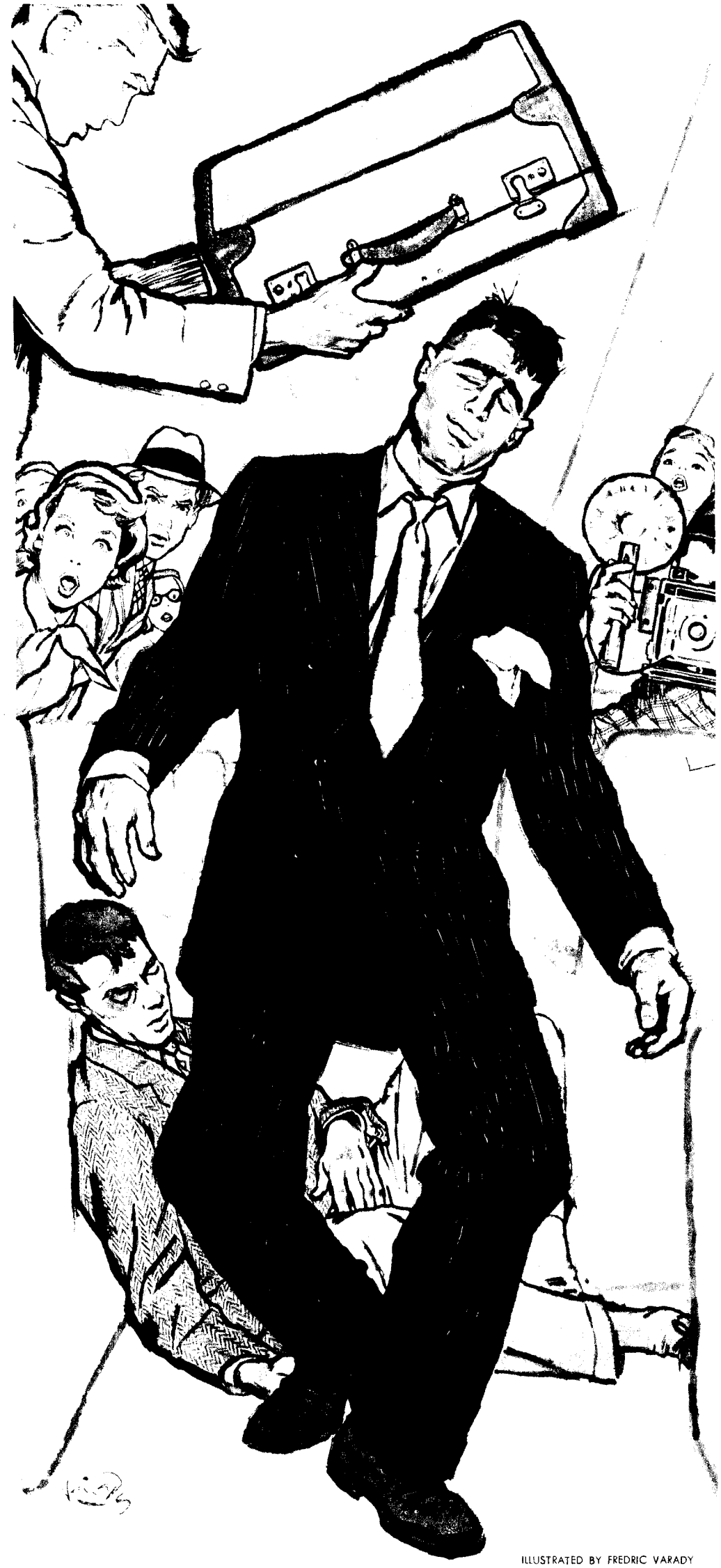
Anyway, whom do you suppose we have just signed as the newest star of this establishment? Another imitation Marlon Brando! Isn't that peachy? To be exact, that awful Clint Bowie, who's the new darling of the critics as the punch-drunk prize fighter in that Broadway play, Round 7. Clint is the latest flower of what I think of as the mumble-and-stumble school of acting. It consists of a group of young women who seemingly cut their own hair with hedge shears, and an assortment of shambling young men who wouldn't rise to greet one of their elders unless a bee simultaneously stung them. Which isn't a bad idea, if you could get hold of a trained bee.

But, George, as you know, if anything at all's from New York, we think it's wonderful. I don't know why it is, but New York has always had Hollywood cowed like a ranch in Texas. We love to roll over on our backs out here and play second fiddle.

Also, we've always had far too much carbon paper. We've not so much an industry as a vast celluloid mimeograph machine. One Asia picture, and we're *all* off to Hong Kong. One Jane Russell and every girl in town has to inhale, and hold it—for years.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that we're still being invaded by these torn-undershirt characters from Broadway. Montgomery Clift of course started it. He was already out here trying to scare John Wayne in Red River when Brando was still back there yelling "Stella!" at the Ethel Barrymore Theater—and when Clint Bowie was still mumbling his way through the sixth grade. If there were only some way to get to the other end of this conveyer belt and start cracking their little knuckles as they tried to climb aboard.

Which, alas, is daydreaming. The fact being that Mr. Clint Bowie is practically on his way—he bows out of that play there in about ten days. And if I care to remain in an employed, or fed, condition, I must somehow



ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

I climbed onto a seat, took a suitcase off the rack—we found out later that it was filled with sample dishes—and brought it down on Cyclone's giant head with a crash heard as far north as Boston

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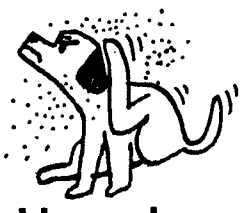

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THE WORLD OVER

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convince the citizens that he is the fiercest tiger of them all.

But how? You could launch a lead balloon easier than another imitation Marlon Brando.

Then, not over ten minutes ago, I suddenly got it—in a letter from young Mr. Bowie himself, from Stamford, Connecticut, where he's lived since last summer when he was fiddling around with that fool speedboat.

His note to me was to warn me in lordly tones of the imminence of his arrival, and to advise me to get going on the publicity. He went into some detail as to what interviews he would grant to whom, and what he wouldn't to whom.

The important part being his newsy postscript. In an effort, I suppose, to impress me with his hot-rod ferocity he added that in the last few weeks, whom has he seen almost every day on the commuter train to New York but Cyclone Wilson, the great former heavyweight champion? Who, as you know, also lives in Stamford. He better keep his feet out of the aisle, said Clint, or I might pop him one.

Well—why not? George, all in the world I have to do to establish Clint for all time as a rootin', tootin' terror is just to have him stumble over Cyclone's mammoth foot in the aisle of the commuter train, have a few sharp words with him, and then hit him right in the nose. Due to the fame of the participants, the thing will make every front page in the country, and the job will be done. He actually hit Cyclone! everyone will say. Boy, this kid is dynamite.

Now, George, even from here I can hear you saying that while this may be a sure-fire publicity scheme, so is suicide. Why don't I just have Clint hurl himself off the Brooklyn Bridge? It would make the headlines just as surely, and it would be just as safe, as having him even think of hitting Cyclone in the nose.

Well, normally, George, you would be right. But here you have the secret of my genius: none of my plans are normal. That, plus wide reading. Here is how I put my genius to work on this knotty problem. I remembered reading somewhere of a case in New Jersey where a prize fighter clonked somebody in a traffic argument and the judge dealt very harshly with him—fined him quite a bundle. I've just called one of our lawyers here to check, and it's indeed true: if a prize fighter or a professional wrestler clonks an ordinary citizen it is considered an attack with concealed weapons or something, and right or wrong he is escorted off to the calaboose. That, plus the fact that fighters are usually gentle, lovable souls at heart, is why they don't hit people.

Well, did you ever hear of anything so perfect? Hop down to Stamford, see Clint and tell him to clonk away. Cyclone doesn't dare hit him back.

The only reason I want you on hand at all is just to see that no idle bystanders mix into it. Only hurry. Love,
Dick

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WHAT IDLE BYSTANDER WOULD MIX INTO ANY FIGHT INVOLVING CYCLONE WILSON? I KNOW I WOULDN'T. I'VE SEEN THAT MAN IN ACTION. BUT BE SURE AND LET ME KNOW HOW EVERYTHING TURNS OUT. REGARDS. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER BOSTON MASS

WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING?
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

AS SOON AS I CAN LOCATE A CHEST PROTECTOR, A FOOTBALL HELMET, SOME SHIN GUARDS, A PAIR OF BRASS KNUCKLES AND A PISTOL. IF I'M GOING TO GET ANYWHERE NEAR CYCLONE WILSON, I WANT THIS TO BE A FAIR FIGHT. GEORGE

"My game's been wonderful lately.
I landed three new clients this week"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER BOSTON MASS

GEORGE, STOP POUNDING YOUR SPINDLY CHEST. NOBODY'S GOING TO HAVE A FIGHT WITH ANYBODY. CLINT IS JUST GOING TO HIT CYCLONE ONCE, AND THAT'S ALL THERE'LL BE TO IT. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

I KNOW. BUT JUST FOR SAKE OF DISCUSSION, SUPPOSE CYCLONE BY SOME CHANCE SHOULD FORGET HIMSELF AND HIT CLINT ONCE? WOULD YOU WANT HIM BURIED HERE, OR SHOULD I SHIP HIS REMAINS WEST? IN OTHER WORDS, I SAY HAVE A CARE. BUT YOU PROBABLY WON'T, SO DON'T BOTHER WITH ANY MORE WITLESS WIRES. I'M OFF TO STAMFORD, NOT REJOICING. THIS MISSION IS FOOLHARDY. GEORGE

THE YANKEE COACHMAN INN
Stamford, Connecticut
June 23, 1956
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, I came down here last night. And after a hurried reconnaissance, the best report I can give you of the state of confusion here is to inform you that this Yankee Coachman Inn is on *South* Street. So help me.

But to business. Have I seen Clint Bowie? Yes. Is he in favor of participating in your mad scheme? Yes. Hazardously so.

Why didn't you tell me that he considers himself the uncrowned middleweight champion of the world? His role in that prize-fight drama Round 7 has seemingly left him badly confused. Just because the prize fighters hired to work in that were paid handsomely to fall over stony prone the minute Clint waved a glove at them, he thinks he's quite a fighter. "Don't worry about Cyclone hitting *me* back," he mumbled. "I'm shifty."

And he stood back, struck a pose, and allowed several young actresses, who happened to be at the house to feel his muscles.

Poor, poor boy. Because within the hour I passed Cyclone Wilson on the street here, and, Dick, that man looked like Stone Mountain on its way back to Georgia. He may be retired, but he sure looked in fine condition to me. I'd as soon walk up and strike a police station.

And, Dick, I've ferreted out some additional disquieting news. I've been talking to some of the local tradespeople about Cyclone Wilson, and it seems that in addition to this rash of mysterious trips into New York, he's been acting mighty short-tempered of late. Normally the soul of courtesy, in the last week or two he's most snappish.

So I think you'll agree that there's only one possible thing to do. Hold off on this project till I can find out what sort of thorn he has in his paw. Setting this brash idiot Clint loose on him at the moment would be madness. As much as I would enjoy seeing Clint get his comeuppance, for business reasons I'd hate to get him killed.

Come to think of it, the best idea would probably be just to forget the whole thing. What say? Regards,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
YANKEE COACHMAN INN
STAMFORD CONN

GRRRRRRR!
RICHARD L. REED

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OKAY. BUT DON'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'RE SUDDENLY INUNDATED BY A GREAT MASS OF FALLING EMBERS, LIKE POMPEII. I FEEL A DISTINCT RUMBLE AROUND HERE. GEORGE

THE YANKEE COACHMAN INN
Stamford, Connecticut
June 26, 1956
Airmail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Well, what do you know—it was no trouble at all!

Finding out what was eating Cyclone, I mean. I started calling up some of the sports writers I know in New

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Year after year the gentle, kindly figure of Old Grand-Dad has served to symbolize the trust and confidence in the hearts and minds of millions for this finest of all bourbons.

Old Grand-Dad

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100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
A DIV. OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.

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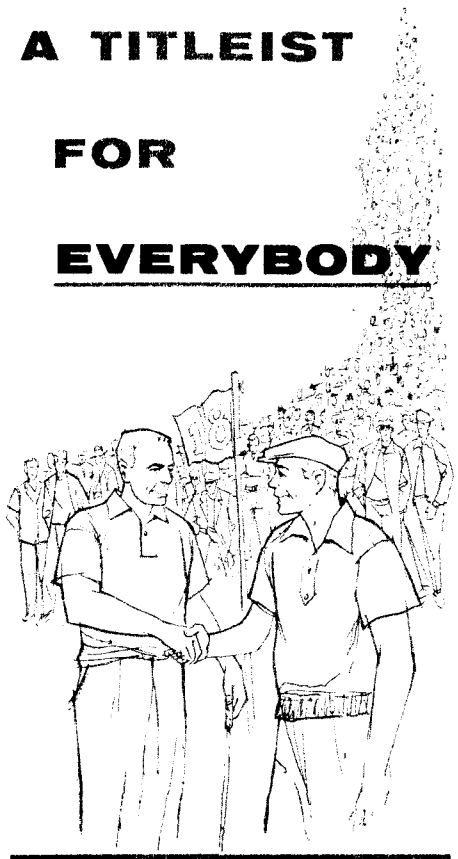
YES,

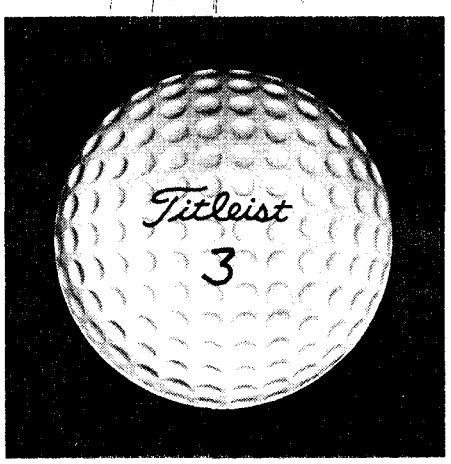
THERE IS

A TITLEIST

FOR

EVERYBODY





Once again Acushnet has *proved* they can do it! In one short season of play the Titleist Red, first introduced in 1955, has won an enthusiastic, tremendous and nationwide acceptance.

The Titleist Red, built for the man who sometimes mis-hits a shot, has the kind of quality that made Titleist the favorite ball in *all* the national tournaments of 1955.

For this type of player we firmly believe that Titleist Red is by far the best, longest and toughest ball ever made.

Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist best suited to your game.

ACUSHNET

GOLF BALLS

Sold the world over through Golf Course Pro Shops only

York, and in no time I had the answer. Cyclone's problem is nothing, just money. It seems he's been scratching around town pretty frantically lately, putting the bite on all and sundry for any available sums of cash, large or small. Just yesterday he was beating the bushes for an additional quick loan of ten thousand. Some highbinder is putting the pressure on him in a real-estate deal he got into, he's used up all cash and credit and he has to raise another ten thousand by Saturday or he's a gone goose.

You know, Dick, that's a surprising thing about famous retired athletes. They can be big men, famous throughout the land, and yet they can find it real hard sometimes to raise a cash quarter. To think that Cyclone Wilson, the great heavyweight champ, could be broke. What a downright shame. Why didn't he come to me?

Because now that I know his problem, I've naturally solved the whole thing for him in no time. First, speeding into New York, I secured a projector and the newsreel films of several of Cyclone's wilder fights—ones where his opponents suffered extensive damage. I ran these for Clint. And in no time after I'd turned off the projector and switched on the lights, Clint had warmly agreed that what we should do is give Cyclone the ten thousand dollars he needs, in return for a guarantee that he *definitely* will not hit Clint back.

And it will cost Clint little or nothing, because with his big new movie contract he can take all or most of the ten thousand off his income tax as publicity expense.

Speaking of perfection, what do you think of that one? I'll hop over and see Cyclone first thing in the morning, inform him that his troubles are over, and set the deal. Hurried regards,

George

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

SORRY, CANCEL LAST LETTER. I WENT OVER PLANNING TO SEE CYCLONE THIS MORNING, BUT THAT MAN DOESN'T LOOK BROKE TO ME. HE'S GOT A PLACE OUT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND THAT COVERS A SQUARE BLOCK. AND EVEN MORE IMPORTANT, STANDING AT THE CURB WAS A BRAND-NEW GARBAGE CAN—BIG DOUBLE-SIZE JOB, BRIGHT YELLOW STRIPE, AS NEW AS A GALVANIZED SPRING JONQUIL. AND DICK, IF THERE'S ONE THING IN THIS WORLD A MAN DOESN'T BUY IF HE'S BROKE, IT'S A NEW GARBAGE CAN. THERE'S MORE HERE THAN MEETS THE EYE. SO LET'S HOLD OFF TILL I CAN REALLY RUN THIS THING DOWN. MAYBE WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY THAT MONEY AT ALL. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
YANKEE COACHMAN INN
STAMFORD CONN

LOOK, PAY HIM OR DON'T PAY HIM, BUT POKE HIM. EITHER THAT, OR SEND ME THE NAME OF ANY LOCAL GIRL SCOUT THERE, POSSIBLY A BROWNIE, WHO CAN HELP ME CARRY OUT THIS HAZARDOUS ASSIGNMENT.

RICHARD L. REED

GEORGE SEIBERT
YANKEE COACHMAN INN
STAMFORD CONN

HOLD EVERYTHING! GEORGE, FORGIVE MY HARSH WORDS. WHAT A LUCKY MAN I AM TO HAVE SOMEONE AROUND TO AID ME WHO IS CAUTIOUS. WHATEVER YOU DO, GEORGE, DON'T GIVE CYCLONE THAT MONEY. DON'T EVEN LEAVE YOUR QUARTERS TILL YOU GET AIRMAIL SPECIAL NOW ON WAY. WHEW. UNCLE DICK

HARMONY PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity

June 28, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative
Harmony Pictures
The Yankee Coachman Inn
Stamford, Connecticut

Dear George:

George, to think that there are people who are trying to get *into* this business! They should be warned.

Allow me to give you the latest. About an hour after dispatching that carefree, insulting wire, I thought that maybe I should check at least the main features of this project with our beloved boss, Lou Bentley.

So I went in, saluted, and what the devil do you think Bentley was doing? Sitting at his simple, gold-plated desk, gazing in reverent awe at an autographed picture of Cyclone Wilson!

I immediately lost all interest in my current minor problems. In this business, any time things take a new turn you first find out what *he's* thinking. So I carefully led Mr. Bentley around to telling me what might be going on at his end—before telling him what was going on at my end.

And what a lucky thing it was that I did. Practically with tears in his eyes, he began telling me how proud he was of this autographed picture Cyclone had sent him. The greatest heavyweight champion we have ever had. One of the greatest sports figures of all time. And here was his picture, autographed by his own hand. . . .

People don't realize how these movie big shots out here can bow down over a kind word from a sports figure. A hello from an employed baseball or football player can just tickle them to pieces. A smile from a pro golfer has been known to send them into a spasm. I have often pondered the reason for this, and it must be their ulcers and all; they just admire a well man.

But as sentimental as Bentley was getting at the moment, it had to have some connection with something *really* sentimental, such as money.

And it did—I mean does. Because with Hollywood showing signs of a prize-fight cycle, currently immortalizing Benny Leonard and Rocky Graziano on film, what could be more natural, as I see now, than that our Mr. Bentley, the farsighted executive, should be deep in secret negotiations for the life story of his own great hero, Cyclone Wilson? Oh, me. The main reason he signed Clint was that after his prowess in that Round 7 play, Bentley's decided that Clint's the perfect actor to portray Cyclone! If we had got Clint publicly clobbered by Cyclone, what an error that would have been.

But even that is far from the worst of it. Because, George, the further fact is that the highbinder who's been putting the financial pressure on Cyclone is none other than Bentley. For months, from well behind the scenes, he's been pulling every string he could think of to work his great personal hero into a temporary box, so that he could buy the film rights to Cyclone's life story at a decent price—meaning for nothing. And just when Bentley finally maneuvers Cyclone into a bind where he has to have another ten thousand dollars or lose everything, you and I, Bentley's own trusted employees, gum up the works! George, if this ever actually happened, and Lou Bentley found out about it, he'd parade our heads down Hollywood Boulevard on pike poles.

So, George, old boy, call off your brilliant financial addition to my project, if you still can. And if you can't, just tell daddy, and then shoot yourself.

Because if you haven't by the time I get there, I will. Yours very truly,

Richard L. Reed

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NOW NOW NOW NOW, BE CALM. LET'S NOT BE HASTY. APOPLEXY IS EVERYWHERE. IT IS INDEED TRUE THAT I HAVE ALREADY SENT THE TEN THOUSAND OVER TO CYCLONE'S HOUSE BY MESSENGER. BUT I'LL GET IT BACK. GEORGE

GEORGE SEIBERT
YANKEE COACHMAN INN
STAMFORD CONN

SORRY I CAN'T WAIT TO GET YOUR FINAL THRILLING REPORT. BUT MY GRANDMOTHER HAS SLIPPED ON MT. EVEREST AND I MUST GET OVER THERE AT ONCE. DICK

RICHARD L. REED
HARMONY PICTURES
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

WAIT, RICHARD, WAIT! EVERYTHING JUST FINE HERE, AS YOU'LL SEE IN TOMORROW'S PAPERS. A FEW LITTLE DETAILS THEY MISSED ABOUT THE FIGHT FOLLOW AIRMAIL SPECIAL. GEORGE

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
New York, New York

June 30, 1956
Airmail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Harmony Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, it's been a busy day. But let's just take things up one at a time.

In the first place, why did I decide that Cyclone did need the money? Because when I went back out to his house to do a little lurking and spying, I discovered that it wasn't his new garbage can at all. It belonged to the people across the street. So Cyclone probably *was* broke. My information had certainly come from enough sources.

So the best thing to do seemed to be to get him the ten thousand, insuring that Clint wouldn't suffer contusions. On the other hand, since Cyclone is a proud man, noted for never engaging in anything even approaching a fixed fight, I decided against seeing him personally about the matter; it could only wound his pride, and might also result in getting my shattered bones hurled out over his garden wall.

There was a better way to do it. I would get Clint to go to his bank in Stamford with me and get a cashier's check for ten thousand dollars, made out to Cyclone—with Clint's name appearing on it nowhere and the bank sworn to secrecy. I would then send the cashier's check over to Cyclone's house by messenger, with a simple anonymous note saying, "This is for whatever happens Saturday—A friend."

Then, this morning, Clint and

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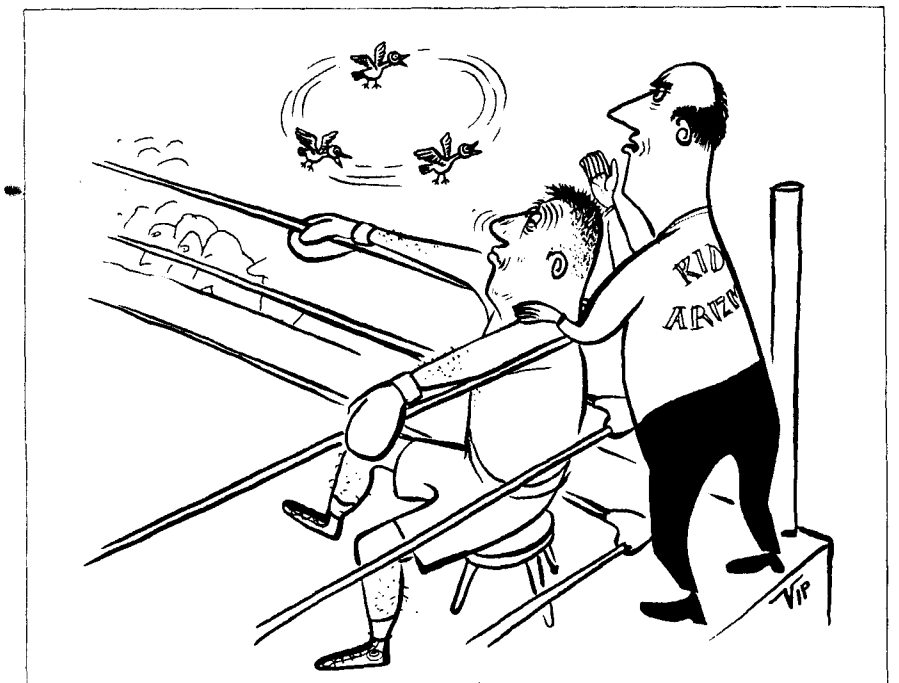

"It's okay, Kid. I see 'em too"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

would catch the same train into New York that Cyclone took, and just before we got to New York—*powie!* Cyclone would be so grateful over the magical appearance of the money, and so confused by the whole proceedings, that he couldn't possibly think of hitting anybody.

A sound plan, I thought, and I carried through on it at once—sending the money over to Cyclone's house yesterday afternoon approximately twenty minutes before receiving your wire saying *not* to. Then early this morning, the deed long done, I got your special delivery with the details. What a way to start a day.

A further problem was that yesterday I had also secretly alerted the wire services to have reporters and photographers aboard the ten-fifteen train this morning.

And furthermore, since I'd talked Clint into sending the anonymous cashier's check, he would have taken it amiss if we now canceled the whole proceedings, with not a chance of his ever getting a dime of the money back.

All in all, a ticklish situation, and I thought rapidly. Unfortunately, the more I thought the less solution there seemed to be. The only possible course of action seemed to be to keep this new development to myself and start down to New York as planned. Cyclone would undoubtedly take the bank draft on into New York with him, so the only thing to do seemed to be to stay close to it. Our plan didn't call for any action till we got almost to New York—and by then maybe I could think of something. To put it another way, I would have to.

And thus we all mounted the ten-fifteen to New York. I found Clint and me a strategic seat four or five rows behind massive Cyclone, and we sat down. I don't know what Clint was thinking about, but I was thinking about how my head would look on a pike pole. A depressing prospect.

Well, all I can tell you is what happened. We were hardly out of the outskirts of Stamford before a tremendous red-faced boy I had never seen before in my life came striding down the aisle, stumbled over Cyclone's foot and asked him what kind of a dope he was not to keep his big feet out of the aisle. When Cyclone started to get up, the guy hit him right smack in the nose—dropping him like a pair of shorts.

And I guess never in the history of the world has a man made such a mistake. Cyclone came up out of that seat like a swarm of bulls and began beating that poor guy around that car like a man trying to kill a dust mop. Offer me a bribe, will you! he roared—*bangety bang bang biffety boom!* He thought this red-faced guy was the party who had offered him the bribe! And in a way it was all my fault.

Well, I couldn't stand by and see an innocent party get killed. So I stepped between them, facing Cyclone. Come now, gentlemen, I said sternly, starting to raise an admonishing hand.

Dick, have you ever been hit by a prize fighter? It's a most astonishing experience. I can now understand the reason for that law. It didn't hurt, exactly; it just seemed to short-circuit everything. Bells started to ring, colored lights came on and then I subsided onto the lap of an elderly lady who was reading The New York Times. She arose, giving me her seat, and there I lay—still able to see and hear to some extent, but incapable of further movement—with an enraged Cyclone, having disposed of the unfortunate Golden Gloves entrant, advancing on me with tooth and claw.

Well, I must say that Clint didn't quail. Faced with a situation that had evidently gone awry, he piled into giant Cyclone without a moment's hesitation. And up and down the aisle they surged, pounding each other like poi. Smaller and more agile Clint, due to the terrain—no pun intended—made a surprisingly good go of it. He wasn't hitting Cyclone too hard but he was hitting him often, and then leaping over a seat before Cyclone could get a clean shot at him—with women screaming, grown men tumbling out of the way, and torn copies of The New York Times raining down like confetti.

But it rapidly became apparent that with all of Clint's leaping about, Cyclone was inexorably working him down toward the end of the car—where, cornered, Clint would receive the thing he had needed for at least fifteen years, a king-size spanking. Which, glorious as the prospect was, naturally wouldn't do at all. The photographers were by now busily recording the scene on film, and I felt that you wouldn't want any front-page pictures of Mr. Clint Bowie across Cyclone's knee.

Fortunately I was beginning to come alive. Making my way unsteadily down the aisle toward them, I climbed quietly onto a seat, took a large suitcase off the rack—we found out later it was filled with dish samples—took careful aim and the next time the entertainment surged by, brought it down on Cyclone's giant head with a crash heard as far north as Boston. Succeeding in calming him.

Then I pulled the emergency cord, and the train and the riot both came to a halt. The reporters clustered around, and the true facts of the case began coming out: Cyclone's receiving of the anonymous bank draft, which he took out of his pocket and displayed to all and sundry, and its violent and now completely natural aftermath. And Cyclone apologized to me and the fallen oak, who was also now coming around, and shook hands with Clint and complimented him warmly on his good footwork and a fine right. All this to a renewed fusillade of flash bulbs.

The only thing that nobody could explain was where in the world the bank draft had come from. Hurriedly clapping a wet paper towel over Clint's bruised mouth, I said that *we* certainly knew nothing about it. We had simply been trying to protect a stray underdog.

And they got the train going again and on we went, *clickety-click,* toward Manhattan. The bank draft still in Cyclone's pocket—disappearing rapidly, you might say, over the horizon.

Then suddenly I got it. Why, of course! Telling Clint to stay where he was, I strolled up the aisle and leaned down beside Cyclone.

Cyclone, I said quietly, I have suddenly realized where that cashier's check came from. I talked to Lou Bentley, my boss out on the Coast, the other night, and he was very unhappy because he'd heard that you needed ten thousand dollars today to pay some sort of little obligation. And he evidently sent it to you anonymously, not wanting to take unfair advantage of you during the negotiations for the film rights to your life story. That's Bentley all over; he may seem all business, but that man has a heart of gold.

At which point I hurriedly put on my hat, not wishing to be struck in a bare-headed condition by a lightning bolt.

You know, whispered Cyclone, that must be it; hardly anybody knew that I had to pay this money today.

And he's going to call Bentley this afternoon and arrange to sell him the film rights at once, with no further argument whatever about the terms. When I even took a chance and told him that Clint would probably portray him in the film, he said my, how nice; he would help us in every way possible.

Because, Dick, it seems that the extra ten thousand I got him will enable him to complete the real-estate deal Bentley lured him into, and he says that he should now make around half a million dollars out of it. What a swell bunch of guys, he said. That's what he said.

And incidentally, the closeness of Clint's brush with disaster has done that boy worlds of good. He's leaving for the Coast first thing in the morning to go to work, and instead of riding his motorcycle out—his original intention—he's coming by plane. He's even talking wildly of buying a suit. With pants to match.

As ever,
George

—HANNIBAL COONS

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says
JACK CARSON
starred in
"Magnificent Roughnecks"
an Allied Artists picture

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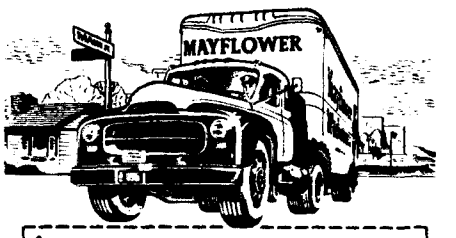

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Out-refreshes them all!

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Is there a finer cooling system under the sun?

Schlitz! So light and refreshing. Whirls lightly through the *thirstiest* thirst.

Schlitz is a well-planned secret. Sympathetic brewing. Skill that brings out flavor with just the kiss of the hops. So well-suited to the modern taste, Schlitz *outsells all other beers* . . . on the beaches . . . in the homes . . . everywhere!

Never, never filling. (Even with charcoal-broiled steaks!)

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©1956 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Family Living

FOOD
FASHIONS
EQUIPMENT
FURNISHINGS
BEAUTY

PLAY CLOTHES THAT WORK

A designer-sportsman comes up with some practical togs

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS FAURER

These bright, beautiful, budget-priced play clothes are a fair sampling of the designs of a surprising young sportsman, John Weitz—well known in the competitive world of auto racing, snow and water skiing, swimming, rugby, ice hockey and water polo. Two years ago, Weitz—pictured above in one of Hal Kelly's fast new Wetback hydroplanes—turned his talents to designing an elegant no-nonsense kind of play clothes that meet with thorough approval from both men and women. You see here—at front and center—striped cotton shirt and tapered pants, $12; hooded cotton-twill duffel coat, $9; and bold-striped cotton beach shirt, $8. All by Amco and sold at Marshall Field, Chicago; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Higbee's, Cleveland; R. H. Stearns, Boston, and Lord & Taylor, New York.

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Batty Beach Hats

The ladies can really flip their lids this summer as milliners elaborate on the lightheaded style (you saw the first symptoms in Hide-and-Seek Hats, Collier's for March 30, 1956). Now, among the mad hatters' practical, eye-stopping designs are a straw-screen window for sun bathers who like to see and breathe while avoiding sunstroke; a shoulder-length straw mane to keep a tender neck from burning; a fake jeweled face on a deep helmet—also ideal for providing the icy stare. Shown here: at left, straw-windowed cone, Bill Hawes, $13. Below, plumed helmet, $25; and, at bottom, huge feathered creation, $27, both by William J. The shaggy fringed swim cap, right, is Kleinert's, $5; and the witch's hat, complete with a long straw mane, Gobbi, $12.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE BARKENTIN

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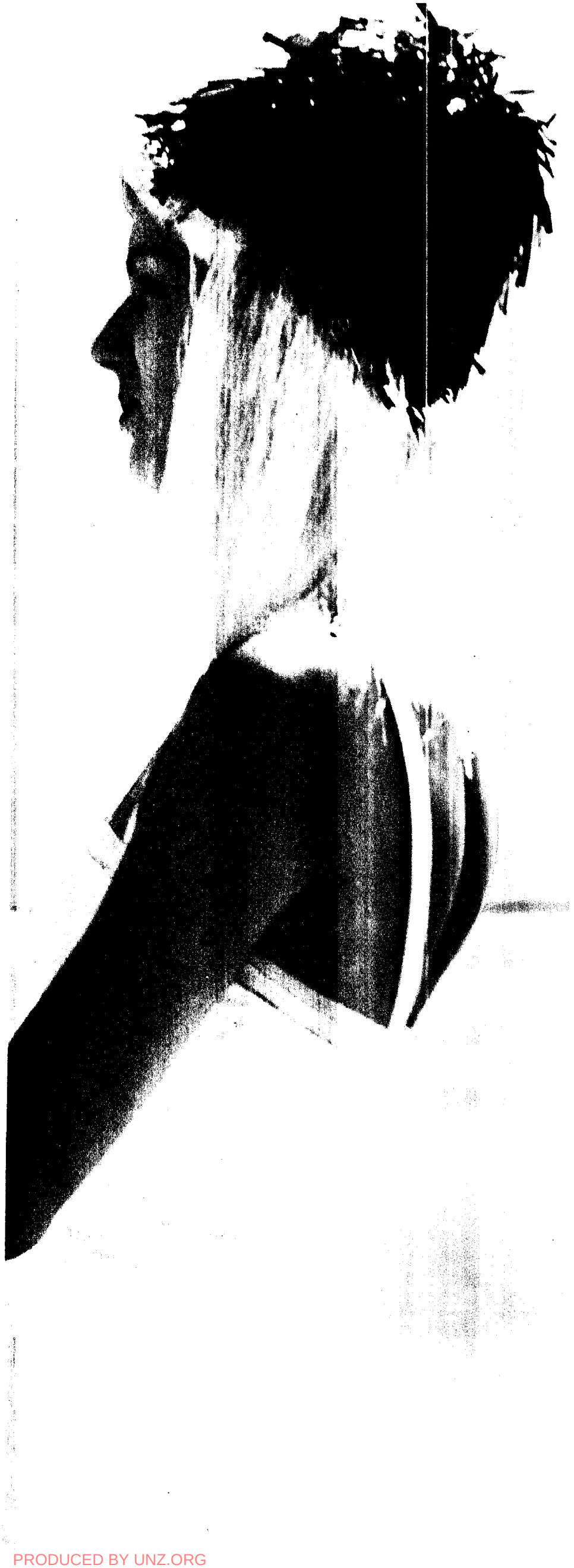

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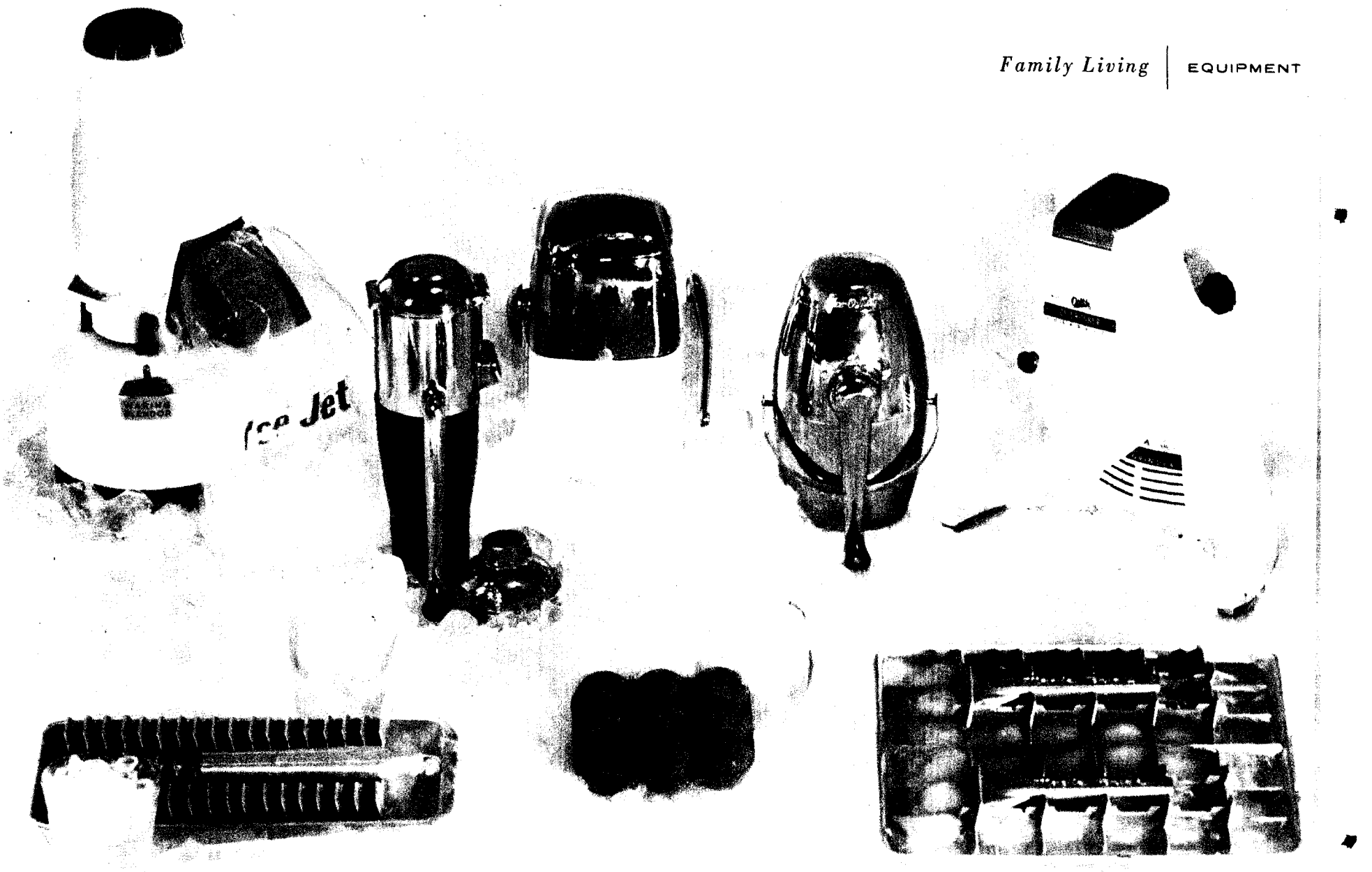

Break it up with the ice crushers in the back row or—feeling artistic?—choose trays like those in front row that create jawbreaker ice balls, miniature cubes or slivers

ICE MAKERS AND BREAKERS

Say good-by to the days of hammering ice cubes—waking the baby, breaking up the house and showering stray children or wives. With gadgets like these, you can have a supply of ice worthy of an igloo dweller

The business of breaking ice has been a hot problem for many a summer and, just possibly, that's the real reason behind the fable that a drink has to be hot to be cooling. Here are ways to scotch that notion and break the ice.

Shown left to right, back row: new ice-crushing attachment (it fits on the base of your Waring blender) crushes ice cubes in speedy fashion. Lift off the red cover, pitch in the cubes, and powdered ice streaks out into the plastic bag attached to the crusher. You can do this ahead of time and hustle the bag of powdered ice into your freezer, if you're expecting a crowd. Waring Ice Jet attachment costs $17. Next is a slim, wall-hanging double-duty ice crusher (Dazey Cocktail Hour Set, $15). Finish crushing ice in this, remove the bottom shaker part, pick up the cocktail cap that comes with the set and you're ready to go. The copper-girded ice crusher, top center, is a sturdy one, needs no installation; just put it down and set the dial for coarse, medium or fine grinding (Rival Ice-O-Mat, $17). The gleaming chrome large-capacity crusher next to it is the kind you hang on the wall, and this sleek giant can crush a half tray of cubes at a time (Rival Buck-eteer, $16). Next, another old friend with a new $10 attachment—the Oster meat grinder's Ice Crusher that fits on the front of the motor and has a handle adjustment to give you a choice of fine to coarse ice.

In the front, from left to right: plastic tray that freezes ice in—of all things—bridge-party shapes (hearts, clubs, etc.) that release easily from tray (Party Tray, 2 for $1). Then, below it, there's a fast-freezing metal tray that fits neatly in your refrigerator and has a lever handle that breaks out a load of ice slivers without waiting or sluicing with hot water (Inland Ice Slice Tray, $3). In front, a tray that makes midget cubes—use them instead of crushed ice for a sparkling drink. Two of these plastic trays stack in the space of one standard tray but take longer to freeze (Midget Cubes, two trays for $1). The golf-ball affairs are a crazy shape for an ice cube but look distinguished in a drink, charm the children and fit nicely in the new tubby glasses. Two rubber Ice Cubo trays, $4. King-size double metal tray has levers that instantly release one or all cubes; it's a work saver (Inland Double Tray, $5). All at Hammacher Schlemmer, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

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More and more young folks——

"88" HOLIDAY SEDAN

——are getting "Olds" ideas!

Their special favorite is the budget-priced 88

They are enjoying their *Holiday* while they're young. To them, it's an investment in distinctive modern living. An investment, like their home, that they can be proud of.

And, their Oldsmobile speaks for them! It has sophistication, success, good taste, and a zest for living written in every clean, functional line. What's more, their youthful vigor is matched by the pace-setting performance of a high-compression 230 h.p. Rocket Engine* . . . together with the solid assurance of *big car* ride and handling ease.

Young folks are discovering they can easily afford an Olds "88" . . . and smart people everywhere are learning that it's an investment that *holds* its value! If *you* are in a new-car buying mood, *now* is the best time to see your Oldsmobile dealer!

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IKE'S HEALTH continued from page 19

In four years the popular image of Ike has mellowed, and it also has changed

ROCCO PADULO

Mr. and Mrs. Tom O'Connell, Chicago Heights, Ill. He says: "He won't run unless he's O.K. and the docs say he's fine." She says: "Nixon gives me a strange feeling. I'm for Adlai"

with at least some good taste—they still might well evoke a boomerang disadvantage to themselves. Should the Republicans refuse to discuss the health of the President—protesting that it is "hitting below the belt," then they, too, are likely to find themselves hurting from the issue.

The real significance of our "before and after" story is the health issue's by-product effect among the key voting groups that could decide this year's outcome. For instance, there is solid evidence among groups who already showed inclinations of being on their way over to the Democrats that the health issue has a definite confirming influence. Here the real breakaways over health are taking place. These people constitute the bulk of the one in 20 defections mentioned earlier as being significant but not decisive in cutting Eisenhower's commanding lead in 1956.

BEFORE THE OPERATION, Midwestern farmers, Jewish voters and some Southern whites were the three groups who showed the greatest signs of moving more heavily Democratic. There were real indications of guilt feeling, however, when these potential defectors discussed the President's health. They took pains to make it clear that they were not switching over the health issue.

Many farmers were angered by what has happened to their income; Jews over the administration policy toward Israel (as a Newark, New Jersey, housewife put it: "Dulles wants to strengthen the free world with arms—all except Israel. Dulles wants peace everywhere—except in Israel. I'll never go for Eisenhower now"); and Southern whites over the desegregation decision (Mrs. Charles Sherrill, of Charlotte, North Carolina, has a husband who lost his maintenance job to a Negro: "That's what the Republicans have done for us on this segregation business. I'm voting straight Democratic this time"). To have attributed their defections to the health issue before June 9th would have been a serious misreading of their politics.

And even today, the health issue is not the real reason for their shift away from Eisenhower. But the health issue now has a buttressing rather than an embarrassing effect. For instance, the Newark housewife now says: "Israel is the number one issue; but health is number two." And Mrs. Sherrill now says, "This segregation is still what has us mad, but now it sounds like they're not telling us the whole story on the President's health."

Perhaps most typical of all, however, was Francis Maher, a cattle-feeding farmer who cultivates his rich, black 250 acres a few miles out of Prairie City, Iowa. Maher voted for Truman in '48, but switched to Eisenhower in '52. This time, he says, he is going to vote Democratic: "I got so fat under the Democrats I thought I could afford to vote for Ike and the Republicans. Now I can't afford it." However, before the President's operation, Maher also said: "If his health is the only thing the Democrats could say about Ike, why I might vote Republican again." Now he has changed and says: "Sure, there's going to be talk about his health and since it's such a big problem I don't blame people for talking about it."

Psychologically, the embarrassment over the health issue for Democrats who were shifting away from Eisenhower has now been relieved.

The Democrats stand to benefit politically from the new health issue in still another way. Trade-union members held their ranks pretty solidly for the Democrats in 1952. It was their wives who went off the Democratic reservation. Under the impetus of the "fair play" argument made by trade-union wives before the second illness, the potential shift among union members was running toward even greater defections to the Republicans. Now the health sympathy argument cannot be expected to work nearly as effectively on these potentially defecting trade-unionists.

On the other hand, the signs of defection for other reasons (mainly surprise over how good economic conditions are under the Eisenhower administration) still remain in this key group, although the trend of the trade-union vote will depend to a large extent on what economic conditions for the third quarter—just before the election—are like.

Among the old and infirm, moreover, the health issue still seems to be giving Eisenhower a political plus he couldn't count on in 1952. His post-heart-attack decision to run gave real encouragement to millions who have worried that they themselves might be put on the shelf due to illness or old

KEN SCARPINO

Tyler Nyswonger, Indianola, Iowa: "This heart attack business is serious because that's a risk even a farmer who is always taking risks with the weather can't afford"

ROBERT MOTTAR

Mrs. Frederick Lockwood, Bridgeport, Conn.: "Anyone who would use Ike's health as an issue is a plain cad. I'm very optimistic he's going to recover. Of course I'll vote for him again"

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age. Typical is Thomas Gaynor, a lathe operator, in Bridgeport, Connecticut: "He can certainly do the job for another fours years. I ought to know what I'm talking about because I've had three heart attacks myself in a year."

Out in Gary, Indiana, Arvid Olson, a retired building-trades worker, took encouragement this way: "I've had a serious stomach operation myself —had four fifths of mine removed, with two operations. It never even bothered me. Why, health isn't even an issue. Ike's operation should make him better than ever. You'll see, he'll live to be eighty or eighty-five."

THE TRADITIONAL APPEAL to the sick and the aged has been to talk about expanding Social Security. Eisenhower has a new issue—the sympathy and inspiration engendered among these people as a result of his initial decision to run after a heart attack at the age of sixty-five. Even today—perhaps more than ever, as this is written—they are hopeful he will say that he is once again available.

But while the health issue still has this positive appeal, there has been a sharp change since the period before his recent operation: now the health of the President is essentially a negative, defensive issue with the Republicans. It hasn't, by any means, put Eisenhower the candidate in an underdog position. But it has given the Democrats a weak point in the Eisenhower political armor.

On the other hand, out of both of Ike's illnesses has come a tremendous increase in the sense of intimacy most people feel about Eisenhower the man. Among nearly all groups, old and young, rich and poor, there was deep sympathy and sadness when the President was stricken, and enormous personal relief when the doctors pronounced him on the road to recovery. It is almost as though he were a close neighbor or a member of the family. Typical was a New Jersey toolmaker: "Just about the time Ike had his heart attack, a close friend of mine had one, too. I'm a lifelong Democrat, you know, but I found myself praying every night for my friend's and Ike's recovery."

The health issue has also altered in some important respects the image the public has of Dwight D. Eisenhower, compared to that of four years ago.

● If anything, today Eisenhower is probably more popular than at any time in his career. He has been a household word in America for well over a decade, but is even more intimately known than ever before. One cannot help but be singularly struck, in interviewing key voters, by the fact that no other person on the political scene today is remotely as well known as Eisenhower. Stevenson has become much better known than he was four years ago. Yet the gap in identification that existed then between him and Eisenhower still remains. And there is no doubt that Nixon, too, suffers greatly from comparison with the President.

● Four years ago Eisenhower was looked on by most voters as a nonpartisan, unifying force in American life. He could have "passed" with them as either a Democrat or Republican and would have been welcomed by either camp as its own. This is still the case. Typical is solid Democrat Spero Skaltsas, a Gary lawyer: "Eisenhower's only mistake was in choosing the wrong party. At heart, he has the Democratic philosophy. In foreign policy, he's not much different from Truman."

● Despite four partisan years in office, he still rides well above the roaring partisan controversies. Secretaries John Foster Dulles, Ezra Taft Benson or Charles E. Wilson may be widely criticized, as they are. But to most, Eisenhower is, above all, a kind of seasoned, wiser arbiter working for peace and prosperity. He is thought to be the man who finally resolves important policy on things that count. As a salesman in Roslyn, Long Island, in suburban New York City put it: "Ike is a major-leaguer. He is a man of stature—honest and fair. He isn't a professional politician. He has nothing but contempt for power politics. He decides on the merits, regardless of whether it's to his political advantage or not."

● Four years ago, many criticized Eisenhower for being inexperienced in government and politics. Today, he is still not known to the voters we talked with as a highly skilled technician in government or politics (except to the professional politicians themselves). He is not known, either, as an especially hard worker. Rather, he is known as a man who inspires confidence on the big things. Typical was Iowa farm wife, Mrs. S. A. Strahan, who said: "Ike's duty is to take care of the main issues, not all the little ones." And for the most part, though hard put to give you specifics, most people will say they think he has proved himself. First-voter Tom O'Connell, of suburban Chicago, has a wife who likes Stevenson. But "there's no doubt about it," he says, "Eisenhower has squared away the situation abroad."

● Four years ago, many criticized Eisenhower for being a military man—they said they didn't think a general should be in the White House. But Eisenhower has since come over to voters as a man dedicated to peace. And what is more, his wartime background, it is thought, will help him achieve it, if anyone can. The wife of a punch-press operator in New York City, a Democratic admirer of the President, put it this way: "He's a military man with experience in the problems of peace. That can't be beat."

● Four years ago, Eisenhower appealed primarily to the essentially nonorganized, almost indescribable political middle. He wasn't liked especially by the extreme partisans of either party. Today he still isn't liked by severe Democratic partisans we interviewed, but he has grown to be idolized by many who four years ago thought Robert A. Taft would be a "real Republican" in the White House. Eisenhower has evoked enormous enthusiasm down the line among organization Republicans. No small part of this, no doubt, is due to his capacity to win elections—something no other Republican in 24 years had been able to do on the Presidential level.

● The real change that the two illnesses have brought about in the political image of Eisenhower, however, is on another level. In 1952, he was looked on as being a vigorous man of integrity, the type who would move right in and clean things up, getting things done. The prevalent feeling then was that "Ike will move with dispatch to get us out of trouble; he'll take care of it." This led some to say that American voters, especially women, had a "father image" of him. Today this has changed to a real extent. Eisenhower is no longer looked on as being vigorous. Courageous he still is, people will tell you when discussing the farm- or natural-gas-bill vetoes. But the image has mellowed. He is now looked on as being more kindly, wiser and, as one voter put it: "kind of a grandfather of the Republic." As Mrs. Louis Hensel, who lives on Rural Route One, Colfax, Iowa, summed up much of the feeling: "He's put the country at ease." This kindly, older and more seasoned image is one not associated with heavy demands on one's health.

What is more, on the health issue itself, time had not allowed the full play of the President's expected recovery from his second illness to take effect. Most people in this country have enormous respect for what the doctors say. Typical is Eugene Sorenson, of Harvey, Illinois. He's an independent, who voted Democratic two years ago for U.S. senator, but is solidly for Eisenhower today. Before June 9th he said: "If the docs say Ike is okay, that's good enough for me." After June 9th he told us: "Since I last talked with you, I was in an auto accident and snapped my neck. But the docs fixed me up fine. So I've more faith in doctors now than ever—both mine and Ike's."

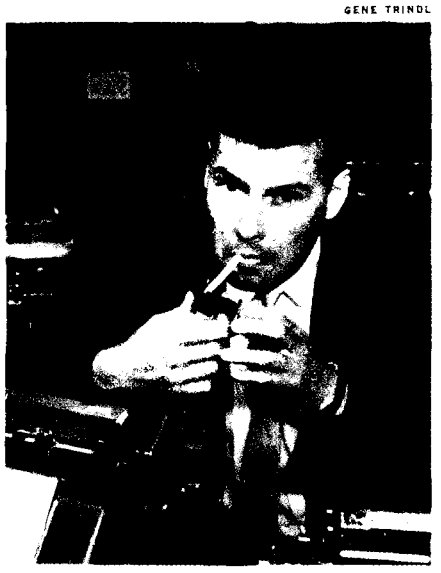
In addition, most believe there has been utter frankness, that the full story of the President's health has been told. Others are certain that the very best medical care is right at Eisenhower's side.

EASILY THE MOST CONVINCING argument to most people, however, is the deep-seated belief that the President would never consent to run were he not convinced himself that he was entirely fit to make the race. Mrs. William Lackrie, of San Francisco, summed it up this way: "I still say leave it up to the President. If he says he's still well enough to run, that's good enough for me." For many citizens, to question such a decision of the President is to question his integrity.

Some of these reasons for not letting the health issue affect their votes next November are, of course, rationalizations on the part of people who are so devoted and dedicated to Dwight Eisenhower that they will bend over backward to support whatever he wants to do politically. Behind it all stands the powerful image of Eisenhower himself.

In many respects, the election more than ever rests in one man's hands. Should the President have a third serious illness, there is no question he probably could not win the election, so fearful would even his ardent supporters be of the consequences to himself of another four trying years in the White House. Wholesale defections would stem from a deep-felt feeling that it would be against the President's best personal interests, as well as from Democratic cries that he would be a poor risk. In a sense, the election now becomes one of Eisenhower vs. Eisenhower. He has now provided the Democrats with an issue where no real issue existed before—the uncertainty over the President's health. But they are also bucking straight into the most powerful political image since Roosevelt—the deep and intimate sense of public loyalty to Dwight D. Eisenhower. However things end up in November, the health issue will be a factor until Election Day—a decisive change from what was true only a month ago. THE END

GENE TRINDL



James Briddle, office-machine salesman, Los Angeles, Cal.: "I think it will be a mistake if the Democrats make health an issue. It's sure to backfire on them"

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When Vik finished brushing Dolly, they left the sand bar and started up the path. I'll never forget what happened a few minutes later

THE HAPPY SUN

By HUGH FOSBURGH

Vik's horse had become his whole life, and we'd had to shoot her. Then Vik disappeared—and I was scared

I WAS sitting on the stoop of my office shack where it was lazy and quiet in the October sun, when I saw Vik, the old Finn, come slouching down the haul road toward camp. Following him, so close her lip was nudging his shoulder, was Dolly, his black skidding mare.

I had been sitting on the stoop for about half an hour, ever since Mark Crosley, the woodlands boss, and Mr. Pierce, the vice-president, had got in their jeep and gone jolting out of camp. As soon as they had left I locked the bottle of medicinal whisky in the cupboard and washed their glasses, and then I sat down on the stoop where I could see the whole layout of the logging camp and the flat, broad stretch of the river. Three black ducks went south, low to the water, and when they got way down to the bend they turned and pitched into the shallows on the far side.

The only person in sight was Ernie, the chore boy, who was sitting in the door of the cookshack, honing that throwing ax of his. Over in the stable Sam was whistling as he put out hay for the evening feed, and every now and then I could hear the horse we called the Widow-maker as he clomped around in his stall.

Behind camp, somewhere off on the flat, I could hear the bulldozer making road in low gear. And beyond the flat, on the hillsides and way back in the valley, the chain saws were going. One saw would come to life with a coughing sputter and settle into a smooth, deep whine, then another would start up somewhere else, and another, so that sometimes four or five would be growling away together. And sometimes there would be lulls when all the saws were quiet, and then I could hear way, way off a man shouting, gruff and deep and melodious, to his horse.

It was good to hear, coming from far away on the still air, the bulldozer and the saws and the man shouting. I have never been prouder or more contented than I was sitting there on the stoop.

This was my first job as camp boss, and I had brought it off. Mark Crosley and Mr. Pierce had just said so. They had come yesterday on their inspection trip. They had been brusque and skeptical and ready to find fault, but they hadn't found any. They didn't even say anything when they learned that Vik was in camp and that he was bunking with me in the office shack.

They found out that the job was running a month ahead of schedule, that

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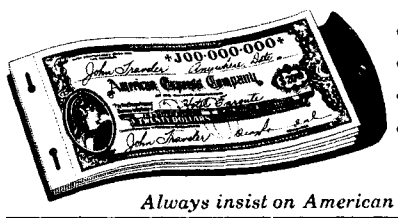

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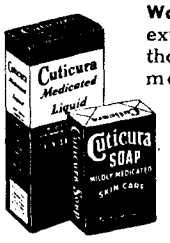

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in another week or ten days the pulp—all six thousand cords of it—would be cut. They saw that the haul roads were almost finished and, what's more, exactly where they ought to be, so that when snow and the freeze-up came we'd be in good shape to start moving the wood. With any luck on the weather we'd have the pulp on the river by mid-March, all set for the spring drive.

They learned some other things that pleased them. They learned that we hadn't had a serious accident to a worker or a major breakdown on the equipment. There had been no fights in camp, no walkouts, no trouble with liquor.

WHEN Mark and Mr. Pierce had found out these things for themselves and to their satisfaction, they went over my books. And when, just a short while ago, Mr. Pierce put aside the books and sat down on Vik's bunk and winked at me, and said that a little drink of that medicinal whisky would make him feel a lot happier about the jeep ride out of this dump—then I knew everything was all right. And when, on the second little drink, he suggested that I get out of this dump tomorrow and go spend the weekend with my wife, then I knew that everything was better than all right.

So when they left I sat on the stoop listening to the far-off sounds of the bulldozer and the saws and the man shouting to his horse, not thinking of anything in particular, just sitting there in the Indian-summer afternoon being washed with a gentle tide of happy sensations—and then I saw Vik and Dolly coming down the haul road.

They were coming out of the woods early, as usual. Vik was shuffling along with that short, stiff-kneed gait of his, and Dolly followed patiently, suiting her pace to his, almost nuzzling his shoulder. It was nice to see them together, the way it is always nice to see two living things that love each other very much and are utterly dependent on each other.

Usually when I saw them together like that it worried me a little. I'd get to thinking about what would happen to Dolly when she didn't belong to Vik any more. But it didn't worry me today; I was feeling too fine to be worried about anything.

When he saw me he straightened up and tried to take the stiffness out of his gait, and his face took on a rapt, self-conscious expression. He didn't look at me as he came into camp. As usual, he didn't want to intrude; he was waiting for the other person to make the first move.

"You're down late, Vik," I said. It was one of the jokes we had.

He looked at me, and his face melted into that wonderful smile that made him look like the ridiculous pictures of the happy sun that you see in children's books. "She not late, Joe. Is just right."

"What have you got Dolly all lathered up for?" (Another joke; Dolly was as sleek and cool and alert as an otter.)

Vik ran a hand over Dolly's ears. "Maybe I work her too hard. You think so, Joe?"

"She'll be foundered if you go on working her like that. How many cords did you make today? Four? Five?"

"We make our one cord." Just for a moment he was serious while he considered the truth of this statement; then he smiled again and said, "Anyways one cord scant. One cord scant for sure, Joe."

I grunted with disgust and Vik, smiling like the happy sun, went off toward the barn, followed by Dolly. They disappeared inside, and I heard Dolly clumping to her stall. Then there was silence for a minute, then more clumping and they reappeared. Dolly was without her halter and harness now, and Vik was carrying the currycomb and brush.

"You go now," said Vik to Dolly, and Dolly went. She lit out through camp at a gallop, veered around the bunkhouse woodpile, went careening down the bank to the sand bar, and splashed into the water.

Vik, coming into our shack for his soap and towel and clean socks, stopped beside me to watch Dolly down there in the water.

"She feel pretty good today, eh, Joe?"

I laughed. "Why shouldn't she?"

He smiled, shrugging his shoulders. "All work, no play, no good." He got his things, then went trudging down to the river. He sat down on the sand, took off his boots and socks, and waded out to stand beside Dolly.

I was watching them when Ernie came out of the cookshack and went sauntering toward the chunk pile. He was carrying that throwing ax of his. Seeing him and knowing what he was going to do, I felt a sudden resentment.

I would have fired Ernie months ago if I hadn't been too busy to go out and hunt up another chore boy. It wasn't his laziness I minded—you don't expect a chore boy in a pulp camp to be a ball of fire—it was the amused, aloof way he acted, as if all the hard work that was going on around camp was a lot of foolishness. And there was that damn' throwing ax.

All he ever did with that double-bitted thing was hone it and throw it. He honed it by the hour, keeping a wicked, razor-thin edge on each blade, and he threw it whenever there was anybody around to watch him. He threw it with a sidearm, horizontal swing that was graceful and infuriating to watch, and he had the timing and aim down pat. I never saw the ax fail to stick in the target wood. He was good with it—too damn' good.

NOW as he sauntered toward the chunk pile I knew he was going to throw it. I watched with sullen fascination as he wound up and sent the ax winging, to land with a solid *thunk* in a block of wood.

I yelled at him, "Ernie, have you got those boxes in the bunkhouse full of wood?"

He didn't bother to look at me or to answer. He just strolled to the chunk pile, picked off a couple of blocks, and went into the bunkhouse.

Down on the sand bar Dolly was having a fine roll while Vik dried his feet and put on his socks and boots. Dolly made it over and back four times with no trouble at all, then heaved to her feet and gave herself a great, ponderous shake that showered Vik with sand. Then she stood there waiting to be groomed.

There was a great stamping and snorting over in the stable and Sam, the barn boss, came out leading the Widow-maker. He held the Widow-maker firmly by the halter at arm's length, so that he wouldn't be stepped on as the horse spooked and capered. Sam kept swearing at him in a bored, exasperated way that made me laugh.

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"Sam," I said, "that's a fine horse you've got there, a great horse. Where'd you pick up that horse?"

The Widow-maker was a joke in camp with everybody except Sam, who, as barn boss, had had the job of selecting the skidding horses. When he picked out the Widow-maker he sure picked a dilly.

NEXT to Dolly perhaps, the Widow-maker was the best-looking horse in camp, a great barrel-chested bay with trim, short legs, a stocky neck and small ears, and very wide between the eyes. But that's as far as it went. He was the last horse a man would want in the woods, because he was nothing but a skinful of nerves and apprehension, the kind of horse that is always on the lookout for devils, and if he can't find one, he'll invent one; the kind that just can't keep four feet on the ground at once. A horse like that is worse than no good in the woods, he's a widow-maker.

I don't know whether this horse was born that way or whether some punk lumberjack had made him that way, and it doesn't make any difference. He was the only spare horse we had, and he was Sam's problem, and Sam was touchy about it.

When I said that thing about the Widow-maker being a great horse and where did Sam get him, Sam stopped, planted his feet, and waited until the horse had skittered in a half circle around him. Then he looked at me. "He'd make eighteen hundred pounds of the best dog meat you ever ate," he said.

"Come off it, Sam. You know we couldn't get along without him."

"Just lend me that gun you've got in the office there, and I'll show you could we get along without him. I'll show you quick."

When I laughed Sam laughed too, and the Widow-maker snorted and flared and high-stepped.

"Come on, jughead," said Sam and he coaxed the Widow-maker off toward the river. Over his shoulder, he shouted, "Just keep your fingers crossed we don't have to use this horse."

They went down the bank to the sand bar close to where Vik was brushing Dolly, and while the Widow-maker acted as if taking a drink was the most dangerous thing a horse could do, Vik and Sam talked. I could tell they were talking about the Widow-maker but I couldn't hear what they were saying until Sam shouted, "That's what *you* think. He's just a jughead."

Then Ernie came out of the bunkhouse and threw his ax into a chunk on the pile.

I yelled across to him, "Ernie, it's four o'clock, damn it. It's after four."

I guess I scared him a little because he left his ax there and went over to the angle iron that hung by the cookshack and hit it with the sledge, four great blows that went clanging out of camp to roll and blend and die among the hills.

Ernie disappeared into the cookshack, and Sam came up the bank, coaxing the Widow-maker to the barn.

Lord, it was nice sitting there. On the bar Vik was brushing Dolly, and way down on the far side of the river the three black ducks were making ripples as they puddled about in the shallows. And back in the hills, the chain saws were shutting off one by one, until there was just one saw going with a persistent angry growl. And finally that saw quit too, and the only sound was the bulldozer coming home in high gear.

I was thinking that tomorrow I'd be with my wife again, and there would be a great many fine things to talk about. We'd drive down to the city and go dancing, and afterward we'd spend the night in a hotel, and on Sunday we'd have breakfast in bed, very late.

The first lumberjacks came straggling down the haul road, driving their horses in front of them, and quickly the camp became a confused, noisy place. The men came in, sweating and almost black from the dust and balsam pitch, each one grunting orders, curt and guttural, to his horse. And the horses slouched along, spraying up the dust, heading with stolid deliberation along the trail that went past the chunk pile to the river.

There were a dozen men with their horses down on the bar now, and the horses were crowding their way into the river to drink, lifting their heads to let the water settle and drinking again, while the men stood behind them holding the lines. Every now and then a man would get impatient with the time his horse was taking and shout and jerk the lines. Then the horse would wheel about and jostle ashore.

Amid this swarming hubbub, Vik kept on brushing Dolly. One by one the men left him there and hurried their horses up the path, wanting nothing but to get the horses in the barn where they could forget about them, wanting nothing but to wash and eat and smoke a pipe and go to bed.

The camp was quiet again and the men were at the washtubs over by the bunkhouse, when Vik and Dolly left the bar and started up the path to the barn. Vik came first while Dolly straggled behind to crop a few weeds.

I was planning to joke with Vik about the sleek way that Dolly looked, but suddenly over by the chunk pile, Dolly gave a surprised jump and nipped at her off flank, then trotted after Vik, nipping at her flank again. Instead of making the joke, I yelled, "Hey, Vik, your horse got stung by a bee."

VIK hadn't noticed what had happened, and he didn't understand when I yelled at him. He looked at me and saw me pointing, and then his eye caught Dolly nipping at her off flank. He went back to help her with the bee, going to her off side so that all I could see were his legs.

I was still smiling, amused at Dolly's predicament, when one of the men over at the washtubs let out a shout and pointed at Dolly. Instantly, all the men spun from the tubs to look, and that was when I knew something was wrong.

I went to see. At first I thought it was water that was glistening on her belly, and then I saw it wasn't water. Then I ran around her, to Vik's side, and saw the red slash two feet long that went from just back of her ribs to her hindquarter.

I yelled the first thing that came to me, "What the hell did you do to her?"

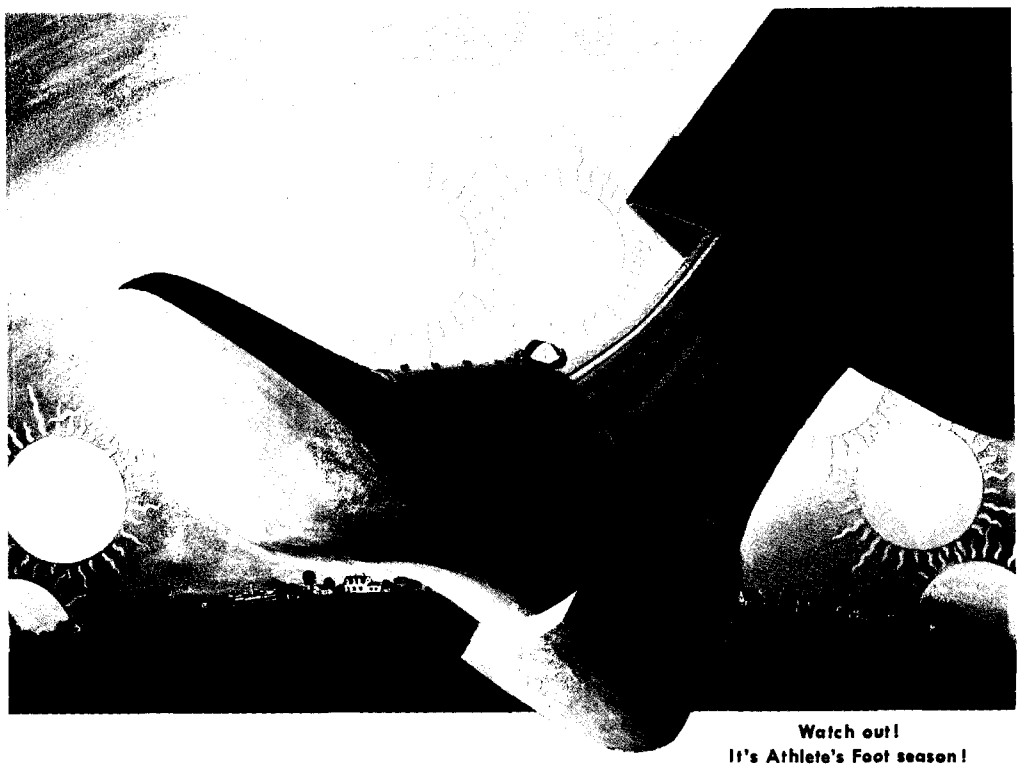
Vik glanced at me as though I'd lashed him across the face. He didn't say anything. He had both hands on Dolly's head, trying to keep her from nipping the flank. All the men had come up to look.

"Get Sam," I yelled. "Get Sam quick." I knew what Sam was going to say but I wanted him there anyway. I wanted him to be the one to say it.

I stood beside Vik while he held onto Dolly with both hands, desper-

It's dangerous to neglect

Athlete's Foot



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ately, as though her life depended on his not letting her bite the flank, and then I couldn't stand to stay there doing nothing, waiting for Sam. So I followed Dolly's blood trail back to the chunk pile. Sticking sideways in the chunk, right where I'd last seen it, was Ernie's throwing ax.

I was too stunned to be angry. I looked for Ernie and saw him lounging in the door of the cookshack, smoking a cigarette, watching the scene with aloof amusement.

THEN Sam came on the run. He took one look at Dolly. He said, "What in the name of—?" and looked at Vik, and learned nothing from Vik because Vik was wrestling doggedly with Dolly's head, and looked at me.

"Get her out of camp," he said, "quick. Get her out before she lies down."

Just for a moment we all stood there, and then Sam was yelling, "Get a rope to lead her with. Somebody get a rope. Quick."

Half a dozen men ran to the barn for a rope.

I stripped the belt out of my pants. "Here, use this," I said, and Sam grabbed it and slapped it around Dolly's neck. Vik stood back, numb.

"Giddap," Sam said to Dolly, and he pulled on the belt. Then louder, "Giddap, *giddap!*"

Maybe it was the urgency in Sam's voice that confused Dolly, or maybe it was the wound—or that she wasn't used to anyone but Vik. Anyway she balked. She wouldn't move.

Then Vik went to stand beside her head, taking the belt from Sam. "Get her moving," said Sam. "She's going to lie down. Get her out of here before she lies down."

Vik put a hand on her nose and said, "Come on, Dolly, we go now," and took a tentative step, and Dolly took a step too, and slowly they walked through camp toward the haul road. They stopped for a moment to make way for the bulldozer coming in and started again.

I was watching them go, still too stunned to feel anything, when Sam said to me, "Get the rifle. Get me that damn' rifle," and together we hurried to my shack.

I unlocked the cupboard and snatched out the rifle. I jabbed a shell into the magazine and started to put in another. Sam said, "One's enough, damn it," and tried to grab the gun from me, but I got stubborn and said, "You'd better take two. You'd better make sure," and jabbed in the second shell.

Sam cursed, and snatched the gun and went running down the road after Vik.

Every man in camp watched Vik and Dolly, and Sam running after them with the rifle, and the only sound was the bulldozer engine over by the tractor shed. Louie, the driver, was standing beside it, so I went over, still not feeling anything.

"Go out there and dig a hole," I said. "Dig it deep," and he got back in the seat and went clattering out of camp in a billow of dust.

Then we stood there waiting, until presently, much sooner than I expected, we heard the shot, and I kept on standing there, thinking vaguely that it couldn't be as bad as I imagined, as completely final—and then my eyes came to light on Ernie, lounging in the door of the cookshack. I guess I went crazy then.

I started across, and as I went the rage built up inside me like a thunderhead, but there was enough evil, scheming guile in me to make me walk slowly and keep my eyes on the ground so that Ernie wouldn't get scared and run.

The first he knew was when I gave him an openhanded clout on the side of the head that sent him reeling onto the floor of the cookshack. Then I had him by the belt, half carrying, half dragging him across the campgrounds toward the chunk pile.

I didn't say a word, and I didn't know what I was going to do with him until I saw the pool of blood where Dolly had been standing. Then I came uncorked.

"Do you see that?" I shouted. "Do you see that blood? Do you see it?" I tripped him up and gave him a shove that sent him sprawling in the blood, then I was mashing his face in it, then I had him by the belt again, dragging him to the chunk pile.

I grabbed the throwing ax out of the chunk and shook it in his face. "Do you see this?" I shouted. "Do you know what I'm going to do with it?"

I HAD no idea myself what I was going to do with it, but I could see Ernie thought I was going to kill him, and that pleased me. Then suddenly I knew what I was going to do with it. I gave it a great underhand heave that sent it sailing up out through the air to land with a small splash in the river. Then another inspiration struck me, and I had hold of him again, dragging him to the blacksmith shop. I grabbed up a shovel and slammed it into his hands. "Do you see this shovel?" I said. "Do you see it? Do you know what you're going to do with it? Do you?"

Ernie thought he was going to dig his own grave with it.

"Do you hear that bulldozer out there? Do you know what that bulldozer's doing? Do you? It's digging a hole. It's digging a big hole. It's digging a big hole. And do you know what you're going to do? You're going to fill it in with this shovel. Do you get that?"

Ernie got it.

"Get going," I shouted. "Quick. Run."

Ernie ran.

"Run, damn you. Fill that hole if it takes all night. Run."

Then, standing there by the shop, watching him scuttle out of camp, and aware for the first time of the silent men over by the bunkhouse, I felt my rage drain away to disgust, and I knew that I hadn't changed things or helped them one bit. There was still Vik.

Now he was coming back down the haul road, and he was carrying the rifle. We all saw him coming, and we all did the same thing. The men filed into the bunkhouse, and I ducked out of sight in the blacksmith shop.

Through the window I watched him shuffling along, almost trotting, looking straight ahead at nothing. He went into our cabin and disappeared.

When I finally got up the guts to go in there, he was sitting on his bunk staring at the floor with the rifle across his lap. He didn't seem to know I had come in, not even when I put a hand on his shoulder. "Poor old Vik," I said.

It didn't get to him, so I just stood there holding his shoulder. After a while I said, "Vik, I'm sorry. I'm very sorry."

He moved like a man stirring in his sleep, but then he was lost again.

In a minute, I tried again. "It's my fault, Vik. I shouldn't have let him have that ax."

He stirred again, and mumbled, "Is nobody's fault, Joe."

I took the rifle out of his hands. I thought of locking it back in the cupboard, but instead I hung it by the lever on a peg. Then I sat down on my bunk and looked at him.

"Vik . . .?" He didn't hear. "Vik . . .?" He looked up, saw me there, and looked down again. "Vik, you can have any horse in the barn. Take your pick and it's yours."

He had to try very hard before he could answer. "Is all right, Joe."

"Or I've got a better idea," I said. "I'm going home tomorrow. You come with me and we'll go down to Sullivan's. Mark Crosley told me Sullivan just got in a carload of horses—Canadian horses. You come with me and take your pick. What do you say, Vik?"

He didn't say anything for quite a while, and then he said, "No matter. Is all right, Joe."

So I just sat and looked at him, and I was hardly aware of the bulldozer when it came clattering back to camp. Finally, desperate, I got out the medicinal whisky and poured two drinks. I touched Vik's hand with one of the glasses. "Try this, Vik," I said. "It might go pretty good."

He started to refuse it, then reconsidered, and I knew he was taking it just to please me. "Thank you, Joe."

He sat staring at the floor and forgot about the glass in his hand.

"Try a little, Vik," I said. "It goes pretty good."

He didn't want it but he took some just to please me.

The angle iron clanged for supper, but Vik didn't hear it, so we just sat there. Through the door I saw the men file out of the bunkhouse and head for the cookshack.

I went over and put a hand on Vik's shoulder again. "Supper, Vik," I said. "You coming to supper?"

"You go eat, Joe."

I rocked his shoulder with my hand. "Poor old Vik," I said. "You're going to be all right, aren't you, Vik?"

"Is all right, Joe."

He looked up, trying to show me he was all right, and just for a second there was a glimmer of a smile, but then he couldn't make it come and he looked down again.

I put the bottle of whisky on the table beside him and went over to supper. It was a silent meal.

When Sam got up from the table I followed him outside. "Sam," I said, "did you shoot that horse or did Vik?"

"Vik," said Sam.

IT WAS a long night. When I went in after supper and saw him lying on his bunk staring at the ceiling, I knew he was still lost and that nothing I could say or do would get to him.

I stripped to my longjohns and lay down with a book. But I didn't read, I just lay on the bunk. I knew I wasn't doing any good lying there like that, but it didn't seem right to ignore Vik by reading a book.

So I lay on the bunk, waiting for something that I didn't expect to happen, and my eyes wandered about the dimly lighted cabin and came to focus on the rifle, hanging there on the peg. I wanted to get up and lock it back in the cupboard out of sight but I knew that Vik would see me do it and that it would stir up the memory of what he had done with it, so I left it there.

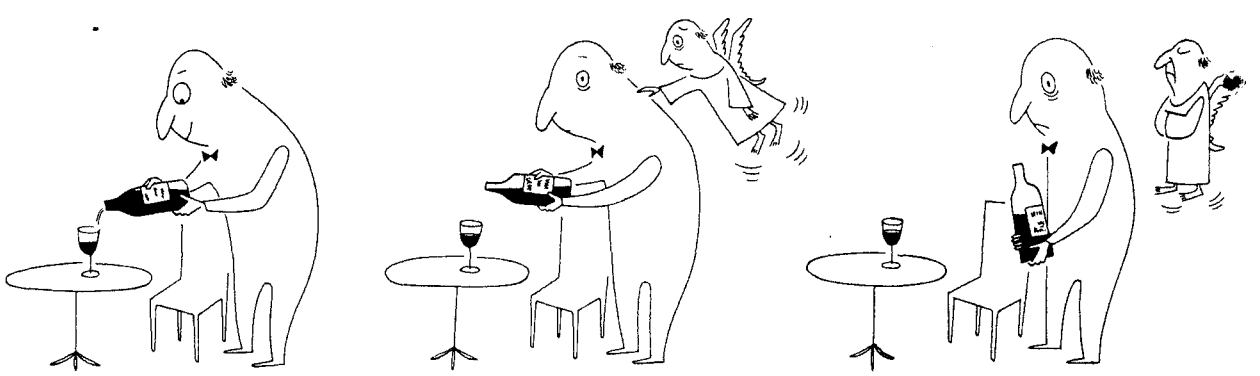
For a long time I was conscious of every sound and movement that Vik made—his slow, even breathing that was sometimes interrupted by a deeper breath; of the way, about every half an hour, he made the ponderous, painful effort to shift and recross his feet, one over the other. And when I looked over and saw those unblinking eyes staring at nothing, I wished he would start to cry or do something, anything, that would show he was alive inside.

He didn't, and gradually my mind relaxed and wandered, and I was back to that winter night, years ago, when I first got to know Vik. . . .

It was in the bunkhouse of the company's camp on Coldwater Lake, and it was about two o'clock in the morning.

CLEAR CONSCIENCE

BY TON SMITS



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I had come the day before as replacement for a man who had broken his leg. I was eighteen, on my first job away from home, and I was a newcomer among a gang of swarthy, veteran Canucks who didn't speak English.

We went to bed at dark, and sometime after midnight I woke up, wide-eyed and slept out, and then I lay on my bunk, and there was just the pale light from the lantern over by the chunk stove, and the sounds of men sleeping —which are the loneliest sounds in the world—and the long, long time before daybreak.

And then from the bunk nearest the stove, this round-faced squat little man got up. He put a chunk on the fire, then went padding to the water pail to fill the pot; then he put coffee in the pot and set it to boil. He did all this without making a sound.

He must have caught my eyes in the lamplight, because suddenly we were looking at each other very intently. I guess I smiled first, because quickly his whole round face lit up in welcome and he was beckoning with one hand.

What happened then happened every night that winter. Vik and I had coffee together. I sat on the chunk box and Vik on the end of his bunk, waiting for the stuff in the black-crusted pot to boil. Then Vik doled out four spoonfuls of sugar in each cup and poured the coffee. It was the blackest, bitterest coffee I ever drank, and the best.

After Vik had poured the coffee he got his needles and yarn and began to knit on a sock, knitting slowly and with great patience, and I sat on the chunk box, smoking and sipping the coffee. We didn't talk at all, but every now and then Vik would look up from his sock and we'd smile back and forth at the conspiracy we had together against the dark hours and the sleeping men.

DURING working hours too, I saw a good deal of Vik as his cutting area was next to mine, and very often we yarded and bucked our wood close enough together so that we could see each other and call back and forth. Sometimes I'd see him sitting on a stump taking it easy, and I'd call over to him, "On your feet, Vik. You don't get rich that way," and smiling, he'd call back, "All work, no play, no good."

Even in those days he was satisfied if he made a cord of wood a day—and even then he had precise, slow-moving, old-man ways. But he had the best-trained horse in camp. It was just a run-of-the-mill company horse when Vik took it over, but within a month it was the only horse in the barn that went to work without a bridle or lines to guide it. Vik just spoke to it and the horse did what he wanted.

On stormy days when we couldn't work in the woods—bad, aimless days in a logging camp—Vik passed the time knitting socks and reading his book of religious stories. The book was in Finnish so I don't know exactly what they were about, but judging from the size of the print and the pictures, they were children's stories, mostly about the Virgin and the Christ Child. It was a great effort for Vik to read them. His forefinger would move along under the line he was reading, and his lips formed each word. It would take him a long time to finish a page and turn it.

ONE day a photograph dropped out of the book and I picked it up for him. I asked, "Can I look at it, Vik?"

He hesitated, then nodded.

There were six people in the picture, and one of them was a young powerhouse of a man, obviously Vik. I pointed at the man, laughing. "You, Vik?"

Vik smiled, not too happily. "Some different from now, eh, Joe?"

"Are these your people, Vik?"

He hesitated again, then, very reluctant, not smiling at all, he began to point at the figures. "My daddy here, this one my mudder, my two seester here, thees one, what you call her? My sweetheart."

I wanted to drop the talk right there, but I couldn't. "Where are they now, Vik?" I asked.

"Nobody live now, Joe. They all gone."

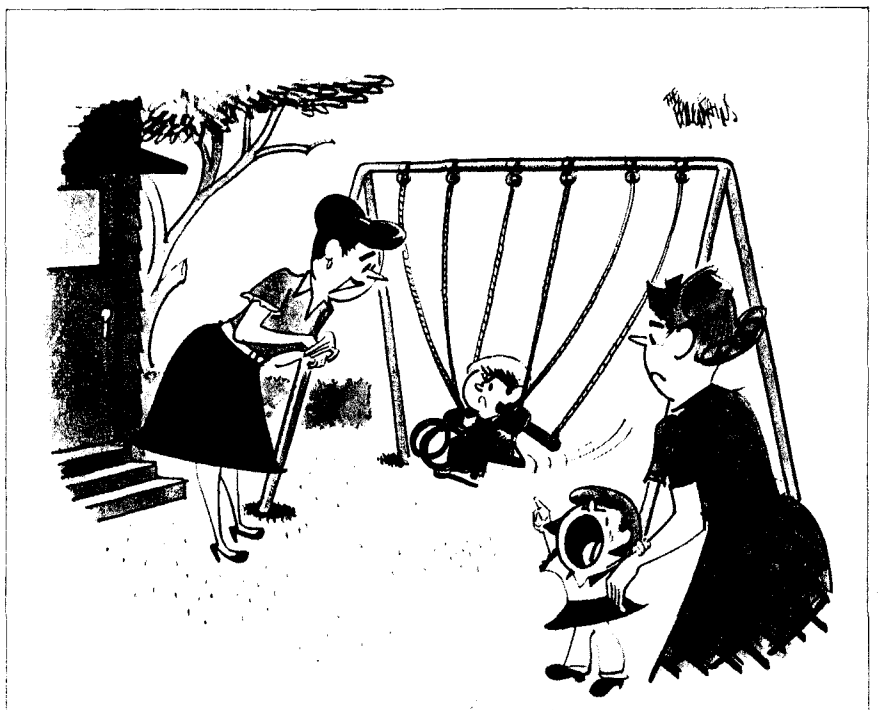
The camp broke up that spring and I went to forestry school, so I didn't see Vik again until the following summer, and then I got the surprise of my life. He was married. His wife was a widow who had worked as camp cook on Vik's winter job.

The change in Vik was something to see. He looked ten years younger and six inches taller, he couldn't get that smile off his face, and he was working like crazy to put up a cabin for his wife.

A year later Vik had twin daughters; and he was so damn' happy it was frightening. When I stopped to see him, he did more talking in an hour than I'd heard during that whole winter we spent together. When he stopped talking about his family, he showed me the cabin and made me see how tight and snug it was for winter, and then he showed me the kerosene stove. He was really proud of that stove. It was so much more dependable than a wood stove, and his wife wouldn't have to stoke it all the time when he was working in camp.

The next summer I was scaler in the same camp with Vik, and he was making three cords of wood a day, which was a lot of wood in those days before the chain saws.

I didn't see too much of him because we didn't have that early-morning coffee together. Vik slept right through to the getup gong; and he always went home Saturday night.



"Now, Sweetie, I know it's brand new, and that you're very fond of it, but, Honey, Debbie is *company!*"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

One Sunday morning he appeared in camp with his daughters. He had carried them in, ten miles, in a pack basket, just so I could see them, and that afternoon he packed them home again. He was back in camp the next morning at breakfast, ready to make his three cords.

I got married that fall and went into the Army, so that was the last I saw of Vik for almost four years. But sometime during the first winter I was away my wife wrote me the awful news of him. He had gone home one Saturday night during a bitter cold spell to find his wife and children dead, asphyxiated. It was supposed that his wife had turned the kerosene stove too high, or that the damper hadn't worked right or something.

As soon as I got back I heard a little about Vik from the company men. They had kept him on for a couple of years, but finally they had had to turn him loose. They were trying to streamline their woods operations, they said, trying to cut down on their manpower, and Vik just didn't fit in. They couldn't make him use a chain saw, they said, and the way he worked he cut hardly enough wood to carry his board. They told me he was boarding at the Miller farm and working on odd wood jobs. They said he had this black mare. They said I'd hardly recognize him.

They were right about that. When I went to the Miller place he was sitting on the porch reading his book of religious stories, and he didn't look up when I slammed the car door. I went up the steps; and then finally he looked at me. I knew that the face with the sagging lines and the pensive, puzzled eyes had to be Vik's, and yet. . . . And then he knew me; and suddenly his face was smiling that smile, and he was the Vik I used to know. And when he took me to the barn, and I saw him and Dolly together, I knew right away how things were between them.

After that, for the next couple of years, I didn't see much of Vik, because I was working for the company and he wasn't. Every three months or so I'd stop at the Miller farm to say hello. He didn't seem to change much.

Then in March I got the job I wanted. The company made me boss of the summer camp. I rounded up a crew and got set to go into the woods as soon as mud season was over. Then one day Vik came to see me.

AT FIRST I didn't think he had anything particular in mind. We drank coffee and shoptalked a while, and then suddenly he asked the question. "How you like for me and Dolly to come work for you?"

"You and Dolly?"

"Yah. We make wood for you." There was a tense smile on his face.

I said, "Vik, we're all lined up. We've got the crew."

"Is all right," said Vik, and I knew it wasn't all right.

"The bunkhouse is full," I said. "We're all lined up."

"Sure," said Vik. "Is all right." He was trying to smile to show me it was all right.

I heard myself saying, "Hold on. Let me think."

"Is all right," Vik said. "I find plenty work, Joe."

"Hold on," I said. "I've got an idea." I began to laugh as the idea blossomed into a plan. "You can bunk with me in the office shack. How would that be?"

Vik didn't want any favors. "I guess no, Joe."

"Yes," I said. "You bring Dolly, and you bunk with me."

Vik shook his head.

"Yes," I said. "On one condition."

"How's that, Joe?"

"You make coffee in the morning

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and knit me some socks? How about it, Vik?"

"I do that," said Vik, and then we were laughing at this great new conspiracy that we had together.

That's how Vik came to be in camp, and that's how, now, he came to be lying on the next bunk, lost in a well of silence.

IT WAS a long night. I dozed off finally, not for long, and when I awoke it was cool in the cabin, and the lamp was guttered down. I could see Vik's eyes reflecting the pale light. I dozed again, feeling guilty about it, and when I woke up abruptly, it was cold and pitch-dark in the cabin.

I lighted another lamp and set about rebuilding the fire. I could feel Vik's eyes on me; but when I looked at him he didn't recognize me. I pulled his boots off and pulled the blankets over him, and he said, "Thank you, Joe," from far away. I lay down again.

I lay there waiting, not for anything to happen, because nothing was going to happen—not for daylight, because daylight wasn't going to help—just waiting.

And when I couldn't lie there any longer I got up and made coffee in Vik's pot and set out the mugs and sugar. When the coffee erupted over the stove, I settled it with a cup of cold water and filled the mugs. I put a mug on the table beside Vik.

"Here's coffee, Vik."

"Thank you, Joe," he said. He didn't move.

"Sit up and drink the coffee, Vik."

Obedient, very stiff, he swung to a sitting position on the side of the bunk. "Thank you, Joe."

So we had coffee together as usual, but there was no friendly, silent conspiracy. There was just silence.

At five o'clock the angle iron clanged out. Dreading the day ahead, I started to shave and get dressed.

Then the angle iron clanged again. I looked to see if it had made an impression on Vik. It hadn't.

"Breakfast, Vik? You want any breakfast?"

"You go eat, Joe."

"I'll bring you some," I said.

So I went to breakfast, and when Sam told me that Ernie had high-tailed it out of camp I didn't give a damn. I just ate in a hurry, got a plate of ham and eggs, and went back to the cabin.

Vik was standing by his bunk looking at me, and I saw right away that he had shaved and brushed his hair.

"You say you go home today, Joe?"

"I don't know," I said. "I haven't decided yet. Why?"

"If you go, you take me out. Is all right?"

"Sure, you bet. I'll take you."

"Thank you, Joe. When you leave?"

"Any time you're set to go," I said.

"Any time you say, Joe. Any time is all right."

I wondered where he was going and whether he was coming back, but I laughed, trying to make a good thing of it. "What are we waiting for?" I said. Then I turned away from him and went through the motions of getting my things together while I tried to think.

"Vik, do you want your money?"

He didn't answer for a moment. "I guess no, Joe."

I felt better. His not wanting the money meant he intended to come back. "You sure, Vik? You've got a lot of money coming to you. You've got about seven hundred dollars."

He considered again. "Maybe you give me twenty buck, Joe. Maybe I get some new clothes."

I wondered why he wanted the new clothes—he had two good, serviceable sets already—but I laughed anyway. When he didn't smile back, I unlocked the strong box and gave him twenty dollars.

It was seven slow miles, mostly over corduroy and mostly in low gear, to the hard road, and we didn't speak the whole way. Vik sat rigid beside me, clutching the door of the pickup—the way all people do who haven't driven much in cars—and stared ahead through the window. I concentrated on driving, making a real job of it, and kept putting off asking where he wanted to go. I thought probably he was going to the Miller farm or to Grainger's in town for his new clothes.

When we came to the hard road, I started to turn right as usual, but Vik surprised me. "I get out here, Joe," he said. "I go other way."

I braked to a stop. "You're going the other way?" The other way went only a couple of miles to a small settlement. I couldn't figure why Vik wanted to go there.

"Yah, I take that road." He had the door open and was climbing out.

"I'll take you. Do you want me to take you?"

"No, Joe. I walk."

I could see he wasn't going to tell me anything. He was just waiting for me to leave. "I'll pick you up tomorrow," I said. He didn't answer. "I'll be going in late in the afternoon. About six o'clock."

He started to say something, then looked at his feet.

"I'll pick you up at Miller's. All right?"

He looked up at me. "I let you know," he said. "Is all right, Joe?"

I said, "Sure," and then there was nothing else to say so I drove off, leaving him there.

A minute later, it came to me where he intended to go. Half a mile up that road was the graveyard where his family was buried. . . .

My wife and I didn't have the fine, happy time that I had imagined. Right away I told her about Vik, and after that he was never out of our minds.

On the drive to the city, I told her about the pulp job, and Mr. Pierce's inspection tour, and the things he and Mark had said, and I tried to make it all sound wonderful.

How was Vik ever going to snap out of this thing?

"What will he do without Dolly?" asked my wife.

"I don't know," I said.

We checked into a hotel, then went into the lounge for drinks, and I tried to listen while she told me all the things she'd been doing.

What is Vik doing while you're sitting here drinking?

"Where do you think he is?" she asked.

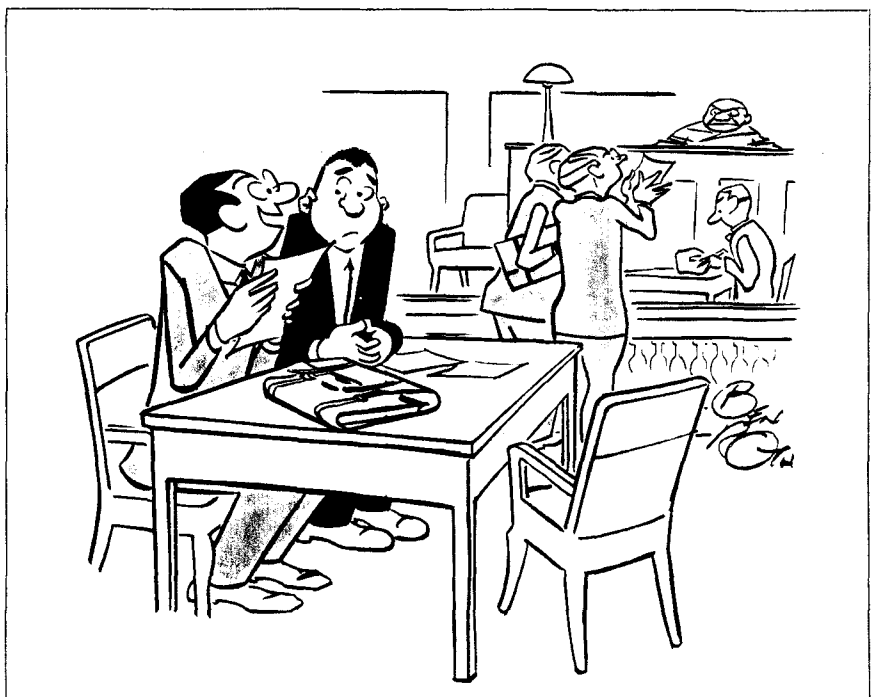
"I don't know," I said.

In the restaurant we ordered a great ten-dollar meal and more drinks, and talked about the possibility, in a couple of years, of starting a logging business of my own.

Why did he want those new clothes? Why didn't he want all his money? Why was he so vague about where to pick him up?

"Joe, he wouldn't do anything . . . I mean, you don't think he'd—"

"I don't know," I said.



"The law of averages is in your favor. I'm due to win a case"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

THEN we went to a night club and ordered more drinks and danced and gave up trying to talk.

There must be something you can do. There must be.

"Joe, why don't we drive home and find him?"

"That's a good idea," I said.

We didn't talk much driving back.

"We'll probably find him at Miller's," I said.

"He's probably sound asleep there," said my wife.

"Probably."

He wasn't at the Millers'. It was after midnight when we got there and the house was dark, and it took a lot of pounding on the door and hallooing before old Charlie Miller opened an upstairs window.

He was suspicious and very stupid from being waked up that way, so it took an infuriating time to find out that Vik wasn't there and that Charlie hadn't seen him in three months. "What do you want him for?" shouted Charlie.

"Nothing particular," I said. "I just wanted to see him," and got out of there before he could ask any more questions.

I drove down the road a ways, and stopped. "Now what?" I said. I hadn't thought beyond looking for him at Miller's.

"What about his own place?" asked my wife. "Would he go there?"

"He might." So far as I knew, he'd never been back there since his family died. "That might be where he'd go."

The front door of Vik's cabin was locked, so I went round to the woodshed to try the back door. There was a porcupine squatting against it, gnawing the sill.

I went back to the car. "He's not there," I said.

"Maybe he's in some bar," said my wife. "Do you think he might be in some place getting drunk?"

"I doubt it," I said, "but we'll see."

It was Saturday night, so almost every lumberjack within thirty miles was in town putting on a load. But we didn't find Vik; nobody had seen him.

When I'd been into the last bar we sat in the car for a minute. Then without saying anything I started out of town for the graveyard. It was peculiar driving out there. It was as if the whole business were a crazy nightmare and I'd wake up in the morning feeling washed-out and foolish. I guess my wife felt the same way.

WHEN we got to the graveyard I parked the car so that the headlights shone across it. Then we got out and stood there, surveying the place. There were just the stones, white in the headlights, and the black shadows they made and, low in the eastern sky, the first gray of dawn.

As we picked our way among the stones to the place where Vik's family was buried, I kept flicking the flashlight about, probing the shadows, and that nightmare feeling almost made me dizzy.

"He's been here," said my wife. "Look." She took the flashlight from me and let the beam rove slowly over each of the three graves. On each one was a bunch of flowers. They were wild purple asters, the kind that bloomed late in the fall in overgrown, weedy places. The frost had long ago browned the leaves but the pallid, sad little flowers were still there.

"Hunh," I said and took the flashlight and probed the whole cemetery. Then suddenly I heard myself yelling, "Vik," then again, louder, "Vik," and then a third time.

We waited until the echoes of my voice had died away in the night, and then we left that place and went home.

We had coffee and went to bed with the sun coming up, but I didn't even try to sleep. It wasn't a question any more of where he had gone and what he had done with himself. It was a question of where he had gone and *how* he had done it. Where and how? How and where?

The answer was there, logical and plain to see if only I looked at it, but for hours my mind kept skirting it, passing it by, and then, in a sudden instant, I was looking at it, looking square at it: the rifle. It was there on the peg in the cabin, and there was a cartridge in it.

I got out of bed and began to pull on my clothes.

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"Where are you going?" asked my wife.

"To camp. I think maybe he went back to camp."

"What makes you think that?" She was sitting up now. "Why would he go back there?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's the only place I can think of. Maybe I'm cockeyed."

"I'll get you breakfast."

"No, go back to bed. Please go back to bed. I'll get some when I get there."

I GOT there just before noon. It was warm and hazy and breathless, the way it had been for three days, and a Sunday quiet hung over the camp. At first I didn't see anybody; then I spotted Sam and two Canucks. They were on the bank over by the chunk pile, looking down at the river; and when I got out, slamming the door, they turned to see who it was.

I yelled across to Sam, "Have you seen Vik?"

He didn't answer. He just waved for me to come over, then he turned toward the river again.

Impatient, a little sore that he hadn't answered, I hurried over there. "Sam, have you seen Vik? Is Vik in camp?"

This time he didn't have to answer. Vik was down there on the sand bar with the horse we called the Widow-maker. With one hand, he was holding the Widow-maker by the halter, while he combed the mane with the other.

I made sure I wasn't dreaming; then I said, "I can't believe it."

"Something, isn't it?" said Sam.

I felt drunk. "When did he get here?"

"Don't know. Sometime last night," said Sam. "He was in that fool horse's stall when I went to feed him this morning."

"I don't believe it," I said. "Is he all right?"

Sam shrugged.

I went down to the sand bar. Vik didn't know I was there until the Widow-maker let out a snort and shied to the length of the rope. "Hello, Vik," I said.

He half smiled, as if he didn't know whether or not I was going to give him hell. "Hello, Joe," he said.

Then he turned his attention to the Widow-maker, taking in the rope and talking to calm him down. I waited until the Widow-maker had made up his crazy mind that I wasn't a devil. Then I said, "What do you think you're doing, Vik?"

He looked at me again with that precarious smile. "I make friends with Spooky."

"Spooky?"

"I name him Spooky. Is good name for him, no, Joe?"

"Sure. It suits him all right."

He turned back to curry the mane again and looked at me over his shoulder, frowning. "You worry about me, Joe?"

"What do you mean, worry?"

"I think you worry."

I felt very drunk. "Why the hell should I worry about you?"

He was facing away, combing. "I come to your house yesterday afternoon, but nobody home. I come to say I walk back to camp. Is nobody home so I come back anyways." He was combing very intently. "Is nothing out there for me, so I come back." He peered over his shoulder at me. "I'm sorry if you worry, Joe. Is all right?"

"Is all right," I said.

SAM came up beside me, and we watched Vik comb the Widow-maker. Vik paused to look at us, and there was that tentative smile again. "You think the company let me have Spooky, Joe?"

I turned to Sam. "Sam, do you think the company can make out without this horse?"

"They can make out without the fool horse or they can make out without Sam," said Sam. "They can take their pick."

Vik put a protective hand on the Widow-maker's ear. "Spooky is good horse," he said.

"Sure," said Sam, "sure."

"You wait to see." Vik was dead serious. "He make good horse."

"He's all yours," I said.

"You wait to see, Joe. He make good horse. We make our one cord. We make our one cord easy." He turned to rub the Widow-maker's neck, rubbing it with long, smooth strokes, while he considered the truth of this statement. "Well anyways, we make one cord scant. One cord scant for sure."

When he looked at me, the veil of fog had lifted and the sun was shining again.

—HUGH FOSBURGH

"Charlene, there's a certain *describable* something about you I like"

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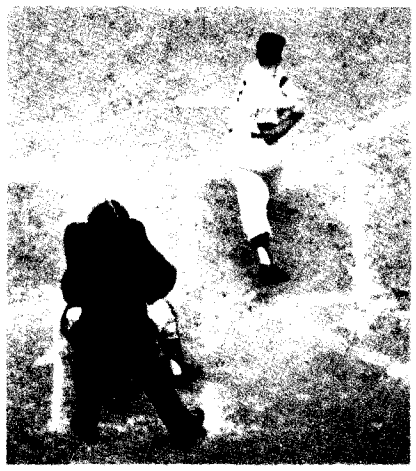
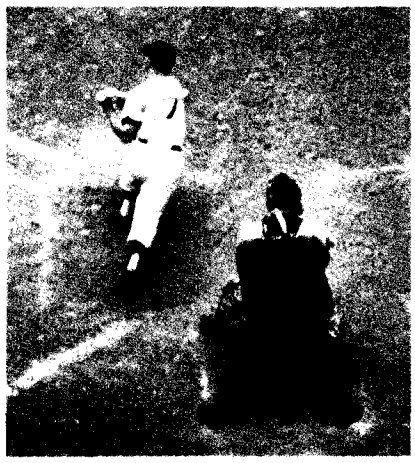
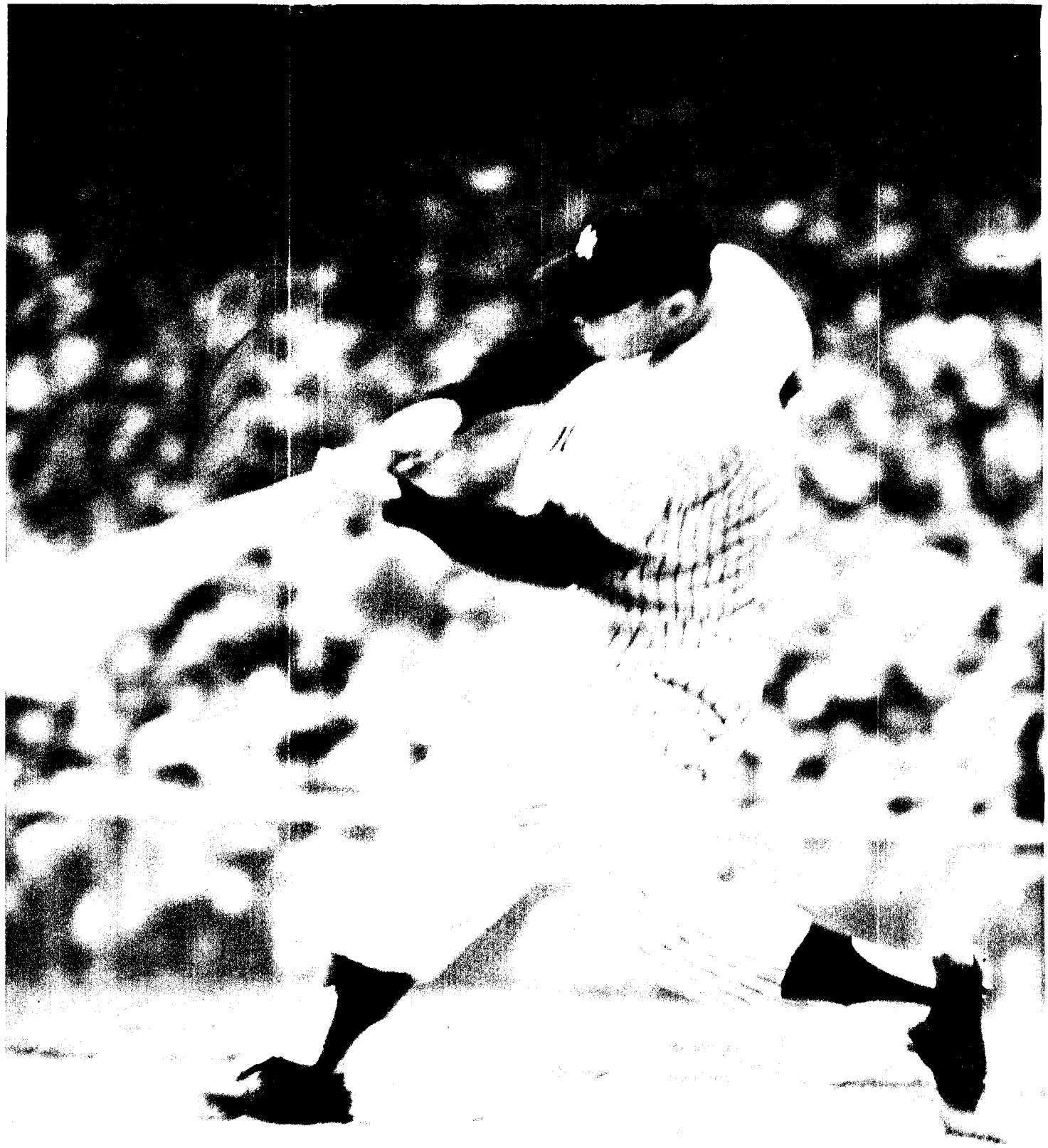
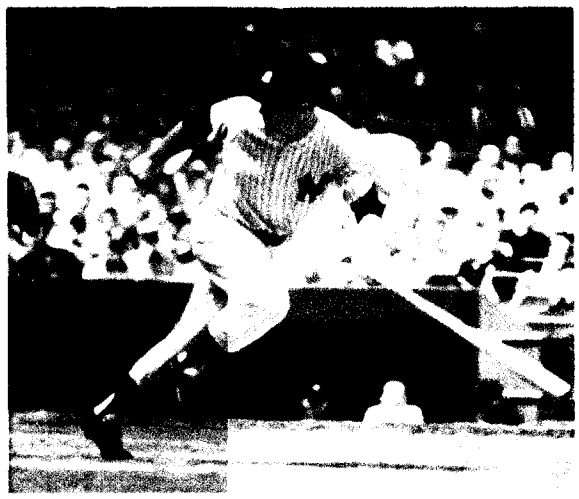






Mickey Mantle always had power ("He gets wrists, forearms and back into the ball"); this year he's learned to make the pitchers come to him



What the big leagues are talking about—Mantle at the plate getting hits left- or right-handed (top left); his jump to first to beat out a grounder (above); rounding third base after he "loses one" into the stands (right)

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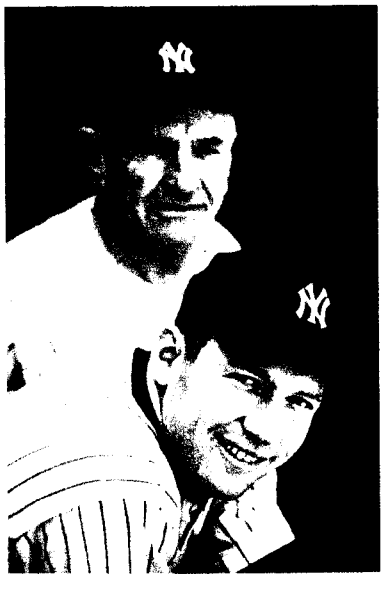

AS CASEY STENGEL SEES

MICKEY MANTLE

The Yankee manager, who knows "the young fella" best, tells in Stengelese (with English subtitles) how and why he is growing up to be baseball's Man of the Year

By TOM MEANY

Mickey Mantle, the switch hitter who is electrifying baseball fans everywhere and electrocuting the New York Yankees' opposition, is the most talked-about player in baseball today. And the man who talks the most about Mickey is his manager, Casey Stengel, who has been a nonstop conversationalist ever since that day in 1910 when he started to play and manage his way to the top of the big leagues.

Whether his baseball wanderings took him to Tokyo or Brooklyn, Stengel has never needed an interpreter because he speaks Stengelese, a language which is his own but is also international. You may wallow in a sea of irrelevancies with Casey because of his affinity for pronouns and his aversion to proper names, but he'll eventually put you ashore with solid baseball information, usually about the Yankees in general and Mantle in particular.

Stengel's loquacity is fortunate because Mantle is a sort of Oklahoma Calvin Coolidge. Mickey is more friendly, less shy than when he joined the Yankees five years ago, but no more articulate. Conversationally, Mickey has reduced baseball to its fundamentals—they throw the ball and he hits it; they hit the ball and he catches it.

But, led by Stengel, just about everyone else in the American League is talking overtime about the emergence of Mantle as a star this year. The consensus is that the potential was always there, that, physically, Mickey had everything right from the beginning and all he needed was to learn the subtleties of baseball and gain confidence and control of his natural shyness.

Stengel will describe by the hour Mantle's natural power at the plate ("He hit one into those upper right-field stands in Detroit. Seats were flyin' round for five minutes"); and, for another hour, Mickey's speed on the base paths and in the outfield ("The boy can fly"); then, if you're still with him, Casey will go into Mantle's over-all quickness and coordination. "You gotta appreciate the boy's reflexes. You see he don't wear a helmet when he bats. How often do you think he's been hit with a pitched ball? (The records showed only three times in his first five years.) Now, that's because he's so quick up at the dish. It ain't that they don't throw at him. They do and at his feet, too, 'cause they'd like to pop him on that bum knee. But he's too quick.

"I would hafta say," continues Stengel, "that DiMaggio is the greatest ballplayer which ever played for me since I been in baseball. Because why? Because he had it made before I ever managed him. I didn't have to tell him [DiMaggio] anything, but this boy [Mantle] is only a kid and that doesn't mean he can't go out and break records. And maybe he will. But I'll say one thing. He [Mantle] is the best switch hitter I ever saw. You don't find many fellas with tremendous power from both sides of the plate, which he has shown he has. Like, twice he's hit homers from both sides of the plate in the same game (in Detroit in 1955 and in Chicago in May of this year).

"Or like in Pittsburgh, which Ruth hit one outa there and maybe a coupla other fellas, too, and they got some good hitters in that league [National], don't forget. But Mantle did it, too, and he played only two games there, which was exhibitions at that."

Stengel isn't the only baseball observer with pertinent comment on the mighty Mantle. Before returning to the gray professor, here is what other sages have to say about Mickey.

Mickey, on the word of Yankee coach Bill Dickey, is a bigger man than Jimmy Foxx was when that massive slugger first came up in the 1930s. "Mickey has strong wrists, powerful forearms and a back that a heavyweight champion wouldn't be ashamed of," Bill says.

"The more clothes he takes off, the bigger he

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Mantle at ease off the diamond. Above, leaving stadium, he signs autographs. Below, a chat with roommate Billy Martin on sidewalk before hotel

Mantle's muscles are a livelihood and a lament to him. Above: the back "a heavyweight champ would be proud of"; left, before every game he bandages right leg from shin to thigh to hold in pulled ham muscle in thigh, pulled muscle behind knee and to support knee. Knee was dislocated in the '51 Series, was operated on for strained ligament in 1953 and to remove cyst in 1954. Mantle is injury-prone, slow to heal

gets," according to Billy Martin, Mickey's roomie. "You know, he wears a 17½-inch collar.

"And," Martin continues, "he feels surer of himself now. When he first came up, he was so shy he wanted to run away from people. Mick is still shy, but at least he doesn't run away and hide any more.

"And at the plate, he has great co-ordination. He gets wrists, forearms, back and everything into the ball at the moment of impact."

Baseball is too complicated a game to be taken by storm even by a player with Mantle's physical talents, and learning its finer points has brought Mickey into full bloom this year. For instance, the way he now studies enemy pitchers.

YOGI BERRA, the Yankee catcher, who kneels in the batting circle while Mantle is hitting, has watched Mickey carefully. "He is more confident now," says Yogi. "Mick has found out that he can make the pitchers come to him with the pitch he wants, instead of chasing after the pitch they want him to hit."

Two of the American League's greatest hitters, Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio, agree that the biggest single factor in Mickey's 1956 improvement is that he's not chasing bad pitches.

Learning the strike zone sounds easy but a player often takes years to do it; and it's the one thing that can revolutionize a hitter. As Williams puts it: "The most important thing for any hitter to learn is that he must respect the strike zone."

Does Ted, the last major-leaguer to hit .400 (.406 in 1941), think Mantle has a chance to crack that mark?

"Absolutely," replies Ted. "Mickey has everything going for him. He has the speed to beat out bunts, so they can't play him too deep, and the power to drive it past them if they creep in on him. He bats both ways, so you can't play him in any particular field. And he has Yogi Berra hitting behind him, which means the pitchers can't put him on base without leaving themselves open to two runs instead of one."

"Williams is right," says Casey. "This boy has the chance to be a .400 hitter, especially when he has fellas behind him which will help him."

DiMaggio, who preceded Mantle as the Yankee center fielder, elaborates on the points made by Berra and Williams. "Mickey has grown up," Joe observes. "It takes some players longer to arrive than others. He has learned to pick out the ball he wants to hit. His real test will come when he goes 4-for-0 a couple of games in a row. If he doesn't press and try to hit bad balls, there's no telling how far he may go."

Whether Mantle hits with more power right-handed or left-handed remains a fiercely debated question around the American League. Sherman Lollar, the scholarly and hard-hitting catcher of the White Sox, believes Mickey is tougher left-handed. "At first, I thought he was more dangerous hitting from the right side, because he didn't strike out as much that way, but that jump he gets from the left side makes it almost impossible to throw him out on a ground ball that isn't hit right at an infielder," says Sherm. "On the other hand, when Mickey bats right-handed, he's rough on even as good a southpaw as our Billy Pierce. You've got to overpower him now. You can't get him out with junk stuff, and he has learned to lay off the bad pitch."

DICKEY AGREES in part with Lollar. "Mick used to strike out more left-handed," explains Bill, "because he would bite on that high, inside pitch and try to uppercut it into the seats. He finally has learned to make the pitcher come to him."

Charley Dressen goes along with Dickey about Mantle's selectivity at the plate. "When I was with Brooklyn in the World Series," the Washington manager says, "Carl Erskine used to make a sucker out of Mantle batting right-handed. He'd start him with a curve on the knees, inside. Then he'd pitch just on the plate between his belt and his letters to get him going. Mantle'd keep fishing the higher the ball went. He doesn't do that any more. I guess Casey finally drummed it into him to make the ball be in the strike zone. Erskine struck him out four times in one Series game, but he'd have a tough time doing it now, the way Mickey watches the ball."

Mantle's own appraisal of his switch hitting (provided in four sentences) contrasts weakly with Stengel's (offered in four paragraphs):

Mickey was talking about a game with Baltimore in which a right-hander ran a three-two count

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"When he hits one, the seats fly for five minutes. In the field, he can outrun the lively ball"

on him, and manager Paul Richards called for a southpaw. Mickey went back to the bat rack and changed weapons as he switched from the left side to the right. What about changing bats?

"I guess I use a lighter bat hitting left-handed than right-handed," Mickey admits. "I use a 36-ounce bat right-handed and a 32-ounce bat left-handed. I feel I can pull through the ball better with a lighter bat. I have no special preference in bats and just use whatever one happens to feel good to me at the time."

The debate on which way the switch-hitting Mantle constitutes the biggest menace is one which never fails to delight Stengel. "Tell ya how it is," says Casey, with an outrageous wink. "There's some say he hits with more power right-handed and others say, 'No, he does it left-handed.' Can't make up their minds, which I personally hope they never do because, to tell you the truth, I don't know myself. Which way he's the most dangerous, I mean.

"Now, he's a natural right-hander, except at the plate. He throws, shaves, eats and writes right-handed. Now you'd think a fella'd be bound to have more power one way than another, wouldn't you? But with this kid, I dunno. If he hits better one way than another, he must be making mistakes the other way, wouldn't you say? But is he?

"Now some say he strikes out more left-handed, but when he hits right-handed, he doesn't beat out the slow rollers that he does left-handed, so therefore, where's the advantage? In other words, what's he losing by hitting right-handed?

"Some say he should hit right-handed because he has more power that way and in Washington, for criminey's sake, he hit one out of the whole park, which fellas never saw before and they had been playing there since it was built, hadn't they?"

STENGEL STILL WORKS on Mantle to make him the perfect ballplayer, but he prefers to approach it slowly.

"Now early this year, Cleveland beat us a couple of times because they got Mantle to hit into a double play against a left-hander," explains Casey. "He was hitting right-handed and I can see what [Al] Lopez is figuring. They pitch him outside and he tries to pull the ball and where does it go? Bang! A bullet to the shortstop. Bang! Bang! And it's a double play. Now I know he's trying to hit that ball in the left-field stands. But supposin' he just leans against it and tried to hit to right field? I could work with him out here for just a week, and I bet he's shooting line drives into the right-field corner, and into the stands, too, hitting right-handed."

On Kansas City's second visit to Yankee Stadium this year, manager Lou Boudreau threw up a defense against Mantle when the bases were empty which involved shifting six of his players so that Mickey, batting left-handed, couldn't hit through center and right center as he usually does.

Stengel views such shenanigans coldly. Says Casey: "A shift will confuse him, maybe, but don't forget that fella [Boudreau] can't put a guy in the lower tier and another in the upper tier, can he? And that's what he'd have to do to stop Mantle. And supposin' Mickey was to switch from one side to the other between pitches? Them players would be exhausted running back and forth, wouldn't they?"

And then Casey takes off hit-and-running on another phase of Mantle.

"With all his speed, you would think now he would steal more bases, wouldn't you? There isn't any sense in stealing when you have fellas which can hit the ball out of the park, which most everybody does nowadays, such as 50 home runs being hit by all the clubs on Decoration Day.

"You don't have to steal with Mantle, because you've seen him go from first to third, and from first to home, too, as far as that's concerned, which he does faster than anybody playing ball today. And he'll break up that double play for you, too, like he did that day in Detroit when he didn't slide in feet first, but went in sideways and hit the guy [Jim Brideweser] with his chest."

IN THE GENERAL WELTER of batting statistics, Mickey's improved fielding is overlooked. Not by Stengel, however, who overlooks little on a ball field: "Didn't you think he made a great catch on that fella in Chicago? The ball was hit past him and he just caught up with it. And he did against that Kileen [Kaline] in Detroit, too, all the way out at the flagpole in center.

"Everybody used to talk about Tris Speaker, how when he was playing with Cleveland and being in so close and everything, how he could go back and get a fly ball. 'He actually outruns the ball,' they used to say. Which he did all right, but Speaker was outrunning the dead ball. This boy outruns the lively ball."

It was Stengel who changed Mantle from a shortstop to an outfielder when Mickey joined the varsity in 1951. "The kid is jumping five classifications at once," recalls Casey, "and going into a strange position. If he can make it, he's a wonder." And it was even so. Mantle had played shortstop for Independence in 1949 and for Joplin in 1950. Opening day of the American League season in 1951, he was at Yankee Stadium, playing right field alongside of DiMaggio. It was Mantle's first major-league game, Joe's 1,621st.

"I first saw the boy at a school which the Yankees ran in Phoenix in early 1950," Stengel says. "We had all kinds of infielders there, like McDougald, who was a second baseman then, and Coleman, who was my second baseman in the World Series, and Martin, who was a shortstop then. This kid is just standing behind 'em all in practice, like a scavenger, being timid and just shagging balls which gets away from the others. He kept his head down, like his shoes was gonna fall off or somethin' and blushed when you talked to him.

"Being so shy wasn't remarkable, seein' he was only eighteen, but if he wasn't fielding balls, what could you tell about him? Finally we have sprint races and Mantle wins all the time, looking back over his shoulder to see what was keepin' the others. And also he hits the ball out of sight, right-handed and left-handed, just like he does now."

When the Yankees trained at Phoenix in 1951, Stengel decided to gamble with Mantle as a big-league outfielder: "I had Rizzuto at short and you couldn't ask for anybody better than that little guy then, could you?" argued Stengel. "And besides, how did we know how much longer the big guy [DiMaggio] was going to play?

"The first thing I had to teach Mantle was to run in the outfield, looking back over his shoulder, which DiMaggio was so great at, and not run looking down at the ground. 'They have no plowed fields up here, boy,' I tell him, 'and you don't have to run and watch out for furrows at the same time because this is the big leagues and the fields're all level and they have groundskeepers and everything.' So now he does that and makes catches which would surprise you.

"Now Mantle throws like a shortstop then and we have to correct that. He had a strong arm from short, except on double plays when he had to throw with a man coming at him and sometimes threw over the first baseman's head. I took him out in the outfield and taught him to lift up his left leg and lean back, like a pitcher, so's to get leverage.

"One of his first throws goes clear into the stands, so I have to tell him. 'We don't want to see how strong you are,' I say. 'Just learn to throw the ball in on a line, so an infielder can cut it off to trap somebody, or let it go through if there's a chance to catch the front man.' "

Granting that Mantle's greatest single improvement as he heads toward the fulfillment of the big year that has been predicted for him ever since 1951 is control at the plate and his refusal to hit at bad pitches, Stengel believes Mickey also deserves credit for his physical courage.

"Thing too many people overlook about him," says Casey, "is that he's been doing all he has been doing this year as a cripple. He still hasta have his right leg bandaged before every game, and then he pulled a muscle on the back of the same leg under his knee, which was so sore you couldn't touch it. And that knee he had operated on a few years ago, after he fell over like he was dead in the World Series, still bothers him. So he's doing a great job for the Yankees without really being in the shape to do it, but he is, so you can't take anything away from him."

Gus Mauch, the Yankee trainer, who trained professional football teams before coming to baseball, is amazed at Mantle's fortitude. "I've seen plenty of athletes play when bandaged up, but nobody like Mickey who has to be bandaged constantly," says Mauch.

Mantle is massaged by Mauch before each game and usually tapes himself, unless he has picked up a new injury in a spot which he can't reach, in which case Gus does the taping. The daily bandage Mickey wraps himself in extends from low on his right shin to the top of the thigh. It is bound so tightly that the marks of it are plain an hour after it has been removed. Because it hampers circulation, Mickey never takes batting practice before a double-header, taping up just before the first game. Batting practice and a double-header would entail over six hours in wrappings, and Mantle would be numb before the day was done.

WHEN MANTLE CLEARED a concrete wall outside the right-field fence of Kansas City's Municipal Stadium a few weeks ago, Joe Collins, his teammate, gazed at him in awe when the players pulled away from the park in the team bus.

"His swing is so perfect and his power is so great," said Joe, "that he hit that ball over 400 feet, right off his fists. A good hitter—and I mean a good hitter—considers himself to be going well to hit one 350 to 375 feet when he gets the fat part of his bat on it."

Road-secretary Bill McCorry, standing near Collins, said, "I predict Mantle will be the first player ever to hit a fair ball out of Yankee Stadium."

The players laughed, believing Bill to be making jokes, and about a week later, Mantle hit the top of the façade in right field, a foot or two below the roof.

McCorry was wrong in his prediction by some 18 inches, but the season isn't over yet. THE END

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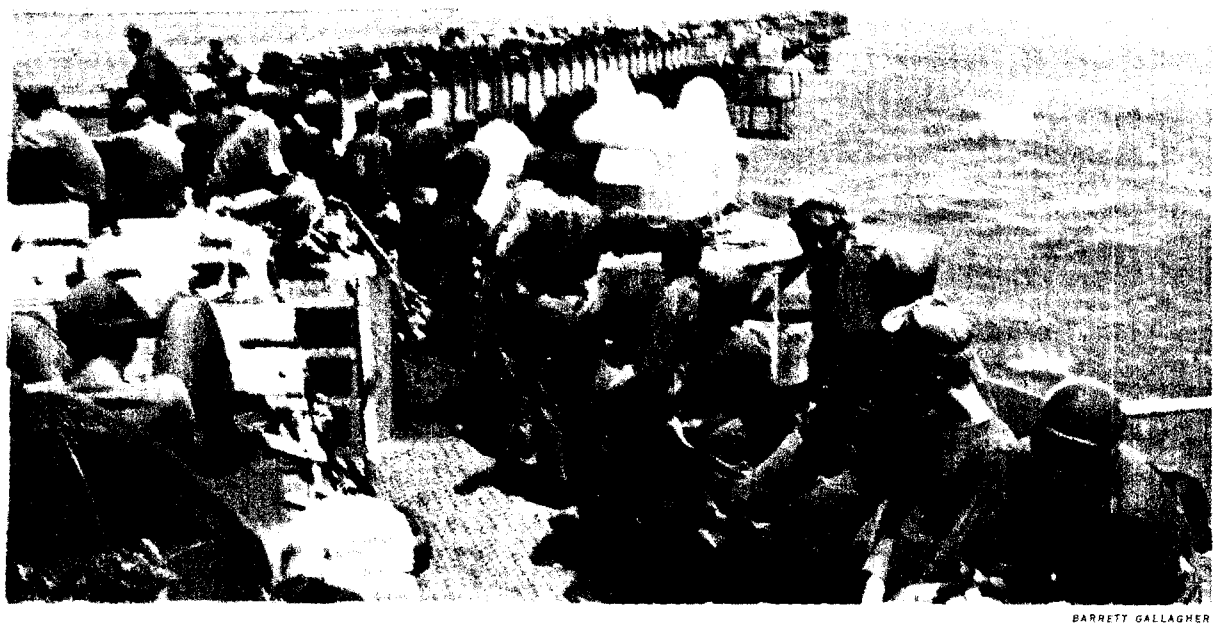
Collier's Comment



BARRETT GALLAGHER

The Navy's supercarrier, USS Forrestal, launches a Skyraider attack plane in recent trials

The Carrier in the Atom Age

WE HOPE THE TIME NEVER COMES when earnest, hard-slugging debate on weapons will be banned to the armed forces. Out of such debate comes enlightenment, and enlightenment is the peculiar requirement of an era of swift, revolutionary change.

Debate, for instance, on the relative merits of aircraft carriers and land-based strategic bombers is healthy, where such debate is responsible, rational, and waged sincerely in the interest of the whole nation's security. We do think that some of the Air Force's stalwart supporters have departed from these standards lately in a series of propaganda broadsides evidently aimed at blasting the whole carrier program into oblivion.

The Air Force advocates sought to scuttle the carrier program by portraying the aircraft carrier as a plodding seagoing behemoth, vulnerable to detection and destruction, impotent to press a long-range attack, crippled by dependency on land bases and by the narrow gauge of the Panama and Suez Canals, and in general not worth the money it takes to build.

The aircraft carrier is not merely a ship—it is a combination of a mobile landing field–maintenance base, and the hundred or so aircraft which are its complement. It travels at better than 30 knots, in a floating ring of heavily armed ships to ward off attack by submarine or surface vessel, and under a far broader aerial ring of reconnaissance planes to ward off attack by air. It is not invulnerable, but it is a very long shot from a sitting duck. It is also capable of swift evasive action on its own—more than can be said for any land base.

The aircraft carrier must, of course, depend upon periodic refueling and replenishing by ships of the train, and now and then it has to put in for overhaul.

But it can also sustain itself for long periods on the fuel and ammunition and supplies it carries in its immense hull.

And during that time it can launch, land, repair and refurbish its own aircraft.

This carrier (and a good look at one is afforded on pages 20-25 in this issue) can stand 500 miles offshore and launch half a hundred supersonic A-bomb-carrying bombers against targets as distant as 1,000 miles inland from the coast. The 1,500-mile bombing radius of today's top carrier-borne bombers brings a vast majority of potential land targets within range. That radius will certainly be increased steadily as aircraft development proceeds. In the light of such capacity it is hard to deny President Eisenhower's recent observation that the Navy has "a strategic air role."

This ability to put the seagoing landing field close to the target can obviously cut to a fraction the turn-around time required of intercontinental land-based bombers launched from the United States against an overseas target. This means that in many cases a carrier-based plane could make two or three round trips over the target area while the intercontinental bomber made one.

As to the inability of the Panama and Suez Canals to accommodate the Forrestal-class carriers, this, of course, is why the Navy feels it needs enough of these great carriers to spearhead a half-dozen fleets stationed at strategic points around the world.

Carriers would thus be immensely handy weapons to have around in case of all-out atomic war. Not even the most precise intercontinental ballistic missile yet imagined could hope to hit a carrier moving full tilt, even in the first pulverizing assault of such a war. The carriers, at least, would pretty surely be there to hit back, in kind.

But an all-out atomic war is not immediately in prospect, and it is in the smaller kind of limited war, and in the maintenance of peace, that the carrier can fill an especially important role.

For a carrier task force can stand within ready range of almost any of the world's trouble spots or potential trouble spots, its presence not subject to the caprice of any political landlord, prepared instantly to apply its strength against an aggressor. That it will never again, as in the case of Korea, be embarrassed temporarily by aircraft or weapons inferior to the enemy's is the particular concern of Admiral Arleigh Burke and his top commanders. These men are adapting the Navy to the age of atomic and supersonic weapons under forced draft; the Navy is in the forefront of research and development of jet aircraft, rockets and missiles, atomic-powered submarines and surface craft.

This Navy will continue to be the best assurance, in war or peace, that the long sea lanes which are the essential arteries of American commerce and military traffic will be kept clear and safe.

No one in the Navy would argue that the Navy ought to carry the total or even the major portion of responsibility for the security of the United States. Principal reliance for the Sunday punch in any major atomic war belongs upon the Strategic Air Command. The Tactical Air Command, the Army with its powerful airborne units and its atomic artillery, and the Marine Corps with its sharp new weapons and its vastly increased flexibility, all are vital parts of the defense setup of the foreseeable future.

There is less room than ever before, as we move deeper into this fast-changing and only dimly predictable era, for the arrogation of be-all, know-all or end-all to any one school of thought or system of weapons. Development of an intercontinental ballistic missile of pinpoint accuracy (not wholly inconceivable) could put $5,000,000,000 worth of B-52s on the shelf beside the stuffed dodo; achievement of a particular kind of submarine could conceivably, at some point in the future, render the aircraft carrier obsolete. All we can do is look as far ahead as we can see, and try to keep out in front in the development of all kinds of weapons that promise to contribute some important element to our security. The surest path to maximum security lies in preserving a healthy sense of competition among the services, but in demanding also that the services recognize their fundamental roles as members of the same team.

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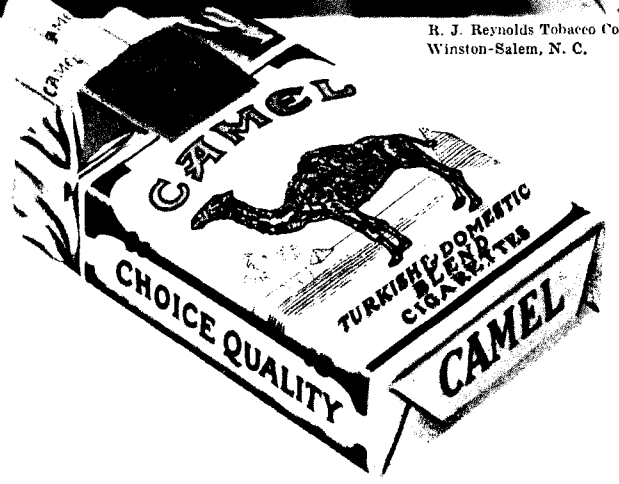

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